

MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED II

CONSTANTINOPLE

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OF ATHENS. GREECE

With an Introduction by

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON AND COMPANY, LIMITED

1895

University Press :

JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE. U.S.A.

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CONSTANTINOPLE

VIII — *Continued*

MEHEMET SOKOLLI DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINT ANASTASIA



MEHEMET SOKOLLI PASHA DJAMI

stands upon the site of the Church of Saint Anastasia. Nothing can be seen of the ancient edifice; nothing of it remains save the foundations upon which the modern mosque is built. Yet the spot is so full of associations, and the church ex-

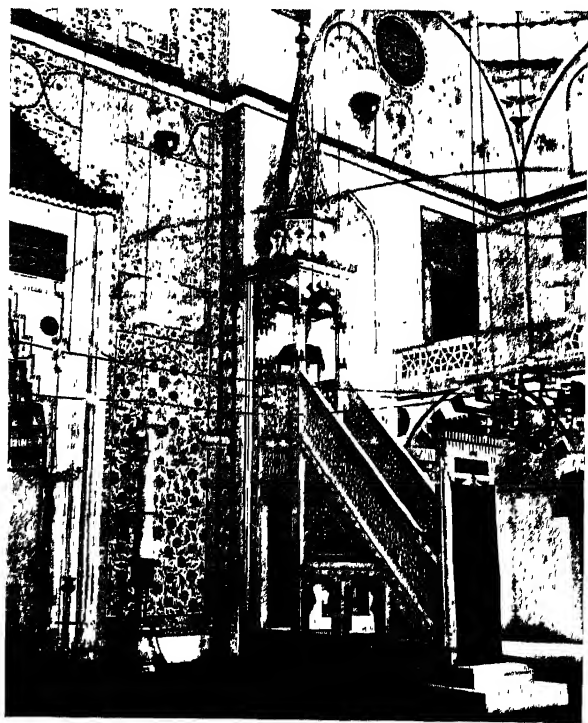
erted so large an influence in militant religious history as to demand more than a passing reference.

The ancient edifice, a humble structure, was erected by Saint Gregory Nazianzen, afterwards Patriarch of Constantinople. There he delivered those impassioned discourses which have seldom been surpassed in the annals of pulpit eloquence. He called his lowly sanctuary by the name of the virgin martyr Anastasia, whose memory had been handed down among the Greeks as the *Pharmakolytria*, or Healer. When imprisoned and tortured by Diocletian, the heroic maiden, forgetful of her own suffering, devoted herself to the lacerated and sick among her fellow prisoners.

During forty-four years this was the only Trinitarian church in Constantinople; from it was waged a single-handed, desperate, apparently hopeless warfare against persecuting Arianism. The victory, won by Orthodoxy, was largely due to its dauntless priests. In the fifth century the church was appropriated to the converted Goths, and its liturgy was celebrated in the Gothic language. In 537 Sancta Sophia was complete, and ready for reconsecration. In view of the eventful share the Church of Saint Anastasia had had in the religious life of the capital, Justinian decided that the gorgeous procession to dedicate his peerless cathedral should march from this church. The Patriarch Menas passed from its doors to the Emperor's chariot, and, drawn by four white horses, headed the magnificent cortège, and the Emperor followed all the way on foot. A favorite sanctuary of Basil I, it was rebuilt and enlarged by him in the ninth century. When the Latins captured Constantinople, it was sacked and almost destroyed. Its marble columns were torn down and shipped to Venice, and are built into still standing Venetian churches. Its cross, esteemed a masterpiece of Byzantine art, was likewise carried to Italy, and to this day can be seen in the Church of San Lorenzo at Genoa.

At the time of the Ottoman Conquest, little save the foundations remained. On them, in 1571, by order of the illustrious Ottoman statesman, Mehemet Sokolli Pasha, Grand Vizir of Souleiman I and Selim II, the architect Sinan, the Michael Angelo of the Ottomans, erected the present mosque. The great master, unrivalled among his countrymen, has stamped his creation everywhere with the impress of his genius. In bold conception and originality of design this edifice is not exceeded by any of the smaller mosques of the capital. It presents the perfect adjust-

ment of the hexagon in the square. The dome, over twenty yards in diameter, springs from six main arches, the four upon the sides likewise supporting semi-domes. Most harmonious and exquisite Persian tiles line the walls.



INTERIOR OF MEHEMET SOKOLLI DJAMI

The seven white marble columns on either side extend and enhance the charm of the general plan. The only recent feature, the twelve windows of rich stained glass, presented by Djevdet Pasha in 1881, are in keeping with the original design.

GIUL DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINT THEODOSIA

GIUL DJAMI is situated on the fourth hill, near the upper bridge. It stands alone upon an eminence, entirely surrounded by the street, and with no other buildings near to obscure its proportions. Its bald and lofty walls, pale and sombre, rise from its prominent site with a grim majesty of their own. One gazes upon the gaunt, almost spectral outline with a kind of awe. Seen from the Golden Horn, it is the ghostliest of Byzantine churches. Seen from within, it reveals everywhere the decadence of Byzantine architecture, and is easily recognized as a work of the thirteenth or fourteenth century.

The walls and insignificant domes are still in excellent preservation. The apse is unusually profound. Long cylindrical vaults supply the place of semi-domes. The piers that support the central dome are distorted and disproportionately large. In the piers to the east are sepulchral chambers, their floor being raised several feet above the pavement of the church. The former Byzantine occupants were long since expelled, and their places filled by the remains of imams of distinguished sanctity. This is a peculiar fact, as among the Ottomans a dead body in a place of prayer is considered to vitiate the supplications offered therein, and even to contaminate the worshippers. But the special holiness of these remains is supposed to more than counteract their ordinarily pernicious effect.

Under the church are spacious subterranean vaults, once tombs of prominent Byzantine families. Now their graves are inhabited by Ottoman households, not dead, but living. Lechevalier, ninety-four years ago, measured one of the vaults to which others converged, and found it one hun-

dred and twenty feet in length. To one of the lateral passages, which the Ottomans never enter, attaches the vulgar tradition that it is a subterranean imperial way to Sancta Sophia.

For over a hundred years after the Conquest it was used as a marine arsenal. Selim II transferred to Tersk-haneh all the naval stores it contained. He had it washed within and without, erected a minaret, fitted in the mihrab and minber, and the church became a mosque.

The Byzantine writers are strangely silent concerning its founder. It was consecrated to Saint Theodosia, an adherent of icons, who had been martyred for her faith during the iconoclastic persecution of Leo the Isaurian. In consequence of a miracle wrought in the church shortly after its erection, it suddenly became a place for pilgrimages. Thenceforth, annually, on the 29th of May, the Emperor, Patriarch, and Senate made its circuit barefoot, and then entered for worship.

To that frightful 29th of May on which the city was captured by the Ottomans attaches the one overmastering agony of the church's history. From the preceding sunset it was crowded with the highest-born and wealthiest ladies of the capital, who passed the entire night in prayer, and who were to remain there all the following day. It was possible that the Emperor, in the lull of battle, or perhaps victorious, might come to offer his formal supplications as of old. Suddenly, about eleven in the morning, the church was surrounded by a band of sipahis (Ottoman cavalry), whose onset was the first intimation to the worshippers that their city had fallen, and that the Emperor was no more. The doors were battered down, the sipahis rushed in, and, despite vain resistance, the shrieking, horror-stricken women were dragged to a slavery worse

than death. It was the season when Constantinople is fragrant with roses. The church was everywhere embowered for its annual festivity. In memory of the picture it then presented, garlanded and flower-bedecked, to the victorious Moslems, they have called it ever since *Giul Djami*, the Rose Mosque.

ZEÏREK DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF PANTOKRATOR

ZEÏREK DJAMI, the ancient monastic Church of Pantokrator, stands upon an artificial terrace on the fourth hill. Its two great domes and its flaring yellow walls render it prominent from the Golden Horn and from the heights of Pera. Converted into a mosque soon after the Conquest, it derives its Turkish name from a learned Ottoman priest, Zeïrek Mohammed Effendi, who lived close by.

In perfect preservation and kept with scrupulous care, it seems a construction of recent date. It is indeed among the more modern of the ancient Byzantine churches of the city, as it was built only a little more than seven hundred and seventy years ago by the Empress Irene, daughter of Geysa I the Great, King of Hungary, and wife of John I Komnenos the Good. Irene's resources not sufficing to complete the church on the scale she intended, she begged the assistance of her husband, who, it is said, chided his wife for her religious extravagance, but gave her a larger sum than she required.

It consists of three parallel but unequal churches, separated only by rows of columns and entered from the same imposing narthex. On the north is the church, specially appropriated to the monks; on the south is the main cathedral; enclosed between the two is the smaller church

or chapel, which served as the heroon or mausoleum of many of the Komnenoi and Palaiologoi. The first to sleep beneath its tiny windowed dome was its foundress, the Empress Irene, who died in 1124. Nineteen years afterwards her husband was placed at her side. Later still was borne thither the sarcophagus of their son, the brave



ANCIENT CHURCH OF PANTOKRATOR

and sagacious Manuel I Komnenos, who filled the Byzantine throne during the Second Crusade, and died in 1180. Next his was the sarcophagus of his Empress, Irene, before her marriage famous as the flaxen-haired Bertha of Bavaria. Among other imperial dead gathered here were Irene, the wife of Andronikos II Palaiologos, and the heroic Manuel II Palaiologos, who saved Constantinople when it was besieged by Sultan Mourad II. All these

ashes have disappeared, the sarcophagi been broken or scattered, and the heroon is bare and empty.

The church was completed with prodigal magnificence. Its mosaics were inlaid by the most cunning artists, and were celebrated for their surpassing beauty. The marbles employed were the rarest and richest, and the columns the largest that gold could obtain. The mosaics are still preserved, though hidden, and some day doubtless will shine out again in untarnished splendor. Some were uncovered a hundred and fifty years ago, and were seen by travellers then in the city. The history of our Saviour's life was pictured in detail, and the figures of the Apostles and many of their deeds were represented, the subject of each scene being indicated in Greek below. Very prominent was the portrait of Manuel tendering Christ the plan of the finished church. The columns, over seven feet in circumference, are now snowy white with thick coats of whitewash, and all their exquisite tints invisible. But the sheathing of the walls is dazzling in its variegated richness; the Ottomans, with unusual regard to symmetry, have sought after like splendid marble slabs for the adornment of their elegant minber, or pulpit.

In the age when the imperial foundress built her church, piety sought its worthiest offerings, not so much in objects of rarity or cost or æsthetic value, as in some icon or holy picture of traditional sanctity or wonder-working power, or in a reputed relic of the Saviour or of his disciples. So Manuel endowed the sanctuary with an icon of Saint Demetrius which had been found at Salonica, and was esteemed of almost supernatural origin and efficacy. When the ship arrived that brought it, the Emperor and all the people marched to the harbor to receive it, and bore the icon to the church in one vast rejoicing procession.

Here too was brought from Ephesus with equal reverence the slab of red stone on which it was believed the form of the Saviour had been washed and anointed for burial. On Manuel's death this slab was devoutly placed over his remains in the heroon.

The monastery became the richest and most popular in the city, and for a time eclipsed the Studium in material prosperity and in the number of its inmates. When the chieftains of the Fourth Crusade parcelled out the Byzantine Empire as conquered booty, the temporal power was assigned to the Franks, who elected the Emperor; and the spiritual power to the Venetians, who chose as Patriarch their countryman Morosini. Forsaking Sancta Sophia, as too near the imperial headquarters of their turbulent allies, the Venetians made this Church of Pantokrator their cathedral, and such it continued throughout the duration of the Latin sway. Hither they brought the venerated and often-mentioned icon of the Holy Virgin the Odeghetria, revered as painted by Saint Luke. It was considered the priceless treasure of this church when in 1261 the Greeks retook their city. Michael VIII refused to make his triumphal entry till it had been carried to his camp outside the walls. Then placing the icon reverently in a chariot drawn by four horses, the restored Emperor and the victorious army followed it barefoot through the Golden Gate, humbly acknowledging that the restoration of their Empire was due to no human prowess, but to the mightier efforts of the Holy Virgin.

When the last Ottoman siege was impending, this Church was the centre of intolerant, uncompromising Orthodoxy, and of opposition to any appearance of union with Rome. Here was the cell of the ascetic Gennadios, the arch foe of Constantine XIII and of the Romanists.

When Constantine, on that fatal December 12, 1452, proclaimed the ecclesiastical union of the Orthodox Eastern Church with the Church of Rome, monks and nuns by thousands crowded here before the cell of Gennadios, imploring his advice, and shouting together incessantly, "What shall we do? What shall we do?" Without emerging from his austere retreat, he threw his written judgment disdainfully from the window. It was in these words: "Know, O wretched citizens, what you are doing; in the captivity that is to come upon you, you throw away your fathers' religion, and swear to impiety." Then all the nuns massed themselves around the church, together with the abbots and priests and monks and common people, and anathematized the union and all who favored it. After that event Constantine could no longer count upon the support of his own subjects in his resistance to the Ottomans. Almost six months later, when the city had been captured by the Moslems, this same Gennadios, elected by the bishops, issued from his cell to be confirmed by the Sultan as Patriarch of Constantinople.

Gazing upon the mosque, now so quiet in that slumbrous quarter of the city, it is impossible to realize that events so tumultuous and so momentous in an empire's history have had their arena here.

There is close by one reminder of the imperial Byzantine past. This is a magnificent sarcophagus of vert antique. The Moslems call it the tomb of Constantine, and the Greeks, the tomb of Irene. It may well be the last resting-place of one of those imperial ladies who once slept in the heroon. It is of splendid proportions, eight and one-third feet long, four and one-fourth feet broad, and six and two-thirds feet high. The lid is gable-roofed, with acroteriæ; its height adds three feet more to the

sarcophagus. Crosses consecrate the sides and ends, but it bears no other inscription or decoration. For centuries after the Conquest it served as a fountain for their ablutions to the *habitués* of the mosque, and one still sees the now disused faucets in its sides.

SHEIK SOULEÏMAN MESDJID, THE LIBRARY OF PANTOKRATOR

SHEIK SOULEÏMAN MESDJID, very near Zeïrek Djami, was made a mosque by Sheik Souleïman, who died shortly after the Conquest, and who was renowned for his learning and meekness. His lowly tomb and gravestone, with ample turban, are seen close to the door outside.

Though never a church, this edifice has a peculiar and unique importance. During its later history it was the library of the Monastery of Pantokrator, and is the only Byzantine library building that has come down to us. It is an octagon, about thirty-five feet in diameter, destitute of windows in the ground floor, but with one in each of its faces high above. These octagonoi or octagona—the tetradesia of Kodinos—are of constant mention in Byzantine authors. They exercised a mighty influence in early and mediæval Byzantine history. They were the chief centres of study and research to priests and monks, whose only delights were found in the subtleties of a creed, and whose whole horizon was bounded by dogmas. In them were forged those weapons which, in a theologic age, paralyzed or impassioned armies, and overthrew or set up thrones. The monasteries of mediæval Constantinople were no somniferous retreats; they were resounding arsenals, whose arms were furiously plied. While the great host of

believers followed blindly and without question their dogmatic leaders, those leaders wrought and wrestled over casuistic atoms with a fervor and fire which leave the schoolmen of the West far behind. Futile and unproductive though their agonies of speculation and argument appear to us in our sterner, colder age, they were the most material realities on earth to them.



SHEIK SOULEÏMAN MESDJID, THE LIBRARY OF PANTOKRATOR

The individual story of this octagon, now Sheik Souleïman Mesdjid, is utterly unknown. Its history has vanished like the cowled, long-bearded monks and abbots who pored over its manuscripts with fiery eyes, or transcribed them with tireless hands. But of one thing we are sure. It had its part, its wild, furious part, in all the mad war of doctrines which, like successive earthquakes, convulsed the East.

DEMIRDJILAR MESDJID, THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY
VIRGIN OF LIPS

ANOTHER church close by became Demirdjilar Mesdjid, the Mosque of the Blacksmiths. This also was the cathedral of a monastery consecrated to the Holy Virgin of Lips, or of the South Wind, a tornado from the south having raged on the day of its consecration. The soldier Constantine Lips, who fell on the field of battle fighting the Bulgarians, founded it in the tenth century. The wife of Michael VIII, one of the many imperial Theodoras who adorned the Byzantine throne, rebuilt and embellished it four centuries later. Here her aged son, Andronikos II, after a troubled reign of forty-six years, became the monk Anastasios, and found asylum and peace, declaring he owed to his mother life to begin his career, and at its end a quiet home near her tomb. Here too was hurriedly buried at night, by a couple of hirelings, the Russian Anna, the wife of John Palaiologos, the heir to the throne. This princess, a lady of marvellous beauty, and accomplished and good as she was fair, had suddenly sickened during the absence of her boy husband, and died of a most infectious disease.

The church was made a mosque by Ali Effendi, chief barber and chief surgeon of Mohammed II. Almost rebuilt in 1762, not a single Byzantine feature can be traced. Abandoned of late years, even by the Mussulmans, given over to dirt and neglect, its only occupants are domestic fowl and the goats which are shut up in it at night.

ESKI IMARET MESDJID, THE CHURCH OF
PANTEOPTES

WHILE the great Mosque of Sultan Mohammed II was building, the neighboring female Monastery of Pantepoptes, the Omniscient, was degraded to an immense kitchen, wherein the food of the workmen was prepared. When that undertaking was completed, the church itself became Eski Imaret Mesdjid, the Mosque of the Old Almshouse. It is a dingy, blackened pile, uncared for and unfrequented. The tile-covered dome is pierced by a dozen arched windows, so thick with the dust of centuries that scant light ventures in. Nor do the single enormous window on the north, or the misshapen and deep-set eleven on the south, now walled up or obscured, much better serve their original purpose. Symmetry or a definite architectural design is wholly wanting.

The church was built in the eleventh century by Anna Dalassina, the great-hearted mother of Alexios I Komnenos. Here, like so many Byzantine princesses, she passed her last days as a nun. Here, a century later, in the unequal struggle between Church and State, the Patriarch Theodosios I was confined as a malefactor by Alexios II Komnenos, and, after a brief detention, went forth from his cell a conqueror. Here in 1204 was pitched the crimson tent of Alexios IV Mourtzouphles, when defending his crown against the soldiers of the Fourth Crusade. Here, the first night of their victory, those same Latin soldiers encamped, daring to advance no farther through fear of an ambushade. Alexios IV had believed that the sacred relics of the church — the crown of thorns and a nail from the Saviour's cross — rendered it impregnable, and him invincible. After his

defeat, these were sent by the victors to churches in Venice, where they are still revered. Less precious relics from the shrines of this church — as the heads of Saint Marina, of one Saint Paul, who was martyred by the iconoclasts in the eighth century, and of another Saint Paul who was four times Patriarch, and finally drowned by order of Constantius I, the son of Constantine — were embarked for the same destination, but were stolen or lost on the way.

KALENDAR KHANEH MESDJID

KALENDAR KHANEH MESDJID is still farther east, near the southern end of the Aqueduct of Valens. Even tradition is silent concerning its founder, its former name and history. Speculation infers from its present Turkish name, which signifies House of the Shaven, that it once belonged to some monastic order, which, contrary to prevalent Byzantine custom, cut off close the hair of the head and beard.

The corners are so intercepted and dissembled by columns and piers and walls that the interior presents the form of a Greek cross more strikingly than does any other Byzantine church of the city. The dome rests upon a cylinder, which streams down a flood of light through numerous and graceful windows, and which is sustained by four symmetric arches. The marbles lining the walls are rich and varied, and the columns, flanking the triple entrance from the narthex, are surmounted by elegant capitals.

While the church is manifestly very old, it is difficult to believe with the learned Italian Cuppa that it is the most ancient in the capital. Fast becoming a ruin, it was thoroughly renovated a few years ago. Close to it on the north are remains of the cells once occupied by the monks.

KILISSEH DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINT THEODORE
OF TYRONE

THE ancient Church of Saint Theodore of Tyrone, now Kilisseh Djami, or the Church Mosque, is a short distance west of the Mosque of Sultan Souleïman. Away from the main thoroughfare, in a street so quiet as to seem almost mouldy, its humble yellow form escapes the notice of the infrequent passers-by. But it has a strongly marked personality of its own.

Nowhere else in the city can be found a type of Byzantine church architecture so crude and primitive. The childish infancy of Byzantine art seems appealing from its every feature and from the church as a whole. Almost all those structural details are present which were elsewhere carried to such degree of symmetry and power; but here they are seen in an incomplete, experimental stage. The domes are small and heavy, not suggestive of air and light, and are similar neither in inner appearance nor in outward form. The columns, all different from one another, seem dropped by chance upon their bases, rather than arranged by any design. Their indefinite capitals belong to no acknowledged school. The rude marble slabs, which wainscot the walls, fill up rather than adorn the places which they cover. The windows resemble one another neither in height above the floor, nor in size or shape. An idea of similarity between parts naturally alike seems wholly wanting. Yet the plaintive simplicity attracts rather than repels. Apparently the combination of all the architectural discords results in a sort of architectural harmony.

It is not strange, so simple and primitive is the church,

so almost barbaric in its artlessness, that the common Greeks revere it as the oldest church in the city, and that more than one European scholar has considered it a creation of the third century.

It was doubtless built by the Consul Sophakios not long after 450. A biting sarcasm asserted that the church was his thank-offering to God at escaping with his life from



CHURCH OF SAINT THEODORE OF TYRONE

the Council of Chalkedon, in which he had been present. Saint Theodore of Tyrone was the patron of all who had met with any loss, and was believed, in answer to entreaty, to assist in its recovery. Whoever lost money, a garment, a beast of burden, anything whatsoever, at once sought his effective aid. Petitions offered in this church, which was dedicated to him, were considered peculiarly effective. So there was always here a throng of distressed yet hopeful suppliants. Faith was increased by the oft-repeated story

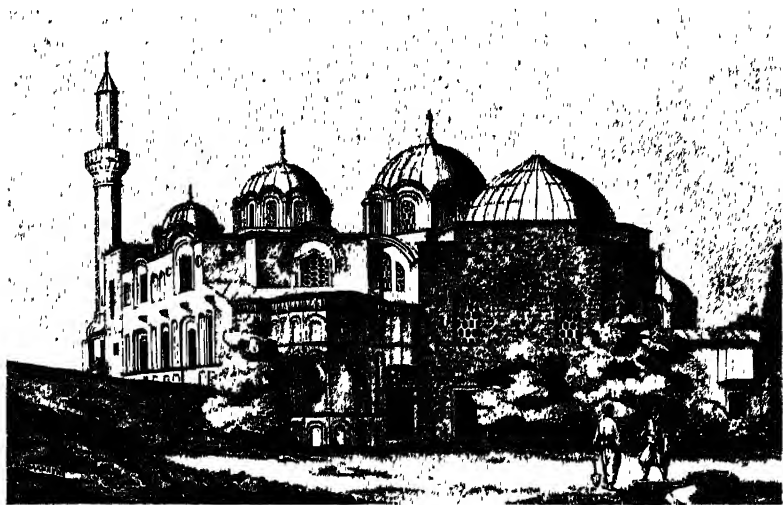
of one man from whom a favorite slave had run away, and who remained in prayer three days and nights without rest or food. On conclusion of his supplications, going home, he found there the slave, who, moved by penitence and Saint Theodore, had returned two days before of his own free will.

Those were days when emperors sought, sometimes with ill success, to determine creeds and to teach the people what they should or should not believe. A boy, more favored than Isaiah, claimed to have heard the angelic anthem, "Holy, Holy, Holy," three times repeated, with the addition of, "Who was crucified for us," and then was believed by many to have been translated bodily to heaven. Contention as to whether the additional ascription was part of the celestial hymn rent the city. The Emperor Anastasios ascended the pulpit of this church, and ordered that it should be accepted at once and by all. The fanatic spirit of opposition burst forth in fury. The rebellion that resulted from this imperial harangue, in the graphic language of Gibbon, "nearly cost the Emperor Anastasios his throne and life."

But the place is quiet and almost deserted now. In the exo-narthex is a partially filled-up opening, admitting to some subterranean room or passage. No Moslem dares to enter, and no Christian is permitted. The imams assert in whispers that an underground way reaches to Sancta Sophia, more than a mile distant; that it is paved in stone and arched in brick all the way. They believe it is haunted by the ghosts of Christian emperors who used to traverse it, attended by their retinue and with a coach and four.

FETIHIEH DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF PAMMAKARISTOS

ON an artificial terrace of the fifth hill, commanding a superb view over the Golden Horn and the heights beyond, is Fetihieh Djami, the Mosque of Victory. Its peculiar apse and the eccentric shape of its numerous windowed domes indicate not only a former Byzantine church, but



CHURCH OF THE PAMMAKARISTOS

also the time of its erection. Mary Dukaina, sister of Alexios I Komnenos, and her husband Michael Dukas, chief imperial equerry, founded it early in the twelfth century. It was consecrated to the Pammakaristos, the All-Blessed Virgin, and was the cathedral church of the largest female monastery in the capital.

One of its distinctive features is the forest of piers and columns which jut from the walls and cover the floors,

upholding the domes and ceiling. The narthex, exonarthex, nave, aisles, and chapels, are nowhere cut off or indicated by walls, but by the puzzling maze of pillars. So at first the structural design seems blurred and confused.

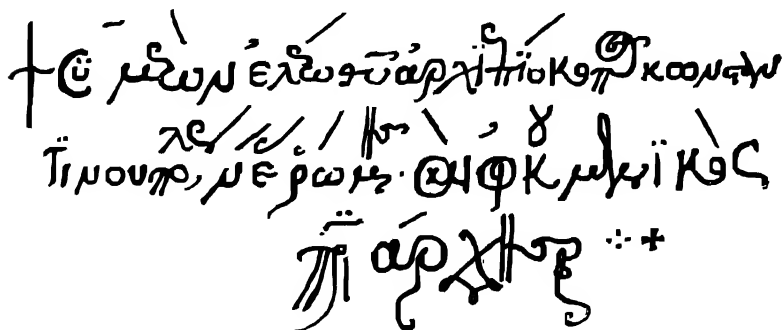
The main dome, less than five yards in diameter, rests on a drum which is supported by four arches. These arches rest in turn upon another drum, likewise supported by four arches, which are perfectly parallel to those above, and are subtended, only seven feet above the floor, by heavy piers. The twenty piers in the church are of every shape and proportion. The inner apse is sharply angular, irregular in form, and lighted from above by a dome.

To rear a fabric different from every other, and to attain this result by a variety that recognizes no acknowledged law, seems the aim of the architect. Yet the general effect is pleasing, and even impressive. One who is untrammelled by artistic rules, and who finds in freedom from restraint the test of originality and power, will easily esteem this church the foremost in Constantinople.

Towards the southeast corner is a tiny chapel, approached between columns with lovely capitals. The inner surface of the dome above is filled with a large and splendid mosaic, whose gilded and tinted hues are as rich to-day as almost eight hundred years ago. From the centre Christ looks down, his right hand extended in blessing, and around him in vivid distinctness are grouped the figures of the twelve apostles. This chapel was an heroon; in it stood, till after the Conquest, the sarcophagi of Alexios I Komnenos, and of his renowned daughter Anna Komnena, the one the shrewdest and ablest, the other the most learned and beautiful of their illustrious house.

In 1456 the Patriarchate, migratory since the fall of the Empire, was transferred to this church from the forsaken

Church of the Holy Apostles. The banished nuns, its former inmates, betook themselves to the Monastery of Saint John the Baptist in Trullo, now Achmet Pasha Mesdjid. Many times Sultan Mohammed II came hither in peaceful fashion to visit his friend the Patriarch Gennadios. It continued to be the Patriarchal See for one hundred and thirty years, — that is until 1586, when the church was made a mosque by Sultan Mourad III. Then the Patriarchate was removed to the lowly Church of the Holy



SIGNATURE OF THE PATRIARCH SYMEON IN 1471

Virgin in Vlach Seraï. An immense cross stood unchallenged upon its central dome till 1547, when Sultan Souleïman, persuaded by the entreaties of the scandalized faithful, ordered that it should be taken down.

Once the church was the centre of the following event, characteristic of the age, indicating better than pages of description the abject condition and suppleness of the subject Greeks and the rapacity and intolerance of their conquerors. In 1530 the Moslems, fired with a sudden fanatical frenzy, obtained from Kemal-pashazadeh, then Sheik-ul Islam, a fetva, or religious decision, declaring that, in a city won for Islam by the sword, the Christians had

no right to any religious property whatsoever. The consequent panic was extreme. Ibrahim Pasha, a generally just though avaricious man, was then Grand Vizir. The Patriarch Jeremiah I got together all the precious things which the church contained, and offered them as a present to the Grand Vizir. Moved by the terror of the Christians, and perhaps equally affected by the seasonable gifts, Ibrahim Pasha informed him there was but one way of counteracting the fetva of the Sheik-ul-Islam. If two Mussulman witnesses could be produced who were present at the capture of Constantinople seventy-seven years before, and who would swear the city was peacefully surrendered and not captured by storm, the Christians would be safe from all further molestation.

The suggestion was enough. At Adrianople were found two very aged Mussulmans, the exact number of whose days was sufficiently uncertain. By large sums of money these men were persuaded to come to this church at Constantinople, and were escorted all the way by an Ottoman guard of honor. On their arrival they were magnificently received at the church. The next morning, together with the Patriarch and a great crowd of people, they went to the palace of the Grand Vizir. Leaving the two old men in a waiting-room, the Patriarch entered alone and had his private audience. His two companions were shortly sent for, and told the following story. At eighteen years of age they had fought at the siege of Constantinople. After much blood had been shed and further resistance was hopeless, Constantine had offered to surrender on condition that the Christians should retain all or at least most of their churches. The Sultan accepted the conditions. Thereupon the Emperor himself brought the keys of the city to the tent of Mohammed, who embraced him, and

seated him on his right hand. After three days the sovereigns entered the surrendered city, riding side by side and chatting amicably all the time. The two Mussulmans swore to the truth of their statements. There were no other survivors to contradict their oaths. Their solemn declaration was officially communicated to Sultan Souleïman, who thereupon issued a formal edict that the churches still in the hands of the Christians should be theirs in peace forever.

ATIK MOUSTAPHIA PASHA DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINTS PETER AND MARK

ATIK MOUSTAPHIA PASHA DJAMI is the ancient Church of Saints Peter and Mark. It was built in 459, not merely as a place for worship, but above all as the shrine of a revered relic. The patricians Galbuis and Candidus, during their pilgrimage to the Holy Land, had found at Jerusalem a plain garment of fine wool, which a credulous age, alert for marvels, accepted as the incorruptible robe of the Holy Virgin. It was the property of a Jewish girl, of pure life and simple manners, who watched over it with superstitious care. By a stratagem the two pilgrims obtained possession of the precious relic, and on their return to Constantinople hid it in the ground till a worthy receptacle could be prepared. The church was hastily erected, an unpretentious structure, as befitted the unassuming habits of the Virgin, but so strong with thick walls and heavily grated windows as to guarantee its cherished treasure against pious robbery. Here the robe was kept with scrupulous devotion until it was believed that only an imperial custodian was appropriate to its

wonder-working sanctity, and it was removed to the Church of the Blachernai.

In the open street in front is a marble monument of most sacred associations. It is a colymbethra, or baptismal font. But one other of like antiquity exists in Constantinople, and exceedingly few have been discovered in the East. This is fashioned out of a single enormous block. On the inside three steps descend to the bottom, where the convert stood while baptism was administered. Until recently it was filled with stones and rubbish. It has since been thoroughly cleansed, stealthily, and at night, by pious Greeks. Disused since the church was made a mosque by Atik Moustapha Pasha, in the reign of Bayezid II, and carted aside in dishonor, the rugged font evokes emotions of profound and sympathetic interest. By its presence we are carried back to the early days and the primitive forms of Christianity. Thrilled imagination summons back the long procession of believers who, descending and ascending singly through the centuries, have worn deep those marble steps. A host, whose number baffles computation, have received the sacred sign within the narrow limits of that font, and pledged their Christian faith in its baptismal waters.

TOKLOU IBRAHIM DEDEH MESDJID, THE CHURCH OF SAINT THEKLA

TOKLOU IBRAHIM DEDEH MESDJID is situated within the grounds of the ancient Palace of the Blachernai, and near the ruined though still standing Palace of the Hebdomon. A basilica, about forty feet long and half as broad, without dome, and with a sharply defined semi-

hexagonal apse, it is a marked contradiction of the architecture prevalent in the ninth century, when it was erected. Until recently, rumors that it was haunted repelled worshippers, and it was fast falling to decay through neglect. Grass and weeds grew rampant on the roof, and even inside on the ancient floor. In 1890 an Ottoman set about its restoration, defying the common superstition that whoever ventured on so rash an undertaking would speedily die. Moreover, he meant to exorcise all evil spirits, if lavish use of paint, in brilliant colors and somewhat startling combination, would bring about such result. His success was complete. The hues of the mosque are somewhat florid; but the daring innovator is, or was a few months ago, hale and hearty, and not a little triumphant.

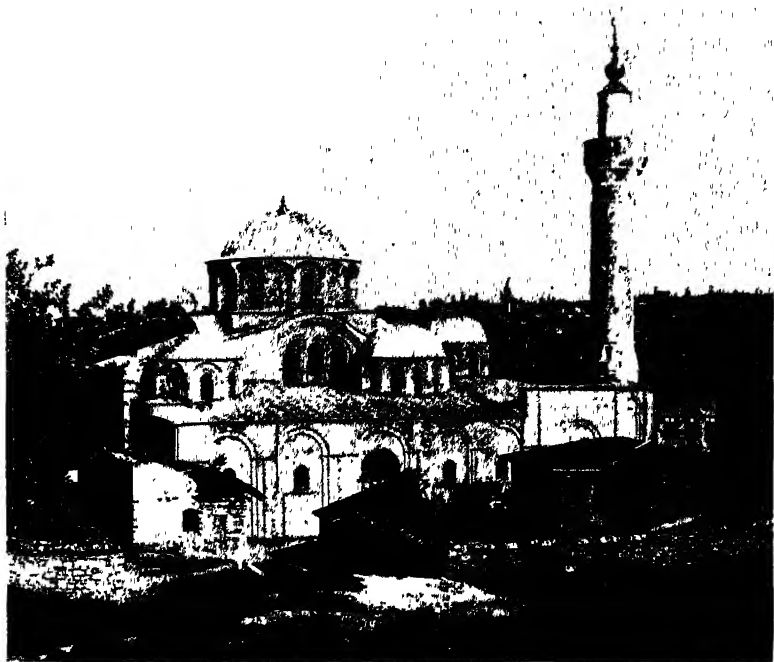
The edifice was first erected by Thekla, the bed-ridden daughter of the Emperor Theophilos, and consecrated to the martyr Thekla, her patron saint, who like herself endured life-long suffering. Anna Komnena tells the story of the church's splendid restoration and almost re-erection, two hundred and fifty years later, as a votive offering by the Emperor Isaac Komnenos. On the 24th of September, the day of Saint Thekla, he had escaped death as by miracle. A frightful tornado had arisen while he was on the march against the Scythians. With a few officers he took refuge under an enormous oak. Shortly afterward, at the same moment, the tree was both struck by lightning and uprooted by the violence of the storm. Yet neither the Emperor nor any of his suite were harmed. "Marvelling at the divine protection graciously extended, he, after his return to the capital, as an everlasting memorial of his own safety and of that of his army, restored the elegant and costly temple which was honored with the name of the venerable Thékla."

Shortly after the Conquest the Ottomans discovered in the vicinity Arab tombs, which their holy men declared to be those of two companions of the Prophet, — Djaber and Abou Seïdet, — who had been slain at the first Arab siege of Constantinople nearly eight hundred years before. The sheik Ibrahim Dedeh was appointed by Mohammed II guardian of those tombs, and the church was made a mosque. In its modern appellation the name of the maiden Thekla, fashioned into Toklou, and of the Ottoman sheik Ibrahim Dedeh are strangely united. Which would have been most horrified at the juxtaposition, the saint or the sheik, it is impossible to say.

KACHRIEH DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF CHORA

KACHRIEH DJAMI, near Adrianople Gate, over-hung at sunset by the lengthening shadows of the great land wall, is worthy of a pilgrimage. Many a traveller at the mention of the "Mosaic Mosque" will recall that unpretentious pile, outwardly so humble, but a revelation of color and beauty within. Its structure and ornamentation embody every distinctive feature of Byzantine architecture and art. Of small proportions, it is planned and finished throughout with prodigal expenditure of wealth and skill. Its mosaics constitute its most apparent glory. Many in the catholicon, or sanctuary proper, are hardly visible, white-washed or covered over. But in the narthex and exo-narthex, the ceilings, domes, and walls are lined with an unbroken succession of mosaic pictures. Some have been disfigured or effaced; others are as fresh and brilliant as when their glowing cubes first flashed in meaning from the wall. The endless multiplicity of scenes confuses the

gazer. These are exquisite in design, rich in coloring, and lifelike in expression. The limbs in natural outline are harmoniously draped, and the stiff and formal Byzantine type seems humanized and softened. Apparently the gentler Italian influence hovers over those masterpieces



ANCIENT CHURCH OF THE CHORA

of the East. They are rivalled by none now known in Constantinople, and are unsurpassed by the rarest mosaic treasures of Salonica or Ravenna.

But Kachrieh Djami possesses another and a higher pre-eminence. No other church in Constantinople incarnates in equal measure all the changing story, the pathetic romance, the startling vicissitudes of Eastern Christianity.

Artistic interest in its material outlines, though æsthetic and fair, is eclipsed by that profounder sympathetic interest attaching to its churchly history of more than sixteen hundred years.

The Turkish name *Kachrieh* is derived from the Greek word "*chora*," signifying country district or open land. When built by the persecuted Christians, while paganism was dominant and universal, and before Constantinople was founded, it was situated far outside Byzantium. Here the dismembered bodies of the martyrs, beheaded in the Diocletian persecution, were tremblingly interred by their surviving fellow-disciples. So upon it rests a halo, not as merely commemorative of martyred saints and consecrated to their memory, but as having itself afforded the secret sepulchre to their mutilated remains.

The original sanctuary, unchanged and humble, was enclosed within the city walls which Theodosius II built from the Golden Horn to the Marmora. Justinian, in that wondrous reign when devotion wrought its prayers and anthems into domes and columns and chiselled stone, left the hallowed foundations undisturbed, but tore down the upper structure to rear a sanctuary more impressive to the eye. In the seventh century, Priskos, favorite son-in-law and prospective heir of the Emperor Phokas, endowed it with almost imperial resources, crowded it with added splendor, and then, a few years later, a disappointed and heartbroken man, found therein his only asylum, and there wore till his death the monastic garb. Here in 711 the Patriarch Kyros, unjustly deposed, was confined as a malefactor in a subterranean cell. Nineteen years later he was followed by the saintly Patriarch Germanos I, who died and was buried here. Hither came in the ninth century the Emperor and clergy, entreating the monk Michael to

ascend the patriarchal throne, and obtaining in answer to their urgent prayers only his invincible refusal.

Gradually in succeeding generations fashionable piety passed it by. Its resources dwindled; the roof fell in, and its utter ruin seemed impending. Then the belle of that haughty Byzantine court, the Bulgarian Princess Mary Dukaina, as devout as she was beautiful, rebuilt it in its present form. Her daughter Irene wedded the mighty Alexios I Komnenos, and with filial devotion in after years raised to her mother's memory a splendid mausoleum. Byzantine history is fragrant with tales of that mother's beauty and of her spotless life, but the still standing walls of this monastic church are her only visible monument.

Again it became shaken and tarnished by time. Then the elegant Grand Logothete, Theodore the Metochite, in 1321, strengthened the main structure, with enormous expenditure built chapels around, and made the whole interior as resplendent as it was before. His monogram is still visible near the minaret on the south side of the church. When, shortly after, fickle fortune dethroned his friend the Emperor Andronikos II, the courtly Metochite was stripped of all his wealth and reduced to the most abject penury. He had no other refuge than the church enriched in his days of affluence. Here he became a monk and lived, and died eleven years after. His ardent and ever-faithful pupil, Nikephoros Gregoras, composed the following epitaph, which was inscribed upon his tomb: "This small stone conceals the dust of him who during life was the great glory of mankind. Cry aloud, all ye band of revered Muses. This man has perished! All wisdom has perished!" Not long afterwards Nikephoros Gregoras, accused of impiety, was sentenced to solitary confinement in the monastery, and in his cell he wrote his famous history.

Under the Komnenoi and Palaiologoi this church, conjointly with the Church of the Blachernai, served as the imperial sanctuary. Here the Patriarch often led the worship. With the Monastery of the Odeghetria it shared the honor of guarding the ancient picture of the Holy Virgin the Odeghetria, believed to have been painted by Saint Luke. Through Lent this picture was revered at the imperial palace. On every Easter Monday it was brought by the whole rejoicing city to the Church of Chora, and there exposed to the reverence of the populace. Whenever the capital was besieged it was kept within this church, and thence often carried to the walls to encourage and inspire the defenders. On the day of the Ottoman Conquest it was here captured by the Janissaries. By them it was divided into four pieces, which they shared by lot as precious talismans.

At last the Eunuch Ali Pasha, twice Grand Vizir, and slain in battle in 1511, converted the church into a mosque. The sharp eye of Peter Gyllius searched it out; then it was forgotten by subsequent scholars till Lechevalier in 1786 discovered it with difficulty. Neglected by the Ottomans, its ruin then seemed sure. A great fissure had rent the dome, and the rain poured unhindered through the roof in every storm. Finally it was repaired by Sultan Abd-ul Aziz in 1875, and again thoroughly cleansed and restored in 1889, to be in readiness for the approaching visit of William II the German Emperor.

The edifice is almost square. In the catholicon, or sanctuary proper, three of the sides are formed by great arches, while over the fourth, corresponding to the apse, rises a semi-dome. A drum, half of whose sixteen deep-set windows have been closed, supports a flattened dome. Beneath the architrave, which belts the base of the arches,

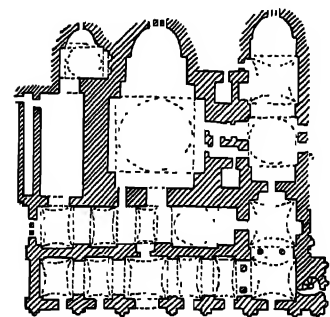


THE ENTHRONED CHRIST

the entire wall is sheathed with marble slabs of various shapes, of every color, in all possible combinations of design. Nowhere can this peculiar feature of Byzantine art be better seen. Over toward the east the deep apse recedes in successive diminishing diameters. On the left is a mosaic Christ of colossal size. The left hand grasps the Gospel, which is open to the words, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I." The right hand is extended in blessing, and the calm face above looks down in infinite tenderness and compassion. This picture was uncovered for the inspection of the German Emperor, and on his departure was immediately white-washed over. Corresponding on the right is the indistinct

mosaic outline of the Holy Mother. Above these two mosaics, and beneath an architrave, likewise of delicate mosaic, a marble figure seems advancing from the wall.

North of the catholicon, but not communicating with it, is a vaulted chamber, bare and unadorned, of equal length, and of the same period of construction. At its farther eastern

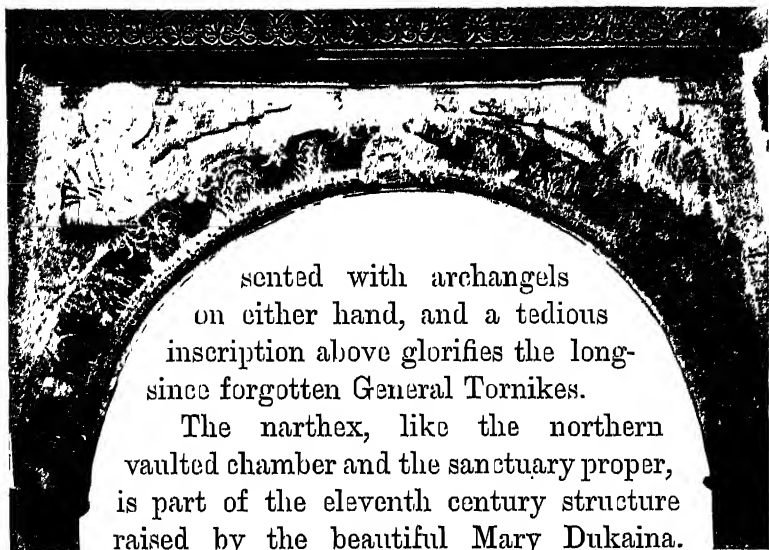


PLAN OF KACHRIEH DJAMI

end is a domed tiny chapel, with a window in its apse. This resembles an heroon, or mausoleum.

South of the catholicon, and opening on it, is a chapel, evidently part of the later construction of the famous Theodore. Over the twelve windows in the dome above are grouped twelve angels, with the Virgin in the centre; but the angelic faces, poorly portrayed in fresco, are almost blotted out. On either side of the chapel is an

archivault of white marble, tastefully carved: on the north side, Christ, in the centre, between the Archangels Michael and Gabriel, bestows the benediction, while above and around are frescoed pictures of Old and New Testament story; on the south side the Almighty Himself is repre-



sented with archangels on either hand, and a tedious inscription above glorifies the long-since forgotten General Tornikes.

The narthex, like the northern vaulted chamber and the sanctuary proper, is part of the eleventh century structure raised by the beautiful Mary Dukaina.

Two columns on the southern side are crowned by capitals, whence zealous Moslems have endeavored to hammer off all the angels and crosses. One solitary cross has escaped their fervor, and is unharmed.

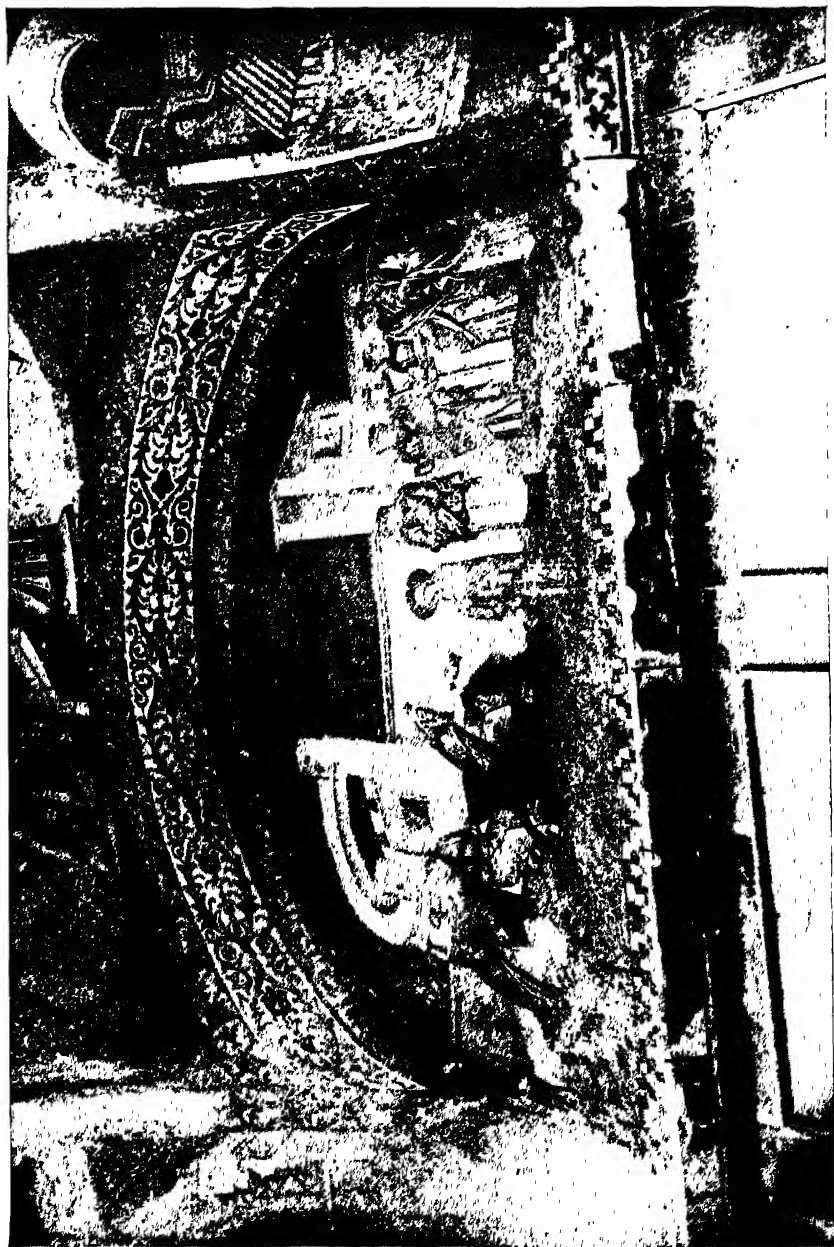
In the narthex and exo-narthex centres the absorbing interest of the mosaics. Why these have been left unhidden and untouched it is impossible to say. The Moslems themselves even point them out with pride, and dilate with inventive originality on the scenes they depict. The subjects are drawn equally from the received and the apocryphal books of the New Testament.

Over the central portal of the exo-narthex Christ the

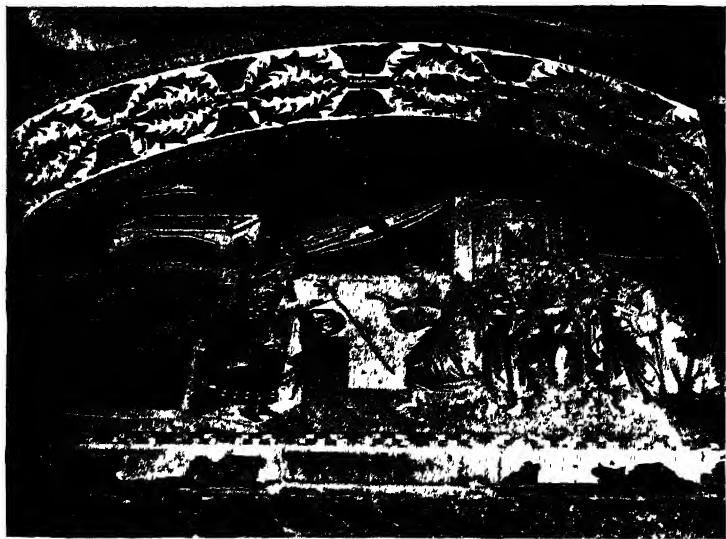
Pantokrator, the Almighty, is represented, crowned as always with the cruciferous nimbus, and as always the left hand grasps the Gospels and the right gives the blessing. Nowhere does the Gospel hold a larger place, nowhere is it thrown into more reverent prominence, than in Byzantine art and in the Eastern Church. Above, on the right, is the Miracle of the Loaves, and on the left the Marriage at Cana. By these two scenes, flanking the central figure of Christ, the Byzantine artists loved to set forth the dogmas of the Lord's Supper.

Likewise over the central portal of the narthex, admitting to the catholicon, the enthroned Christ blesses with the right hand and grasps the Gospel with the left. The suppliant Théodore, on his bended knees, presents a plan of the renovated church to the Lord Christ. He is coifed with that immense striped cap, bestowed as a sign of special favor by Andronikos II, which played so large a part in that stormy reign. An obsequious and pliant contemporary poet found in that cap the inspiration of his muse, and wrote the following well-paid verses: "The good Metochite, the eminent Logothete, himself the culmination of learning, wears a gold-and-crimson cap, which, as a gift, the illustrious Emperor bestowed on him who is the maintainer of the State." To right and left of this entrance are the life-size pictures of Saints Peter and Paul. Somehow these two have aroused the scruples of the faithful, and are both hidden behind a wooden door. Their faces are full of life and expression. Farther to the right are a colossal Christ and Virgin. Both portraits are damaged and disfigured, but an indescribable melancholy and benignity linger on the faces of the Holy Mother and her Son.

Among all the storied sacred scenes one knows not



which to choose, or where longest to dwell. In the southern dome, Christ, always giving his blessing and always with the Gospel, is surrounded by thirty-nine patriarchs, his ancestors. This is his genealogy according to Saint Luke. In the four pendentives are represented the Healing of Peter's Wife's Mother, of the Two Blind Men, of



THE VIRGIN JUDGED

the Dumb and Blind Demoniac, and, most appealing of all, of the Woman with the Issue of Blood.

In the northern dome the Virgin the Theotokos holds in a medallion the infant Saviour, and around her group, in two rows, the twenty-seven Hebrew ancestors of the Saviour. This is from the genealogy according to Saint Matthew. The pictures in the pendentives are partly from the apocryphal Gospels, — Joachim feeding his Flock on the Mountain, the High Priest judging the Virgin, and the Annunciation; the fourth scene has disappeared.



The history of the Virgin Mother, which reverent affection loved to ponder all through the Middle Ages, is given detailed expression in the mosaics of the narthex. In one — and there is none more touching — the parents, Joachim and Anna, bend tenderly over their fair girl child, whom together they hold and caress. In another her unequalled destiny is revealed as she and her sister maidens receive skeins for weaving sacred tapestries. Her skein blushes to royal purple at her touch.

A different spectacle, though one of the noblest, is the Healing of the Sick, where a numerous company, hobbling on staffs or unable to stand, stretch out piteous hands and beg to be cured. A mother holds forth her dying babe. Peter, James, and John look on with attention, while the Saviour, in the foreground, stoops with compassion towards the sufferers and heals their complaints.

In the exo-narthex are specially portrayed the early life and the miracles of our Lord. None is more realistic than the Massacre of the Innocents, badly injured though it be by heedless vandalism. But description can only enumerate main features and chief actors; it cannot really describe. No justice can be done by words to the fadeless beauty of these crowded mosaic scenes.

In the natural depression of the hill, the site appears neither imposing nor well chosen, and is half concealed from view. Later Christianity, when world-triumphant, for her churches and cathedrals sought commanding places, appropriate to her universal sway. But this humble, easily unnoticed spot, fitted better the necessities of the persecuted primitive Christians. Here if anywhere, in its secluded lowliness and loneliness, they might worship God, and, unseen, inter their murdered dead. So the very humility of the site is itself significant of its consecrated history.



PHENARI YESA MESDJID, THE CHURCH OF
PANACHRANTOS

PHENARI YESA MESDJID is the ancient monastic Church of the Panachrantos, or the Most Immaculate Virgin. It consists of two structures, built at different periods, which lie side by side, and are separated by a massive wall, through which they communicate by a spacious open arch. Both have domes on cylinders and a common narthex, but are long in proportion to their width, and have many analogies with churches of the West. To the northern or smaller church is given the appearance of nave and aisles by great arches prolonged east and west on the north and south sides. In the same manner a like effect is produced in the southern or larger church, save that an additional aisle is effected by an additional arch. All these aisles terminate towards the east in tiny chapels. Hence the two churches present the striking and unique but most un-Byzantine appearance of seven parallel, adjacent, and intercommunicating sanctuaries of different length. In the day of the church's splendor the combined effect must have been original and impressive. Even in its present degraded and filthy condition something can be pictured of the old-time appearance.

The beautiful edifice is now in shocking need of repair. Biers and empty coffins fill the northern aisle. Pigeons' nests crowd every crevice and projecting point in the northern church, and the droppings are thick all over the rotting floor. The larger church is still open for worship. The imam asserts that magnificent mosaics are hidden under the dirty whitewash. Likewise he states that

the pigeons never enter here. Meanwhile they regard him knowingly, and flutter everywhere through the aisles.

The name of the founder is lost, and its history seems almost a blank. Only one event breaks its dead monotony. In 1282 the eloquent but vacillating Patriarch John II secretly abandoned the patriarchate, and fled hither alone by night. The death of the latinizing Michael VIII, to whom Pachymeres says he "had been tongue and hand and sharp-pointed pen, and subservient in all things," left him without a protector or friend. The unstable Patriarch feared that the people, indignant at his apostasy, would reach him even here, and tear him to pieces.

A curious letter, still preserved, written by the hegoumenos, or abbot of the monastery, answers an urgent entreaty of distant Christians for a sacred relic to be used in the consecration of a newly erected church. "We have given you a part of the skull of the Apostle Philip. It is wrapped up in ribbons of gold, on which the name of the Apostle is written in Greek. We entreat all who behold that sacred particle to remember us in their prayers. Those Greek letters, sealed with our seal, were written by us in the month of January, 1214."

The church was made a mosque by Phenari Yesa, Molah, or Priest, of Brousa, who returned to his native city and died there in 1496. The Moslem pulpit is the gift and memorial of the humane and enlightened Beïram Pasha, Grand Vizir of Mourad IV. His death, while marching with the Sultan against the Persians, caused his sanguinary master to shed tears. A solitary majestic cypress lifts its sombre form at the northwest corner of the mosque in the deep valley of the Lycus.

MONASTIR MESDJID

MONASTIR MESDJID, Mosque of the Monastery, is very near Top Kapou, the Cannon Gate, where the last Constantine fell in the final siege. From its architecture we know that it was built sometime in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The tradition of the Ottomans that it was the first church in the city to fall into their hands and the first to be made a mosque, invests it with a mournful distinction.

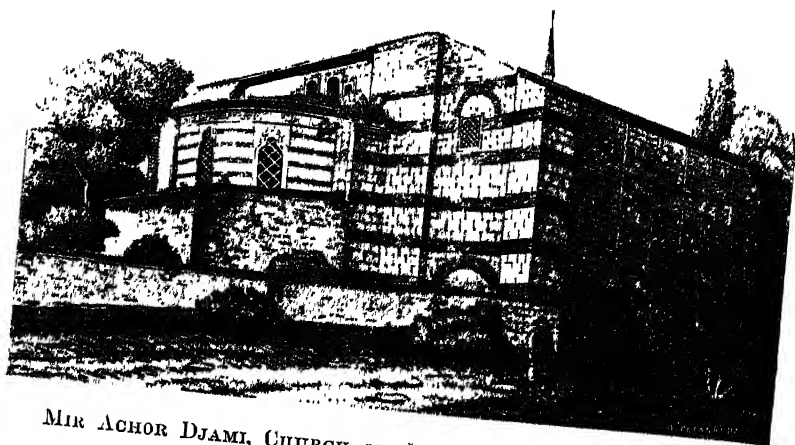
The legend may be true that three beautiful maidens devoted their little all to its erection, consecrated it to the Three Martyrs, maidens and sisters like themselves, and then, bidding good-by to the world, took upon themselves the irrevocable monastic vows. But of its name, its history, or its founder, nothing is known with certainty.

It is a tiny sanctuary, only seven yards square. Though without dome or visible mosaics, it possesses in miniature every other feature of a Byzantine church. In it are apse and narthex and marble columns and bulging capitals, wrought with acanthus leaves and crosses, and on its mildewed walls are the faded forms of frescoed saints.

Now in its utter desolation it is only a plaintive ruin. The decaying oaken door, no longer turning on its hinges, is held together by strings. Through the rotten ceiling one looks out at the stars and sky. The floor is strewn with fragments of mouldy coffins. The minaret itself has fallen; a round hole in the roof of the narthex indicates its former place. The last worshipper, the Moslem as well as the Christian, long since made his prayer, and nothing enters the desolate walls to-day save the birds and the antiquary, through the shattered window.

MIR ACHOR DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINT JOHN
OF THE STUDIUM

NEAR the Seven Towers, north of the railway track, arresting the eye from the passing train, is a peculiar greenish-colored building with gable roof. Its name is Mir Achor Djami. Just four centuries ago it was converted into a mosque by Elias, the mir achor, or chief



MIR ACHOR DJAMI, CHURCH OF SAINT JOHN OF THE STUDIUM

equerry, of Sultan Bayezid II. But its longer history as the Studium, or the Studite Church of Saint John, began eleven hundred years before, when it was erected by the patrician Studius, member of that distinguished house which gave prefects, consuls, and senators to the service of Constantine and of his immediate successors.

As the most ancient, almost the only, basilican church in the city, it possesses special architectural prominence.

The proportions of the sanctuary, ninety feet by eighty-three, are in keeping with the early Byzantine tendency to desert the oblong and adopt the square. In its various renovations always the original plan was strictly retained. When last reclud in its former splendor, in 1293, by Prince Constantine, brother of Andronikos II, a contemporary author wrote, "He modified its ancient appearance in no respect." Likewise the Ottomans have abstained from any apparent change. So, despite the decaying roof and the floorless gallery and the neglected air of spoliated wall and column, one, as he wanders reverently through its aisles, is able in imagination to reclothe the naked outline with its early glory, and to reconstitute the sanctuary as it was when Christianity was young.

It was the chief church of a monastery numbering over a thousand monks. The voice of prayer and praise ceased not day or night ascending from its altar; for the brethren were the Akoimetai, or the Sleepless, and the service was uninterruptedly chanted by a third of the fraternity in turn. Cosmopolitan by its constitution, all nationalities were represented in its ranks, though Greeks, Latins, and Syrians were most numerous.

Among the most striking and heroic figures of Eastern church history is its venerable Abbot Theodore. A fanatical, unterrified adherent of the icons, or holy pictures, when, during the fierce iconoclastic persecution the stern Emperor Leo V in 815 ordered every holy picture to be banished or destroyed, Theodore, at the head of his clergy, in solemn procession, carried through the street all the icons he could gather, and gave them an asylum in his monastery. Nine years before, Theodore's indignant denunciation prevented the conclusion of a shameful treaty with the Bulgarian King Crum. Long afterwards,

in 842, the iconoclastic general and dictator Manuel lay at the point of death. The monks of the Studium thronged his chamber and promised him life and health if he would restore the icons. His subsequent almost miraculous cure he attributed to their intervention. Thereupon, and in conformity to the prayer of the Emperor Theophilos, the council was assembled which ended that bitter iconoclastic controversy. This result, achieved by the monks of the Studium, the Orthodox Church annually commemorates with special solemnity on the first Sunday in Lent, hence called the Sunday of Orthodoxy.

Just two centuries later the dethroned Michael V, and his uncle the General Constantine, hid in the church in terror, but were torn from its altar by the infuriated mob. In 1059 Isaac I Komnenos of his own free will laid down his crown, saying he would rather be doorkeeper in the Studium than sit upon his throne. As the doorkeeper he dwelt here till his death, and was often visited by his friend and successor Constantine XI Dukas. Here in 1078 another discrowned Emperor, Michael VII, reluctantly assumed the cowl.

The monastery's grandest day was the 29th of August, when the beheading of John the Baptist was annually commemorated. At early dawn each year the Emperor came by boat from the Palace of Boucoleon, landing at the seaward gate of the monastery, the still existing Narli Kapou. While the Senate gathered in the church, the magistrates and patricians lined the shore. In two lines, facing each other, the brotherhood were drawn up from the landing-place to the church to receive their sovereign. As he passed between their files, with swinging censers and lighted candles they fell in behind and followed him to the sanctuary. Then, as the liturgy commenced, the

Emperor waved a smoking censer over the holy relics. Afterwards the monks and abbots served him with a light repast, and led him back to the barge in the same order as before.

In this monastery were composed the hymns which voiced the Church's devotion all through the Middle Ages. Youths of exalted and imperial rank were sent here to receive their education in this "illustrious and renowned school of virtue." So ascetic were the monks that, save the legendary visit of the Empress Catharine to her abdicated husband, Joseph Bryennios declares that during a thousand years no woman's foot "profaned" its court. Interment in these hallowed precincts was esteemed a sacred privilege. Here, among other illustrious dead, were reunited after their voluntary life-long separation Isaac I Komnenos and his devoted Bulgarian wife, the Empress Catharine. Here lay side by side Bonos, governor of the city in the wars against the Persians and Avars, who died in 627, and Prince Kassim, youngest and apostate son of Bayezid I Ilderim, who died almost eight centuries later. Under the Latin occupation the monks were dispersed, and the wide fields round the church served only as pasturage for sheep.

So late as 1740 Pococke, in his characteristic cumbrous style, declares Mir Achor Djami as still "the finest mosque after Sancta Sophia which has been a church." He lingers with clumsy admiration on its pillars of snowy marble and vert antique, and "its very rich entablature." Only one hundred and ten years ago the roof and flooring of the galleries were destroyed by fire, that swept away the surrounding quarter of the city. The rudest covering was stretched above to shut out the rain, but hardly any other repairs were attempted.

Close to the entrance on the street stands a capital of enormous size and unusual beauty. Cloisters and giant trees enclose the court which precedes the mosque. Heaped about the enclosure are piles of ruins, while isolated fragments dot the soil. This courtyard has been a quarry for generations, whence columns and blocks of marble and high-wrought capitals, with their sculptured crosses, have been dug out and borne away.

The four columns which formed the open outer side of the narthex are almost concealed by the coarse Turkish wall which fills up the intervening spaces; but their exquisite composite Roman capitals stand forth admirable and distinct. In the luxurious architrave, ornate with the egg and dart ornament, and with birds and foliage, the cross constantly appears; and Roman eagles are sculptured soaring from the corners. Within the sanctuary proper six superb columns of vert antique stand on the northern side, in perfect poise, upon the very bases where they were placed in the time of Constantine. In comparison, the eight bulky wooden columns, and the clustered pillars in the gallery, are pitiable caricatures. But the imams assert that they are in color and proportion the exact copy of the fire-crumbled marbles they replace. Beyond the marble floor recedes the broad and shallow segmental apse. Through the brick tiling of the southern aisle the battered lid of a sarcophagus protrudes slightly



COLONNADE OF MIR ACHOR DJAMI
IN 1820

above the general level of the floor. Almost all the ancient doors and windows have been mortared up, and the whole interior of the church, once so bright and glittering, now dark and gloomy, seems equally deserted by the sunshine and by its early faith.

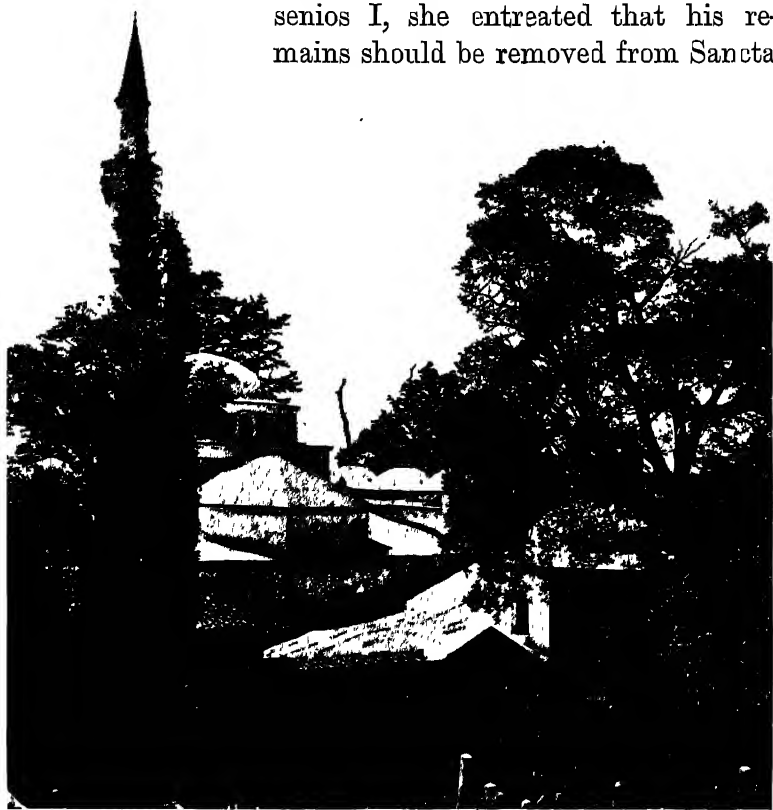
In the wall of the enclosure, near its northern gate, is the plaintive epitaph of the Russian monk Dionysios, who, an exile from home, found in this church a hospitable grave. But the careless mason has built the sepulchral tablet bottom upwards into its place, heedless of the dead man's fate and history.

KHODJA MOUSTAPHA PASHA DJAMI, CHURCH OF SAINT ANDREW IN CRISIS

KHODJA MOUSTAPHA PASHA DJAMI occupies a romantic situation on the seventh hill in the southwest part of the city. It stands in the centre of a vast enclosure, shaded by giant cypresses, and hemmed in by close-packed Musulman graves. Though an attractive and airy edifice, it presents no special architectural feature. Its walls are picturesque, composed of alternate layers of brick and blocks of marble.

This mosque was the cathedral church of the female Monastery of Saint Andrew in Crisis. Hearts were in that day sometimes as tender as in this. A chronicle of 1371 mournfully narrates: "A certain monk from the venerable Monastery of the Oleghetria, a priest named Iosaph, has eloped with a certain nun from the venerable monastery of the glorious saint, the mighty martyr, Andrew in Crisis." Probably the church was first erected by Arcadia, sister of Honorius II. Entirely rebuilt in the eighth cen-

tury by an unknown founder, it was splendidly raised anew in its present form by the Princess Theodora, daughter of the erratic usurper John VI Kantakouzenos. Revering the heroic memory of the Patriarch Arsenios I, she entreated that his remains should be removed from Sancta



ANCIENT CHURCH OF SAINT ANDREW IN CRISIS

Sophia, where they had lain in peace over fifty years, and be brought hither to hallow her church. This was done with the utmost solemnity by the Emperor and Senate. A few years later, when Theodora was dead and for-

gotten, the relics were taken back to their first resting-place in Sancta Sophia.

This lady's eventful history far eclipses in dramatic interest and vicissitude that of her beloved church. To strengthen his unstable throne her father tendered the hand of his daughter, already twice a widow, to Sultan Orkhan. The offer was accepted. Victim of her father's unscrupulous ambition, Theodora was handed over to her Ottoman lord. No religious rites consecrated their union; but the aged Orkhan made no effort to change the faith of his Christian wife, and on her death she received Christian burial. Her grave at Brousa is still often pointed out, near, but a little apart from, those of the Ottoman dynasty.

The church was made a mosque in 1489 by Khodja Moustapha Pasha, Grand Vizir of Bayezid II and of Selim I. During the reign of Achmet I, on the anniversary of the Prophet Mohammed's birth, the imams encircled the gallery of the minaret with rows of lighted lamps. The Sultan, enchanted at the fairy-like effect, ordered that henceforth on the Prophet's birthday all the minarets in the city should be thus illuminated. Hence the exquisite custom, continued to this day, had its origin here.

In front, protected by a high railing, is the blasted trunk of an enormous cypress which died generations ago. Suspended from its branches hangs a lengthy iron chain which common credulity dubs with the name of the "Judge." Whenever a debtor or creditor of bad faith stood below, the chain was expected with instantaneous precision to strike him a severe blow upon the head. Its present apathy is explained by the following tradition. Once an Ottoman was unable to obtain twenty pounds owed him by a Jew. The debtor protested that the sum was already paid. The cadi

ordered that appeal should be made to the judgment of the chain. The Jew concealed the exact sum in a hollow stick, which, just as he was stepping forward to undergo his trial, he asked the good-natured Ottoman to hold. The money having thus been unconsciously received by the creditor, the Jew remained untouched, but the Ottoman, who in his turn stood beneath, was prostrated to the ground. Thereupon the Jew picked up his stick and departed, but the chain, indignant at the trick, remains immovable to this day.

A more pathetic legend attaches to a small square stone daubed with paint, and long since built into the wall of the enclosure. Both the Ottomans and Greeks believe this



THE CYPRESS AND CHAIN

to be a holy picture, mortared in bottom upwards and face inside. On every Easter morning, the Greeks assert, invisible to any human eye, and untouched by any

human hand, it stands in its original upright position, and turns its patient face beseechingly towards the ancient church.

SANDJAKDAR MESDJID, THE CHURCH OF GASTRIA

SANDJAKDAR MESDJID, the Mosque of the Standard Bearer, was formerly the church of the female Monastery of Gastria, and is situated in the southern part of the city, close to the Marmora. Little of the original structure can be discerned in the actual mosque. The narthex is now used as a kitchen by its Moslem occupants, but it is no dirtier or less attractive than the rest of the fast-decaying building.

Despite the squalid present, much legendary and historic interest attaches to the spot. According to tradition, here, on her return from the Holy Land, Saint Helena disembarked with the true cross, and was received by her son, Constantine the Great. The lilies, roses, and all the wealth of flowers which she had found growing around the cross in Palestine, she had carefully planted in pots with her own hands and brought hither. Nowhere in Constantinople is there a balmier and sunnier region. So here in long lines Helena set out her floral treasures, and the place has been called ever since Gastria, or the Flower Pots. When, later, a female monastery was founded in the same locality, it perpetuated the legend and the name.

During that century and a half of the harsh iconoclastic persecution, the nuns steadfastly adhered to the cause of the icons, and won great popular esteem by the devoted courage with which they disregarded the threats of the emperors. Theophilos was the last and most merciless of

the iconoclastic sovereigns. From the assembled noble maidens of the capital he had publicly chosen his bride Theodora, and in the midst of the fair company had declared his preference by the gift of a golden apple.

The house of Theodora and of her mother Theoktiste was close to the monastery. Strongly sympathizing with the nuns, they restored and embellished the church, and enriched the monastery with repeated gifts. Often Theoktiste called her grandchildren to her house and taught them to revere the icons. This was artlessly told one day by Pulcheria, the youngest daughter, to her father. Though furiously enraged, Theophilos was powerless, save to prevent his children from further visiting their grandmother. Some years after her husband's death Theodora, scandalized by the evil life of their son, the Emperor Michael III, withdrew to the monastery in sorrow, and became a nun. Here she was subsequently joined by her surviving daughters. The sarcophagi of these princesses stood side by side in the narthex of the church till shortly before the Ottoman Conquest. Because of her many virtues and spotless life, Theodora had been reckoned a saint in the judgment of the Church and of the common people. Her remains were therefore removed to the Church of the Theotokos Spelaiotissa, the Holy Virgin of the Cave, in Corfu. There still, once a year, is exposed to the veneration of the people the shrivelled, blackened form, bejewelled and gold-bedizened, of her who seemed to the imperial suitor the fairest among the ladies of Constantinople just ten hundred and sixty-five years ago.

The church was converted into a mosque by Khaïreddin Effendi, the standard-bearer of Sultan Mohammed II.

MINOR BYZANTINE CHURCHES

So uneventful or so little known is the history, so small the artistic interest, so insignificant the remains, of some of the following mosques, once Christian churches, that one might almost pass them by in silence. Yet even the humblest among them all is venerable for its hoary age, sacred for the faith and Christian purpose with which its walls of prayer were laid, and all the more pathetic that now no human being can disclose or learn its checkered story. Despite the lapse of centuries and the weary miles that separate that dreamy capital from the tumultuous, enterprising West; despite the adamant wall of prejudice built up by different customs, blood, and speech, those Byzantine worshippers, even though long since dead, are our brethren and fellow-Christians still. Not without emotion can one who loves the common Christianity they cherished gaze upon those voiceless piles where, in an age and land less favored than our own, their sick, weary, suppliant hearts sought to draw near to God.

Sheik Mourad Mesdjid is the Turkish name of a nameless Christian church, or rather of the place whereon it stood fourteen years ago. On the site has recently been erected a dervish convent, the front steps of which are two magnificent Corinthian capitals three and a half feet in diameter. The foliage of no other capital of the city is so exquisitely incurved. Into the walls of the convent have been built countless carved and chiselled marble fragments from the forgotten church.

Balaban Agha Mesdjid is a tiny fabric, probably erected in the seventh century, and doubtless dependent upon some

monastery. Nothing of its history is known save that it was converted into a mosque by Balaban Agha, the Albanian hero of Dr Ludlow's romantic story, the "Captain of the Janissaries."

Not even a legend or tradition clings about the church, converted into Kermankess Mesdjid by Kermankess Moustapha Pasha, Grand Vizir of Sultan Ibrahim. Only a few months afterwards the ill-fated Grand Vizir lost the favor of his capricious master, and, hiding under a heap of hay, was dragged out and beheaded in 1643. The roof and walls fell in ruin seven years ago. Underneath may still be discerned another, a subterranean and more ancient church, now so filled with earth and refuse that only very little of it can be seen. But on the choked-up walls there may be faintly traced in places the almost obliterated figures of the Saviour and the saints.

Yesa Kapou Mesdjid, the Mosque of the Gate of Jesus, is situated in an unfrequented, narrow passage, called the Street of the Gate of Jesus. Perhaps in the neighboring land wall of Constantine there existed some so-called gate, but both have equally disappeared. No history attaches to the church; the mosque is clean and bright, and tended with affectionate pride by its excellent imam.

Achmet Pasha Mesdjid is familiar in Byzantine annals as ~~the~~ church of the female Monastery of Saint John the Baptist in Trullo. It is at least as old as the tenth century. A legend, confirmed by Phrantzes, states that in it, in 692, convened that peculiar ecclesiastical assembly called the Penthekte, or Fifth-Sixth, as supplementary to the Fifth and Sixth General Councils. When the female Monastery of Pammakaristos, in 1456, became the Patriarchal See, its nuns found a shelter here, and remained in

quiet one hundred and thirty years. Then they were forced to seek another home, and the church was made a mosque by Achmet Pasha. Now it is only a dismantled ruin. The brick minaret long ago crumbled to pieces. Weeds and shrubs thrive on the tile-covered roof and dome, and the Ottomans of the quarter are ignorant of even its Turkish name.

Of Sinan Pasha Mesdjid, the ancient Church of Saint John the Baptist of Petra, nothing is left save a portion of the apse and of the northern wall. Burned down many years ago, no man has been brave enough to defy the current prophecy that all who had any part in its re-erection would die together the moment it was complete. It was changed into a mosque by Sinan, Kapoudan Pasha, or Chief Admiral, of Sultan Souleïman the Sublime.

The venerable monastic Church of Myrelaion, now Boudroum Djami, or the Subterranean Mosque, seems designed as a mausoleum rather than a church. Built in the seventh century, and rebuilt on a larger scale three centuries later by Romanos I Lekapenos, it afforded places of burial to the dead equally with places of prayer to the living. Here Romanos was himself interred with his Empress Theodora. Beside them was placed their daughter the Empress Helena, whose life was a long hard struggle between the conflicting claims of her ambitious father and her pliant husband, Constantine VIII. Here were gathered and laid to final rest the long-scattered bones of the dismembered Emperor Maurice. Here the Empress Catharine assumed the veil, when seeking the one asylum of the city that should remind her most forcibly of the vanities of power. Mesich Ali Pasha, Grand Vizir of Bayezid II, was attracted to the gloomy church as in keeping with his

own sombre spirit, and converted it into a mosque. Hardly had the transformation been effected when, in 1500, at the zenith of his glory, he was accidentally killed by a falling stone, and was buried in the mosque enclosure. In perfect preservation, but dark and dreary, the edifice has an almost sinister appearance peculiarly its own. Even the Moslems do not love it, and seek some other sanctuary in which to pray.

Kepheli Mesdjid is near the Hebdomon. Its founder was the soldier Manuel. It was also his place of burial. Sidney and Bayard are not more knightly figures than this Byzantine chevalier. Loyal to the infant Emperor Michael III, he refused the crown which the nation pressed upon him, and his entire life is a record of heroism and stainless virtue. The church was enlarged by Photios, the brilliant Patriarch who defied the Pope, and in 879 presided over the Eighth Ecumenical Council in Sancta Sophia. Again it was almost rebuilt by Romanos I Lekapenos, the conqueror of the Bulgarians and the Russians. The Greeks deserted the locality after the conquest. Mohammed II, eager to repopulate his capital, established there many thousand Armenians, whom he had brought as captives from Kaffa in Russia. He gave them as their sanctuary the half-ruined church of Manuel. Its new possessors were finally despoiled by Souleïman the Sublime, who made the church into a mosque. But the present name, signifying Mosque of the People from Kaffa, preserves the memory of the Armenian exiles. Vast subterranean chambers underlie the church.

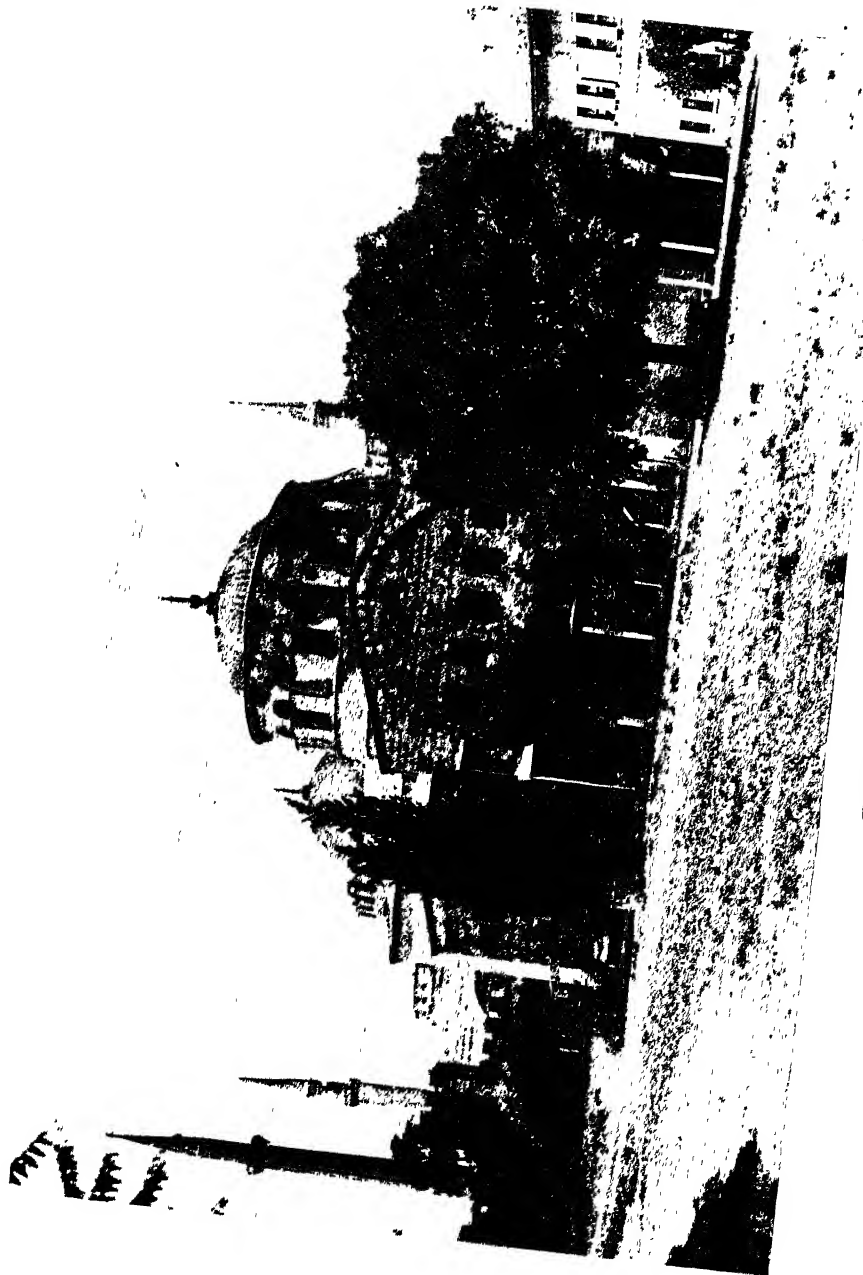
Near the Aqueduct of Valens is Sekban Bashi Mesdjid, the ancient Church of Christ. It was built by that fair and tireless founder of churches, Mary Dukaina, sister of

Alexios I Komnenos, and was made a mosque by the Sekban Bashi, who died in 1496, and is buried near. It is surrounded by a Mussulman cemetery, where successive tiers of graves are heaped upon one another. Of small proportions and inartistic, it is equally destitute of beauty and of history.

DJEB KHANEH, THE CHURCH OF SAINT IRENE

SAINT IRENE is the only ancient Byzantine church still standing upon the grounds of the Seraglio. All the other numerous and splendid Christian edifices, once included within those limits, have been destroyed or have disappeared. This one sanctuary remains close to the verge of the vast enclosure, and with the high Seraglio wall apparently braced against it. It was never converted into a mosque, and hence at its side there is no minaret, the distinctive, sky-piercing symbol of Islam. Unchanged in all outward appearance since the Ottoman Conquest, and as manifestly a Christian church as when first erected by Constantine the Great, its venerable form seems lifting a solitary and eternal protest against the transformations which have gone on around.

It was consecrated not to a virgin martyr named Irene, but to the *Εἰρήνη*, or Peace of God, even as the great cathedral which towers just beyond was dedicated to the Sophia, or the Wisdom of God. Burned at the Revolt of the Nika in 532; it was, when rebuilt by Justinian, in no way inferior to the splendid fabric destroyed. Early in the eighth century an earthquake racked and rent its walls, but did not throw it down. The unsightly buttresses, which increase its strength but de-



CHURCH OF SAINT IRENE

tract from its beauty, were then added by Leo III the Isaurian.

In ecclesiastical rank, though not in popular opinion, it yielded precedence only to Sancta Sophia. Here the Patriarch conducted the daily worship, save on those solemn and prescribed occasions when the church calendar demanded his presence elsewhere; here too on Good Friday communicants were examined in the catechism by the Patriarch. It was called more often the Patriarchate, or the Patriarchal Church, than by its name of consecration. The priests of Sancta Sophia always officiated at its altar, as it had no stated clergy of its own.

Despite its peaceful name, it has been the scene of many a bitter polemic. When in 335 Constantine recalled to favor the exiled Arius, who had been condemned ten years before at the Council of Nice, the Patriarch Alexander shut himself alone in the church and cast himself prostrate before the altar. There he remained several days and nights, repeating the same fierce prayer, and beseeching that God would grant some overwhelming manifestation of the divine will: if the Arian doctrine was true, he besought that he might not survive the day of Arius's return; if the Arian doctrine was false, he prayed that the arch heretic might speedily receive the punishment of his impiety. The sudden and startling death of Arius was commonly regarded as a direct, divine reply to this petition. Here assembled the Second General Council in 381, when, by the voice of one hundred and fifty bishops, the Arian controversy was ended, the relative rank of the five chief bishoprics determined, and the Holy Spirit declared equal with the Father and the Son.

Saint Irene in its successive though partial restorations has preserved its original form unmodified. It lies due east and west, and has a narthex, apses, a central nave, transepts, and aisles. In more than one detail it resembles a Roman basilica. Its spacious and impressive dome rests upon a cylinder, lighted by a score of windows. Yet



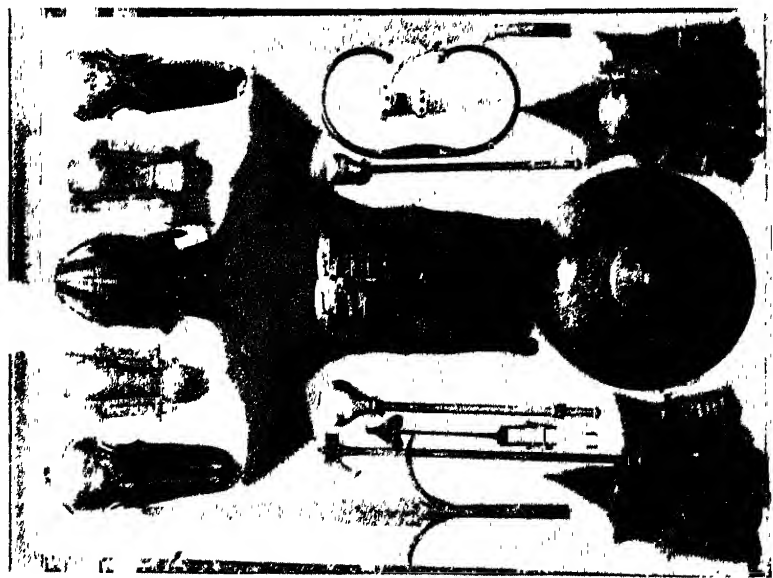
INTERIOR OF SAINT IRENE

the interior is dark and gloomy, so many windows have been closed with brick and mortar, probably by the Isaurian Leo III almost twelve hundred years ago. Numerous pictures in fresco and mosaic remain intact and undisturbed. Over the altar spreads an immense and unmutilated cross.

To hardly any other of the jealously guarded buildings

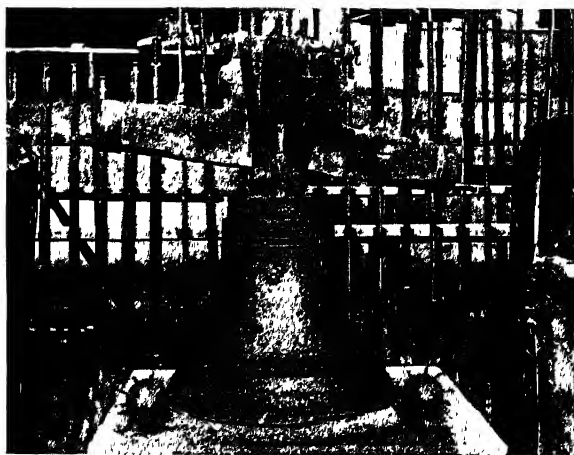
of the capital is admission so difficult and well-nigh impossible. At the door armed sentinels stand on guard night and day, and never relax their vigilance. Sometimes the Government grants the rare permission to cross the sullen portal and to wander through the martial aisles. One thus favored may well cherish the recollection among the most valued memories of Stamboul. By the strange irony of fate this temple, dedicated to peace, was, after the Ottoman Conquest, converted into Djeb Khaneh, the Armory, or the Arsenal. The wide walls are lined in close mosaic, with mediæval and modern armor of every form and description. Breastplates, helmets, coats of mail, suits of chain armor, battle-axes, maces, scimitars, pikes, though arranged in symmetric order, blend in a strange confusion with the tens of thousands of rifles from America which point upward in great stacks from the floor. Yet, as almost all the weapons are antique, and long since disused, the church is less an armory than a museum. Many objects of richest association have been recently removed. Nevertheless very much remains.

Side by side are the knightly weapons of the Crusaders and the machines of war of Alexios I Komnenos, who died in 1118. Near the amulet of Tamerlane are the sabre of Mohammed II and the sword of Scanderbeg, now blunt and rusted, which flashed against each other in the bloodiest days of Albanian history. In the vestibule, in suggestive proximity and equally mute, are the bell of Sancta Sophia and the kettles of the Janissaries. Pushed into the corner is a sarcophagus, in which an emperor or an empress must have slept; close beside it, heaped upon the floor, lies a portion of the great chain which stretched across the Golden Horn to Galata, and which, during almost a thousand years, shut out the galleys of every



MEDLÆVAL ARMOR ON THE WALLS OF SAINT IRENE

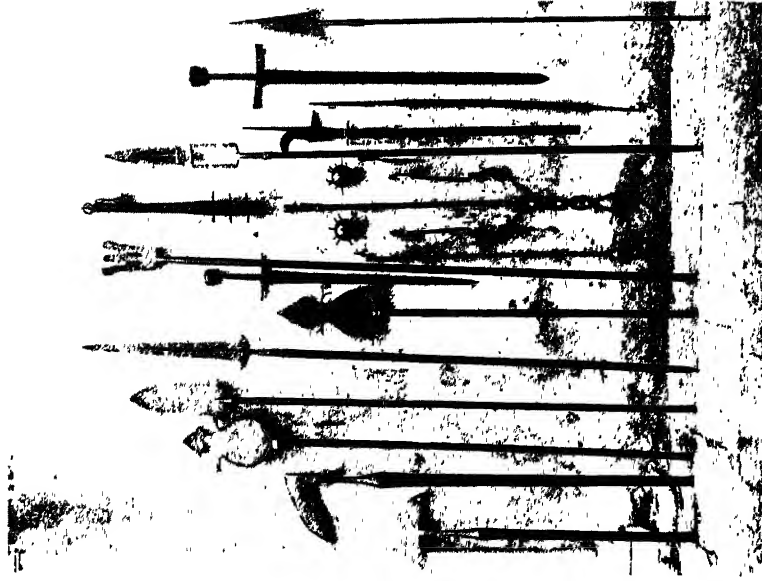
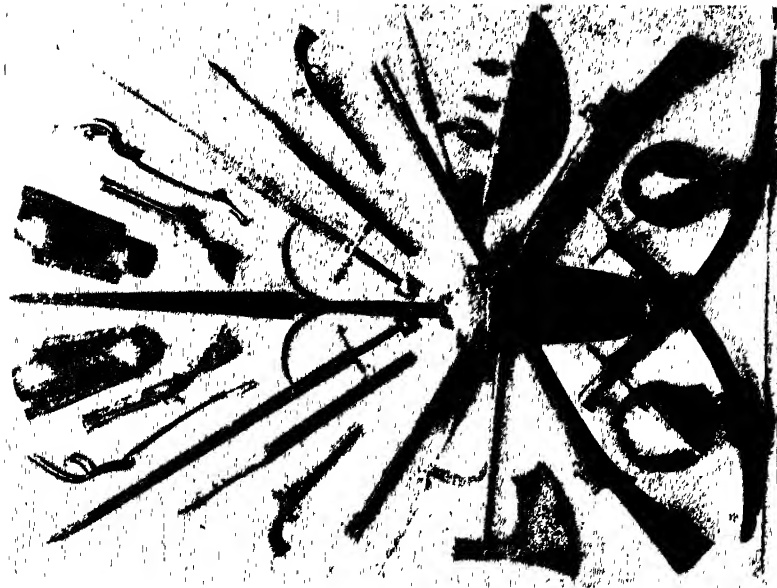
enemy, save those of the Crusaders in 1203, and of Mohammed II just two hundred and fifty years later. In chests are tiny bags of earth, sent in token of submission by terror-stricken provinces, and strings of gold and silver keys from conquered cities. Heaped upon each other in careless and indiscriminate confusion are countless objects the meaning and the source of which are alike



REPUTED BELL OF SANCTA SOPHIA

forgotten, but which were once the almost articulate expression of all human passion and despair. Saint Irene is a prodigious hearthstone, on which all the ashes of religion and of triumph and surrender have grown cold.

On the north side of the church is a narrow, grassy plat, separated from the street by a high iron railing. Placed in line and easily scrutinized through the impassable bars are seven large objects of great though dissimilar interest. The least important is an enormous head of



MEDLEVAL ARMOR ON THE WALLS OF SAINT IRENE

Medusa. The forehead has been barbarously chipped away, that, thus adjusted, it might better serve in the foundations of some building. Next is the lower portion of that porphyry obelisk of which Prioli carried the upper part with so much pride to Venice. On the extreme left is the empty sarcophagus, of green Thessalian marble, to whose eternal trust Leo VI the Philosopher, and his ill-



KETTLE DRUMS OF THE JANISSARIES

used Empress Saint Theophano, committed their daughter Eudoxia.

The porphyry pedestal a little farther north has more momentous associations. On it once stood the silver image of another Eudoxia, the frivolous wife of the Emperor Arcadius, and the relentless foe of Saint John Chrysostom. While the statue was being poised upon this now disfigured stone, buffoons and women of the street

burned incense at its base, and circled around it in boisterous and lascivious dances. The ribald uproar disturbed the worship which Chrysostom was conducting in Sancta Sophia. Ascending the pulpit, the indignant and dauntless Patriarch thundered forth that most vehement and tempestuous of all his impassioned sermons. Losing sight of the ignoble crowd, with his merciless tongue he lashed the follies and errors of the Empress. He likened Eudoxia to the paramour of Herod Antipas. "Behold," he said, "that revengeful Herodias. Herodias is falling back into her madness. Herodias begins again to inspire the dance. Herodias demands once more the head of John." This ill-judged but heart-wrung discourse resulted in the speedy exile and consequent martyrdom of that most passionate and most eloquent of Christian preachers.



EUDOXIA, WIFE OF THE
EMPEROR ARCADIUS

On the right hand of the plat are three huge porphyry sarcophagi. They were excavated in 1847 from among the ruins of the Church of Saint Menas in the Seraglio, but had been brought thither at some unrecorded period from the Church of the Holy Apostles. The one farthest north, still covered by its gable-pointed lid, may be, as Déthier almost proves, the sarcophagus of Theodosius the Great. The monogram of the Saviour, surrounded by a laurel wreath of victory, hallows the lid. Underneath are the letters Alpha and Omega, significant of Christian faith and hope. The sarcophagus on the left is even larger, — twelve and one half feet long, by six and one half

feet wide, — but not hewn from a single stone. The lid is wanting. A not improbable conjecture assigns it to Constantius II, who died in 360.

The third sarcophagus, prominent in the very foreground, likewise destitute of its lid, marred and cracked and seamed but most august because of its prodigious



SUPPOSED SARCOPHAGI OF CONSTANTINE THE GREAT AND
THEODOSIUS THE GREAT

size, is, of all sarcophagi cut from a single block, the vastest in the world. Its inner cavity or receptacle is eight feet nine inches long, four feet one inch wide, and three feet eleven and one quarter inches deep. Hence it was evidently designed for the reception, not of one coffin, but of two, one resting upon the other. Not a single monogram or character of any sort breaks the sphinx-like plainness of its outer or inner surface. Empty and uninscribed

sarcophagi, like dead men, themselves tell no tales of their ended past. Yet a chain of collateral evidence, which it is impossible to doubt, demonstrates that this sarcophagus was the sepulchral chamber wherein the coffins of Constantine the Great and of his mother Saint Helena, removed from her earlier tomb at Rome, were placed together in filial and maternal nearness for their final rest.

THE CHURCH OF THE LIFE-GIVING FOUNTAIN, OR OF BALOUKLI

OUTSIDE the great Land Wall, and directly west of the Gate of Selivria, is an extensive plain. During the spring and summer it is green with grass and bright with flowers. In every direction the land stretches away in beautiful undulations, shaded by enormous trees. What Prokopios wrote thirteen hundred and fifty years ago is true to-day: "A luxuriant forest of cypresses, verdant and flowery slopes, a spring noiselessly pouring forth its calm and refreshing waters,—these are the features which beseein that sacred spot." It is the Philopation, or the far-famed Seaward Meadow of the Golden Gate. The place was loved by Justinian and Theodora, and by many Greek emperors and patriarchs since. It was the favorite resort of the Byzantines when in search of change or rest or health, and weary of the busy city. Since the Conquest the dead have packed the places always dear to the living. The entire territory is now parcelled out among the cemeteries of three peoples. The flat monuments of the Armenians, the pointed shafts and crosses of the Greeks, and the turbaned tombstones of the Ottomans cover the ground. As far as the eye can reach, all seems one boundless grave-

yard, wherein it is no exaggeration to say that millions sleep.

Near the centre of the plain is the spring called the Life-giving Fountain, whose hygienic qualities were recognized in the time of Constantine. Superstition magnified its beneficent effects. When it was reported that a blind man had been restored to sight at the touch of its waters, Leo the Great forthwith erected a church over the source. Justinian, believing that a bath in the spring had cured him of calculus, thriftily enlarged the church by means of the superfluous material that remained after the completion of Sancta Sophia. Twice destroyed by earthquake, it was successively rebuilt by Irene, wife of Leo IV, in the eighth century, and by Basil I one hundred years later. Simeon, the King of the Bulgarians, during one of his raids in the tenth century, burnt it to the ground, and on his departure it was restored with added splendor by Romanos I Lekapenos. A generation later King Peter, the son of Simeon, wedded at its altar the granddaughter of that same Romanos. There too was solemnized the still more brilliant wedding of the youthful Emperor John V, and Helena the bewitching daughter of John Kantakouzenos. The father hoped the young wife's charms might blind the husband to his own culpable designs upon the crown.

Near the church was the Palace of the Peghe, or of the Spring, to which the emperors annually removed on Ascension Day, and where they devoted a few weeks to their health. Not a vestige of the palace exists. Here were the headquarters of Mourad II during his unsuccessful three months' siege of Constantinople in 1422. The church was greatly injured at the time, but not entirely destroyed until after the victory of Mohammed II. Then

its materials, part of which had been dug long before from ruined pagan temples, were carted away to serve in the erection of the Conqueror's Mosque.

But the fountain, or *ayasma*, never lost its place in popular regard. Soon the people flocked back to the beautiful meadow as of old. Sixty-two years ago Mahmoud II authorized the Greeks to construct the now-existing church on the site of the ancient edifice. Though digging deep through the *débris*, nothing was discovered save a large white marble door and a portion of the old-time pavement.

The present simple church stands in the centre of a small, marble-paved, high-walled enclosure. On the right is the revered *ayasma*. To it one descends by a flight of stone steps. Shut in, roofed over, obscure and gloomy despite the always burning lamp and the constantly lighted candles, it bears small resemblance now to the sparkling open fountain above which, in the eye of Byzantine faith, the enthroned Virgin always seemed to hover, and the vivifying waters of which restored the suffering and diseased.

Farther to the south are many tombs of bishops and distinguished prelates. No less than eight patriarchs are interred among them according to the peculiar form of patriarchal burial. Each in his tomb is seated on a sub-



A DECEASED PATRIARCH EN-
THRONED BEFORE BURIAL

terranean throne; each grasps the Gospel with the dead left hand, and the stiff fingers of the right are arranged as if giving the benediction. Thus always, with the Gospel clutched by their mouldering fingers, does the Church gather her Patriarchs to the grave, — mute testimonial for the resurrection that the only hope of saint and sinner is the story of Christ's redemption. The monument, which rises above and hides the grave of each, is shaped like an altar, and bears the two insignia never wanting over a Patriarch's tomb,—the cross, in symbol of faith, and the double-headed eagle, significant of the Empire overthrown in 1453. The last Patriarch to join the illustrious company was Dionysios V, who died in August, 1891.

A legend is firmly believed among the common Greeks that on May 29, 1453, the last day of the final siege, a monk was frying fish near the ayasma. Suddenly a terrified priest rushed in, screaming that the city was taken. "I will never believe it," replied the friar, "unless these fish jump back into the water." This they forthwith did. The fish now gliding in the dim recesses of the ayasma are commonly considered the lineal descendants of their half-fried ancestry. It is asserted in attestation of the legend's truth that the living fish are black on one side and white upon the other. So general and so firmly planted is the tradition that the name now usually applied to the locality is Baloukli, or the Place of the Fishes.

Twice every year — on Easter Friday, called the Day of Baloukli, and on the following Sunday — the place is thronged by an eager crowd. Often more than fifty thousand people come together to quaff the water and to picnic among the tombstones under the trees. A few are in quest of health, but the larger number are seekers after recreation. Belonging in general to the humbler classes,

but representing all nationalities and creeds, the concourse affords an almost unequalled opportunity to watch peculiar phases of Constantinople life. Good order and decorum reign supreme. No relaxation can be more innocent, and no merriment more quiet and subdued.

CHURCH OF THE THEOTOKOS THE MOUCHLIOTISSA

THE tiny monastic Church of the Theotokos the Mouchliotissa, planted on a hill a little above the present Patriarchate, possesses a peculiar and solemn distinction. It is the only church in Constantinople, existing prior to the Conquest, in which Christian services have been unceasingly rendered ever since. Most of the churches built before 1453 were successively made mosques; all the others, except this one alone, were thrown down by earthquake or consumed by fire. Subsequent re-erection might imitate their form, but could not restore the absolute identity of the structures once destroyed. Moreover, in each of all the rest there was a break of months, and sometimes years, in the continuity of worship.

But in the Mouchliotissa the walls are the very same that echoed with the anguish and reddened with the blood of the Ottoman siege. On the same still-trodden flagstones of its pavement pressed the knees then bent in unavailing prayer. In the four and a half centuries since there has been no week, and almost no day, when Christian worship has not ascended like incense from its altar. Hence it is the sole ecclesiastical link that directly binds the religious present of the capital to its mediæval religious past. In a metropolis once the "City of Churches;" in a capital whose sovereigns wore, as their most exalted title, "Faith-

ful Emperor in Christ;" over the ruins of an Empire dashed to pieces four hundred and forty-two years ago,—the Mouchliotissa comes down with its thrilling history of six centuries, the only Christian sanctuary in Constantinople which has never been defiled by conversion into the temple of another faith, which has never lain in ruin, and in which the voice of worship has never ceased.

Mary, daughter of Michael VIII, was given by her father as hostage and wife to Apagos, Khan of the Mongols. On the death of her barbarian husband she returned to Constantinople, and devoted her private fortune to the erection and maintenance of this monastery. Its name, Mouchliotissa, or Mongol Lady, transmits the memory of her wedded life. In a humorous exercise of philology, Lechevalier derives the name from the Greek *μάγουλον* (a jaw), and infers that an Empress was there cured of the toothache!

At the Conquest many Christians, with their wives and children, fortified themselves in the church. Refusing to surrender, and resisting to the last, they were all massacred together. The hill on which it stands is still called Sandjakdar Yokoushu, Height of the Standard Bearer, from a brave Ottoman officer who was slain in the fight.

The Sultan bestowed the church and the entire locality upon the Greek Christodoulos, in reward for his services as architect of the Mosque of Mohammed II. The hattı sherif, or imperial firman, confirming the grant, written and signed in ordinary characters by the Sultan's victorious hand, is still preserved. It is in the following words: "O thou who hast been elevated to the rank of Sou Bashi (Prefect) of Constantinople. Since, in consequence of Our divine clemency, to the architect Christodoulos, in recompense for his perfect work, We have given a grant of the

Street called Kutchouk Djafer, thou wilt go to the Church Mouchliotissa, and wilt trace the afore-ordered Street, with the vacant places which it contains; then thou wilt put the afore-ordered Christodoulos in possession thereof, conformably to Our present sacred command, to which thou shalt give absolute obedience." A second Christodoulos, nephew and heir of the first, was architect of the Mosque of Bayezid II, and to him that Sultan confirmed the grant. In the eighteenth century Achmet III was entreated by his courtiers to take the church from the Christians. The Moldavian Prince Cantemir, as he tells the story, took the precious firman to the Grand Vizir, Tchorluli Ali Pasha, "who read it through with profound attention, humbly kissed it thrice, afterwards handed it back, and ordered that all further prosecution of the subject should cease, and that the Christians should never again be molested about the matter."

The church presents many structural and ecclesiastical peculiarities. It is the evident creation of a degraded architectural age. The pulpit and episcopal throne are strangely placed. Many of the painted and mosaic icons were brought from other, older churches, and their appearance testifies to their antiquity. Close to the throne is an elegant and costly tapestry, in which is exquisitely worked the Burial of Christ. This is the gift of the Russian Czar Nicholas I. At the rear is an ancient *ayasma*. The misshapen and inartistic church is cherished by the Greeks with intense and affectionate veneration.

ARAB DJAMI

ARAB DJAMI, the Arab Mosque, on the north side of the Golden Horn, resembles no other mosque in the city. It is a plain, unassuming, low-studded building, one hundred and eighty feet long and less than half as broad. Even had it no square, high, sharp-pointed campanile at its side, from which the muezzin calls to prayer, it would be recognized at once as formerly an Italian church. Built by Dominican friars on the site of a more ancient Byzantine chapel, it was the favorite sanctuary of those Genoese adventurers who in Galata maintained a semi-independent existence for hundreds of years, and alternately cajoled and defied the Byzantine capital. Its present neat and attractive wooden ceiling was the gift in 1880 of a devout Ottoman lady, who suffered from an incurable disease, but who vainly hoped by this meritorious act to purchase perfect health. The church was made a mosque in 1620 by Moustapha I. A common but erroneous Mussulman tradition attributes its erection to the Arab general, Mouslem, who besieged Constantinople in 718. It is regarded by the Ottomans as the most ancient, except one, of the mosques of the city. Large revenues are derived from its two most popular and revered possessions, — a black ebony bowl of generous dimensions, and the fountain in the court. Whenever an enceinte woman drinks sufficient water from the fountain in this bowl, she is guaranteed the happy delivery of a boy. When it is too late to repeat the draught, in case the lady proves to be the disappointed mother of a girl, the imam gravely assures her that she did not drink enough.

YENI VALIDEH DJAMI, THE CHURCH OF SAINT
FRANCIS

YENI VALIDEH DJAMI, likewise in Galata, occupies the site of an Italian church, consecrated to Saint Francis, and served by Franciscan friars. The Genoese writers proudly extol its former beauty. After the Conquest its monks were accused by the Moslems of devoting themselves to the abhorred wine traffic rather than to prayer. So their landed estates were confiscated, and the church burned down. In 1697 a mosque was erected on the abandoned foundations by Rebieh Ghoulouz Oummedoullah, Sultana of Mohammed IV, a Cretan lady, the beauty of whose face was considered not inferior to the euphoniousness of her name. All the Christian houses between the mosque and Golden Horn were then torn down, so that indignation at their existence should not disturb the devotions of the faithful. In the imperial order commanding the mosque's erection, it was enjoined upon the architect "to change into a house of God the former resort of abomination and scandal." Though destitute of architectural beauty, the edifice deserves mention, not only because of its Christian history, but as being the largest mosque which the Ottomans have raised in Galata.

SANCTA SOPHIA



THE first questions every stranger asks as his steamer rounds Seraglio Point from the Marmora, or descends the Bosphorus from the Black Sea, are, "Where is Sancta Sophia?" "Which is Sancta Sophia?" To catch the earliest possible glimpse of its outline the eye of every traveller is strained.

Myths and legends told concerning it are devoured with eager interest. With rapt attention its walls and pillars and arches and mosaics are scanned. In after years, in the quiet of the stranger's home, it is the colossal form of Sancta Sophia which stands out most distinct on the canvas of Constantinople memories.

Nor is it strange. To many Constantinople means nothing but Sancta Sophia. To thousands who have never even heard of the city's wonderful walls, and who have never made a mind-picture of the Bosphorus, the name of its venerable cathedral is a familiar sound. Even to those who know it least it is the synonym of what is grandest, most glorious, most historic, and most sacred in the achievements of Christian architecture.

In one respect Sancta Sophia is unlike every other antiquarian monument of Constantinople. Those other antiquities of the city belong wholly to the past, and have no future. The battered Theodosian walls can never withstand the shock of war again. Up the broken Serpent of Delphi in the Hippodrome no oracular response will ever pass to some future suppliant. Their part in the world's history is done. They are ancient, classic, hoary; but with each day becomes more remote the age for which they were formed, and the purpose for which they were designed.

Sancta Sophia belongs to the past as well. In 537, a whole generation before the birth of Mohammed the Prophet, its great dome swept heavenward as skylike as it does to-day. Yet that church, we may believe, has a future as glorious as, perhaps more glorious than, its past. May the Sultan live a thousand years! May succeeding sovereigns, as enlightened, as philanthropic, as generous, as his present Imperial Majesty, sit upon the Ottoman throne! Sultan Mohammed II was never more profound, more philosophic, more truly great, than on the day of conquest. An Ottoman soldier, in the intoxication of victory or fanaticism, was destroying the mosaics in Sancta Sophia with his mace. "Let those things be!" the Conqueror cried. With a single blow he stretched the barbarian motionless at his feet. Then, in a lower tone, he added, so the historian declares, "Who knows but in another age they may serve another religion than that of Islam?" What the future of this cathedral is the wildest speculation cannot grasp. In the legend of the common people, a Greek priest was celebrating the liturgy when the exultant army of the Sultan burst through the doors. Taking the cross in his hand, the priest slowly

withdrew to one of the secret chambers, and there, with the cross, is waiting still!

The Church of Sancta Sophia rises on the crest and western side of the first hill. It stands just outside the limits of ancient Byzantium. To-day its confused and shapeless pile, bounded by four massive minarets, encased in gigantic buttresses, made grotesque by wide painted stripes of alternate yellow and white, fills the horizon of the eye from every direction.

Like Saint Peter's at Rome, it traces its history by an unbroken chain back to Constantine himself. It is a fit coincidence that those two cathedrals—one the vastest sanctuary of Western Catholicism and the other of Eastern Orthodoxy—should both have been first erected by the first Christian Emperor. It is another coincidence that neither was intended by its founder to be the metropolitan church of either the new or the ancient Rome. That distinction in Constantinople was intended for the Church of Saint Irene, and in Rome for that of Saint John Lateranus.

Its foundations were laid in 326, on the site of a pagan temple, in the presence of Constantine himself, a few months after his return from the council of Nice. It was a basilica, and its erection occupied ten months. It was dedicated, not to the lady Sophia, the legendary martyred mother of three legendary martyred daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity, as is sometimes said; nor to the Third Person of the Trinity, as is more commonly believed. It was consecrated to the divine Sophia, or Wisdom of the Logos, or Word of God,—that is, to Christ himself.

Its dedication and name is a result and souvenir of the theologic war which had raged in the council of Nice.

That Constantine ever cast a longing, lingering look back to the paganism he had abjured, I do not believe. He was a Christian rather than a pagan. Still he was a politician more than either. In the struggle of Christian creeds he meant to be found the champion and leader of the winning side. The Arians had just been defeated at Nice. The believers in Christ's oneness and equality with the Father were in the ascendant. So for a time, as long as the great majority were on that side, Constantine was a Trinitarian. Hence the churches which he founded in that first summer day of Orthodoxy were devoted, one to the Wisdom of Christ, and one, the chiefest, to the Peace of God which passeth all understanding.

Thirty-four years afterwards his son Constantius II, unable to rival his father's military successes, and burning with a natural desire to surpass his father's architectural achievements, tore it down and rebuilt it anew, crowning it with a dome of brick. At this, its second consecration, twenty thousand idolaters, converts from paganism, were baptized. When, the following year, Julian the Apostate ascended the throne, the brick dome gave way, and crushed the pulpit and part of the pavement in its fall. The excited Christians reported that this dome was so full of a heavenly spirit that it thus committed suicide rather than exist after the accession of a heathen emperor. A wooden dome, less dangerous and less sensitive to religious error, took its place.

This edifice of Constantius became the Patriarchal Church, and was hallowed by the sermons of Chrysostom. When Chrysostom was deposed and exiled, a fierce fight ensued between his foes and adherents: many persons were killed; the church was burned to the ground. The affectionate devotion of his followers is said to have res-

cued the pulpit and the patriarchal throne from the sacrilegious flames. A throne, asserted to be the very one on which he sat, and a pulpit, believed to be the same from which his sermons were thundered, are now preserved with credulous reverence in the Patriarchal Church at Phanar.

A third structure was erected by Theodosius II and consecrated with special solemnity in 415. Longer-lived than its predecessors, it was the chief Christian temple of the capital during the reign of nine emperors and under fifteen patriarchs.

In 532 broke out the horrible Revolt of the Nika. The flames, first kindled for the sake of plunder, and then kindled anew by the hopeless hate of the defeated party, consumed an untold number of churches, palaces, baths, houses, and public buildings. When at last quiet was restored, the Emperor Justinian beheld from his half-burned palace a broad black belt reaching from the Golden Horn to the Marmora. The greatest grief of the Emperor and of his remorseful subjects is said to have arisen from the fact that the Church of Sancta Sophia, thrice built, was again utterly destroyed.

This church Justinian determined to restore on a scale of magnificence such as the world had never beheld. It should be expiation in stone of his own mistakes and sins as a sovereign. It should commemorate the overthrow of disorder and rebellion, and the pacification of the capital and Empire. In it his own glory should be embodied, and succeeding ages should there behold the enduring monument of his reign. It should preserve as well the memory of his Empress Theodora, whose noble courage had saved his imperilled throne, whose image was stamped with his upon every coin, and whose name

was joined with his in every decree. It should be worthy of them its founders, and — as far as lay in seemingly limitless human resources and in the highest human skill — of the Saviour for whose worship it was designed.

Anthemios of Tralles, the most skilful architect and engineer of the century, the first of the Greeks to utilize the power of steam, — a man, Agathias says, “able to imitate earthquakes and thunderbolts,” — was chosen architect in chief. With him were associated Isidoros of Miletus and Ignatios the restorer of the Augustæum, architects of almost equal ability and fame.

An angel was considered to have revealed the plan of Sancta Sophia to the Emperor in a dream, — not indeed in its entirety and elaborateness of detail, but the one idea, the main conception, which afterwards the architects were to develop and clothe with form. This conception was that of a dome, of the greatest possible diameter, made the segment of the largest possible circle, elevated to a dizzy height and sustained by the least possible support. The revelation did not consist in the mere conception of a dome, — which was no new idea, though afterwards almost monopolized by a single school, but in the most perfect combination of these conditions. Anthemios was to be no mere developer or servile imitator of any system then existent. Byzantine architecture was to spring into its fullest development almost at a bound. Sancta Sophia was “at once the herald and culminator of a new style.”

How wide a dome could be safely built, it was for Anthemios to judge. That question decided, it was next for him to determine the least possible amount of support necessary to maintain it in the air. Until those two prob-

lems were solved, the work could hardly begin. They, however, being once determined, the construction could be pushed on as rapidly as means and material were provided.

Proclamations were sent all over the Empire, announcing the work Justinian had begun, and inviting the co-operation and assistance of the faithful and devout. Patriotism, personal ambition, desire of the Emperor's favor, hope of preferment, everything combined with half-pagan superstition and genuine piety to aid as far as they could. We speak of the *Sancta Sophia* of Justinian. It is fitting that the great fabric should be peculiarly illustrative of his fame. But it is rather the outcome and creation of a people in its most gilded age. It is rather the burst of a century's enthusiasm than the slow construction of imperial power. In the edifice centred then, as has centred ever since, the whole heart of the Byzantine Empire.

Contributions poured in from Europe, Asia, and Africa, — even from remotest provinces. The rich gave of their abundance. More than one poor widow cast in all that she had. Imperial, national, and private treasures were lavished like water as the work progressed. When earthly resources failed, it was thought that celestial aid was afforded. An angel, disguised as a donkey-boy, — a form in which angels are seldom met, — was reported to have led a string of mules to secret vaults, and to have brought them back with their baskets laden with gold. Justinian, a laborer's tools in his hands, toiled with the workmen. The angelic assistants were as tireless as he. At night, when all were asleep but the watchmen, the walls continued to grow by invisible hands.

Once, when the men were taking their noonday rest,

a man in white raiment suddenly appeared to the boy who watched their tools, and told him to hurry the men back to their work. The boy hesitating to leave his post, the stranger said, "I will stay here till you come back." The boy went on his errand, but before he returned the story was told the Emperor. He declared the man in white to be an angel. He gave the boy much money, and despatched him at once to a distant province of the Empire, binding him under most solemn oaths never to return. The humble classes believe that somewhere around Sancta Sophia the outwitted angel is waiting for that boy.

The new church was to occupy the exact site of the old, but, being far larger, required much additional territory; that, too, in the most elegant and expensive quarter of the city. Part was given gladly by devout proprietors; part was bought at a fair price by the Emperor. But the widow Anna refused to abandon the spot whereon she was born. Neither bribes nor imprecations moved her. At last the Emperor came to her house and besought her for the love of God not to hinder his pious purpose. Moved by his condescension and entreaties, she made a free gift of her property, only stipulating that she should be buried on that very spot, so that on the resurrection morning, arising from the hallowed ground, she might demand and receive an eternal reward. The promise was given and kept. The bones of the widow were laid to rest a few years after at the northeast corner of the building by Justinian himself.

Another proprietor, a cobbler, refused to give up his bit of land. He, however, was ambitious, not of gold, but of honor. Finally he agreed to sell, on condition of having a prominent seat in the Hippodrome and being saluted by

the troops in the same manner as the Emperor. Justinian consented. A most conspicuous seat was assigned this aspirant after distinction, but its back was first turned toward the soldiers and the games. Shouts of derisive laughter mingled with the salutes of the well-trained troops, when the cobbler for the first and only time approached his distinguished seat.

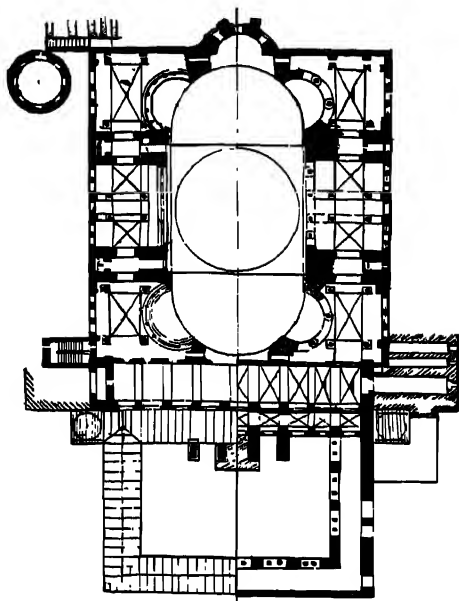
To prepare for the foundations, a surface several hundred feet square was excavated and made level. On this was deposited a layer of cement nearly twenty feet thick. Close by an oratory, with a small pavilion, was built for the Emperor, where he might rest or pray.

On February 23, 533, Justinian laid the first stone, while bishops swung incense and the Patriarch Epiphanius repeated prayers.

Anthemios believed he could sustain a dome one hundred and eight feet in diameter with an axis of no more than forty-six feet. For its support he built four colossal piers of cubical stone, bound together by iron clamps and faced in marble. To counteract the enormous lateral pressure, two other immense though slightly smaller piers were constructed at both the east and west ends. These were a little nearer each other than were the colossal piers, so the space thus included was a sort of oval. At the same time in both the north and south sides two other piers were built in a straight line with the colossal piers. Hence these four direct supports and the eight lateral supports were arranged most distinctly in form of a Greek cross. At the height of nearly one hundred feet four semi-circular arches sprang from the four colossal piers. On the top of these arches rested the belt or perimeter which served as a base to the circumference of the dome.

It is stated that the only mortar used was made of lime,

powdered brick and shells, and pulverized elm-bark, mixed with warm barley water, which had been boiled till it became a pulp. The brick for the arches were made with special care. On very many were stamped the words 'Ἡ Μεγάλη Ἐκκλησία, the Great Church, by which name, rather than Sancta Sophia, the cathedral has always been commonly called among the Greeks. For the dome small square brick were prepared in Rhodes, of so spongy material that five weighed hardly more than an ordinary brick. On each were stamped in Greek the initials of the verse, "God is in the midst of her. She shall not be moved. God shall help her, and that right early." These brick were placed in layers, which diminished in thickness towards the apex of the dome. On completion of each twelfth layer relics of saints were inserted, and priests intoned prayers and hymns.



PLAN OF SANCTA SOPHIA

It was believed that celestial music cheered the workmen whenever they grew weary. An auspicious dream never failed the Emperor when in doubt as to some perplexing question or detail. / Thus when the architects could not agree as to the shape of the apse, an

angel in a vision showed the Emperor that it must be triple, — its present form, — in acknowledgment of the Holy Trinity. The many legends, still affectionately cherished and repeated, “prove,” as says Bayet, “how this gigantic enterprise wrought itself into the popular imagination.”

The church was ready for consecration on December 24, 537. The grand procession started from the Church of Saint Anastasia, and wound its solemn way by the Hippodrome and the Great Palace, through the Augustæum, to the southern door of the inner narthex. There Justinian removed his crown — never so gladly laid aside as then — and placed it in the hands of the Patriarch Menas. Then alone he passed through the central door, and alone advanced as far as the ambon, or pulpit. From a soul full of the completed magnificence, and of bursting gratitude, he uttered the exclamation which will be remembered as long as Sancta Sophia endures, and so loud that they who had not crossed the threshold heard his exultant accents, “Glory to God who has deemed me worthy to accomplish such an undertaking! Solomon, I have conquered thee!” *Σολομὼν, νενίκησά σε*. As he spoke, he was standing close beside a great mosaic wherein Solomon was represented looking round in speechless, wondering admiration.

That day the entire population of the metropolis feasted as guests of the Emperor. Moreover, thirty thousand measures of wheat and several hundred weight of gold were distributed among the poor. On Christmas morning, the church was thrown open to public worship. The thanksgivings and rejoicings continued through fourteen days.

The common statement that seventeen years were occu-

pied in the erection of Sancta Sophia has been disproved more than once, most forcibly of all by Du Cange. From January 532, to February 533, thirteen months were employed in preparation and in partial accumulation of material. From February 23, 533, when the first stone was put in place, to December 24, 537, four years and ten months were devoted to construction. Hence, in the marvellously brief space of less than six years, the entire fabric had arisen from its ashes, and stood forth majestic and complete. Such rapid achievement would have been impossible had not the pious enthusiasm of the nation equalled that of its Emperor. Saint Peter's at Rome required one hundred and twenty years for building; Saint Paul's in London, thirty-five years; Notre Dame at Paris, seventy-two years; Milan Cathedral, over five hundred years; the Cathedral of Cologne, six hundred and fifteen years; Sancta Sophia, finished centuries before those other venerable Christian temples were begun, not quite six years!

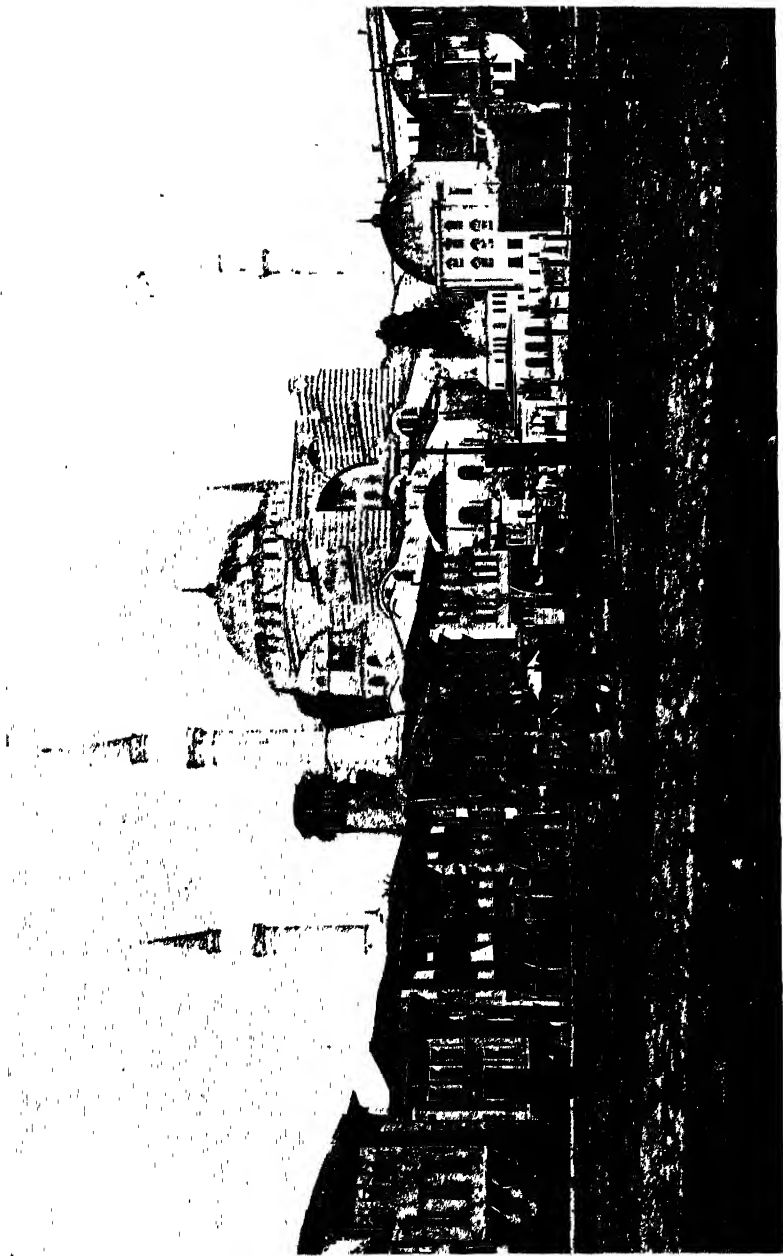
The immensely larger Hippodrome had determined the direction of the Great Palace and of the Augustæum, inasmuch as structural symmetry required that their sides should present parallel lines and not divergent angles. The same architectural law controlled the axis of the church, rising in their vicinity, and overrode the custom of rigid Orthodoxy, which would have pointed its cathedral towards the east. The divergence is $22\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; hence the direction of the church is east southeast and west northwest instead of due east and west.

The length of Sancta Sophia is two hundred and sixty-nine feet, and its breadth is two hundred and forty-three.

Despite many indications given by contemporary writ-

ers, the cost must remain very largely a matter of conjecture. Probably the careful and laborious estimate of the Greek historian, Professor Paparrigopoulos, is near the truth. He reckons the value or cost of ground, material, labor, ornaments, and church utensils, at about 324,000,000 Greek drachmas of to-day, or about 64,000,000 dollars. The common estimate of the cost of Saint Peter's is 240,000,000 francs, or less than 48,000,000 dollars. It must be remembered that no other Christian church has at all approached Sancta Sophia in the variety and preciousness of its marbles, and above all in the prodigal employment of silver, gold, and precious stones in decoration, and for the sacred vessels. The expenditure for Sancta Sophia was doubtless greater than for any other sanctuary ever reared by a Christian people to the glory of their God. No marvel that even imperial and private munificence were inadequate for such outlay. One may almost credit the mournful Zonaras as he laments that even the waterpipes of the aqueducts were melted to obtain lead for covering the roof, that the schools were shut so the salaries of the teachers might be diverted to this one all-ingulfing channel, and that so much money was withdrawn from its ordinary use as to plunge the people "into general ignorance and barbarism."

The contemporary writers, Prokopios and Paulos Silentiarios, seem leading us by the hand as they point out the wonders of the completed church. The other Byzantine writers refer to Sancta Sophia with equal admiring amazement. They specially dilate on its graceful and airy appearance, and upon the brilliant gorgeousness of its interior. They picture it as an immensity of glitter, and dazzle the reader with the floods of light poured through innumerable windows, and reflected from mosaics of color



SANCTA SOPHIA

and gold. Prokopios is spell-bound at the dome, which seemed to him "suspended by a chain from heaven." Seven hundred years later, Niketas Choniates calls it "an earthly heaven, a throne of divine magnificence, an image of the firmament created by the Almighty." In the strange fourteenth-century book attributed to Sir John Mandeville it is declared to be "the fairest and noblest church in the world."

The leading modern authorities are no less eulogistic. Sir Gilbert Scott says: "The interior . . . appears to me to be in some respects the noblest which has ever been designed, as it is the most daring. When we consider the whole as clothed with the richest beauties of surface, — its piers incrustated with inlaid marbles of every hue, its arcades of marble gorgeously carved, its domes and vaultings resplendent with gold mosaic interspersed with solemn figures, and its wide-spreading floors rich with marble tessellation, over which the buoyant dome floats self-supported, and seems to sail over you as you move, — I cannot conceive of anything more astonishing, more solemn, and more magnificent." Fergusson is stronger still: "Internally, at least, the verdict seems inevitable that Sancta Sophia is the most perfect and most beautiful church which has yet been erected by any Christian people. When its furniture was complete, the verdict would have been still more strongly in its favor. It may be doubted whether any Christian church exists in any age so beautiful as this marvellous creation of Byzantine art." It is the opinion of Bayet that "there exists not in the history of Christian art a church whose importance is greater." Lübke speaks of Sancta Sophia as "the highest model of all future ages."

These writers, while among the most esteemed authori-

ties of the nineteenth century, were, however, architects or art critics; that is, specialists. But it must be acknowledged that the impression produced on the average sight-seer to-day is far different. Most visitors, the first time they enter Sancta Sophia, feel a sense of disappointment that is a shock and almost pain. Now, as to the eager glance of Tournefort: "It appears excessively clumsy outside." Dr. Clarke, professor at Cambridge, England, in 1799 found "its general appearance gloomy," and even the dome exhibiting "much more of a subterranean than of an aerial character." Hobhouse, who saw it rather with the eyes of his travelling companion, Lord Byron, than with his own, exclaims, "In nothing answering to the idea men have of Saint Sophia, it disappoints any sanguine expectation." After the first visit, many a stranger goes away, repeating, unconsciously perhaps, the very words of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: "Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish mosques please me better."

It is utterly impossible for us to-day to picture, even faintly, what that temple must have been as Justinian beheld it. All that the power, the wealth, the art, the skill, the devotion of the civilized world could create was there. So it might well gleam and stretch away and soar before his enraptured gaze.

Since then numerous buttresses, great and small, high and low, and buildings of every sort, have been piled around it, and muffle and disfigure its form. The light of many windows has been obstructed, and many others have been closed. Through Mussulman devotion, the mosaic pictures, though preserved, have been covered over, and the crosses and other Christian emblems defaced. The countless priceless ornaments of gold and silver have dis-

appeared. The decorations and ecclesiastical furniture added by the Ottomans are incongruous with and mar the whole architectural design of the edifice. Above all must one remember that Sancta Sophia is centuries older than the sanctuaries with which it is commonly compared, and that it has been worn by the feet and dimmed by the dust



NORTHEASTERN TURKISH GATE TO THE COURT OF SANCTA SOPHIA

of countless throngs of worshippers during more than thirteen hundred and fifty years.

In front of the church of Justinian stretched the atrium, a spacious rectangular court. This was enclosed on three sides by porticos which opened upon it, supported by a row of marble columns and built in brick arches. On the fourth side it connected, by means of five doors, with the exo-narthex of the church. In its centre was

the phiale, an immense basin of running water where the worshippers washed their hands and feet before attending service. Around the rim of the phiale ran one of those curious inscriptions called by the Greeks "crab-like" because it could be read equally from left or right: ΝΙΨΟΝΑΝΟΜΗΜΑΜΗΜΟΝΑΝΟΨΙΝ, "Wash thy sins, not merely thy countenance." Atrium, phiale, inscription, one after the other long ago disappeared.

The exo-narthex, two hundred and twenty-five feet long and twenty-four feet wide, was exceedingly plain and austere. Here pagans and excommunicated persons might stand, but could advance no farther, entrance to the sanctuary being denied them. By five doors it communicated with the narthex.

The narthex was of the same length, but was thirty-three feet wide. At its south end was the Emperor's vestibule, through which, when making an official or public entry, he came into the narthex, and there leaving his crown and sword, passed thence into the church. At the north end was a similar vestibule, the place of the deaconesses. Thence by a winding, inclined plane the women who wished to worship, and who were not permitted to enter the sanctuary with the men, might ascend to the gallery above, called the gynaikeion, or women's quarter. Both classes of catechumens, Christians who were expiating post-baptismal sins, and persons not yet admitted to full communion, remained in the narthex. Nine bronze doors, in triple recognition of the Trinity, admitted to the church. The imperial door, wider and higher than the others, was in the middle, directly opposite the apse.

The stone thresholds of the eight less exalted doors are worn deep by the feet of unnumbered millions of human



THE NARTHEX OF SANCTA SOPHIA

beings, Christian and Moslem, who have passed in to worship. As the stranger enters now through the less-trodden central portal, he may well linger with involuntary pause at the open door. Imagination is to restore the ancient glories, to paint afresh the hidden mosaics, to recall in long procession the imperial crownings, the patriarchal consecrations, the triumphs, funerals, nuptials, that have here had place. Back the soul treads through the worn-out centuries to Justinian and Theodora the restorers, and to Constantine the first founder of Sancta Sophia. All that humanity has been and has seen and done since that first imperial Christian century seems compressed and centred here.

The ponderous Moslem curtain pushed aside and the threshold passed, before him, around him, above him, unfolds the vastitude of space, shut in from the outer world and consecrated as Sancta Sophia. So proportionate are the various dimensions that realization of its vastness does not come as a sudden revelation, but dawns as a gradual growth. Like the apocalyptic city, for ultimate residence wherein Sancta Sophia, like every earthly sanctuary, was to fit mankind, the length and breadth and height of it seem equal. Were the apse less far away, were the apex of the dome less high or the dome itself less wide, were there a narrower vista down which to peer, did a forest of columns in the central plan confuse and obscure the view, the cathedral would at once appear immense. But its proportions grow by gazing. Each dimension at first dwarfs every other, but soon each becomes a factor to magnify the rest.

On the right and left long-drawn aisles, broad as churches, are cut off by colonnades, and are imagined rather than beheld. No numerals can ever picture space.

Figures are cold and shadowy allies, though we must summon them to our aid. The nave—unbroken, unobstructed, open space enclosed in space—is more than one hundred and ten feet in width, terminates in an apse more than two hundred feet distant from the western doors, and is bounded on its heavenward side by the dome which soars



WESTERN OR VISITORS' GALLERY IN SANCTA SOPHIA

one hundred and eighty feet above the marble floor. Lengthier, broader, loftier cathedrals, with arrowy spires and groined and fretted vaults, have been reared in various lands since Anthemios and Isidoros, their labor done, were gathered to their well-earned rest. But among all the Christian sanctuaries of the world there is not another with a nave at once so spacious and so symmetrical as this.

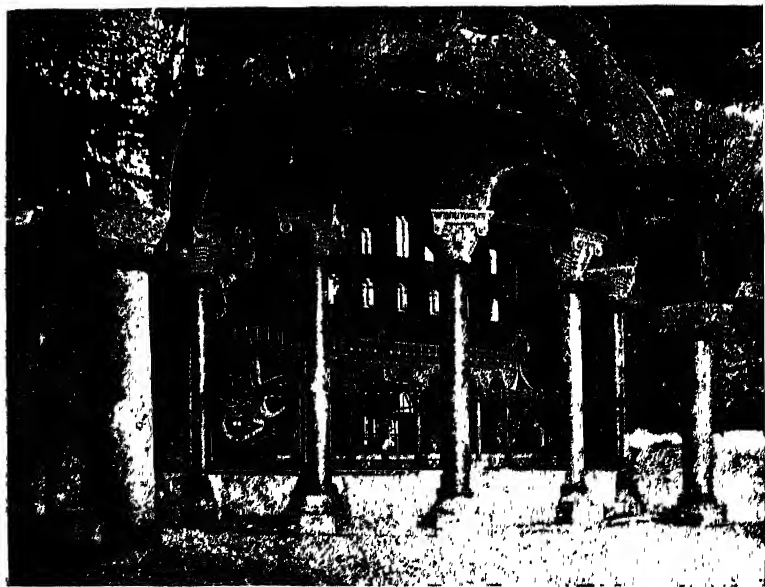
The ethereal dome was and is the unrivalled masterpiece of Sancta Sophia. Forty-five generations of progressive civilization and endeavor have since passed away, but it has never been surpassed or equalled.

The relative degree of architectural perfection among domes may be fairly gauged by the following test: let fall a perpendicular from the summit of the dome to the plane which passes through its base; make this perpendicular the numerator, and make the diameter of the dome the denominator, in the form of a fraction: all other things being equal, the smaller the fraction, the more perfect is the dome. The diameter of the dome of Sancta Sophia is 108 feet; its perpendicular, the distance from its apex to its base, is 46 feet; hence $\frac{46}{108}$, or about $\frac{1}{2\frac{1}{4}}$, will represent its fraction. The diameter of the dome of Saint Peter's is 139 feet, but its perpendicular is 190 feet; its fraction, therefore, is $\frac{190}{139}$, or about $\frac{1}{\frac{1}{2}}$. The diameter of the dome of the Pantheon, now Santa Maria Rotonda, is $143\frac{1}{2}$ feet, but its perpendicular is the same; hence its fraction is $\frac{1}{\frac{1}{2}}$. So the relative fractions are: Saint Peter's, $\frac{1}{\frac{1}{2}}$; the Pantheon, $\frac{1}{\frac{1}{2}}$; Sancta Sophia's, $\frac{1}{2\frac{1}{4}}$.

These details are absolutely necessary to a comprehension of that which constitutes the peerless distinction of Sancta Sophia. Those two wider domes, stupendous masterpieces as they are, are eclipsed in beauty as well as daring by that sky-mocking vault which Anthemios threw into the air thirteen hundred and sixty years ago. In Saint Peter's at Rome the dome is complement of the building, and not its major design. There the dome exists for the sake of the building, and not the building for the dome. In Sancta Sophia this is all reversed. Here the dome is the end, and the structure on which it rests is but the means to uphold it and lift it near

the sky. The dome of Sancta Sophia is the inspired text; all the lower structure — buttresses, walls, carved and chiselled columns — is, after all, only the sermon in stone.

The aisles, called *katachoumena*, were about fifty feet in height, and so intercepted by the colossal piers as to form



CORNER OF UPPER GALLERY, SANCTA SOPHIA

on each side of the church three chapelled chambers, of which the central was the largest.

Over the *exo-narthex* and *narthex* and aisles extended the wide gallery, the *gynaikonitis*, thus bounding every side save towards the east. Even the Empress had her station here. During the hour of worship no woman might enter below except those esteemed venerable from their vocation or age. Inclined planes, winding in the

great northern and southern outer piers, conducted from outside the church to the gynaikonitis. They were thus devised that the fair devotees might unseen ascend to their places, and not by their visible presence distract the devotions of the men below. So wide is the passage that—according to a tradition current among the rabble—the Empress always rode in her carriage to the top.

One hundred and seven columns added strength and dignity. Their number afforded a designed but whimsical victory of just one hundred columns to Justinian's temple over the house builded by Wisdom in the Book of Proverbs, for which "she hath hewn out her seven pillars." These columns were richer in association even than in their rarity, beauty, or size. They had been gathered from the most famous temples of the classic world, and were the legacy bequeathed by dead paganism to the rising sanctuary of the new faith. Forty was esteemed an auspicious and imperial number; therefore forty were marshalled on the ground floor. The other sixty-seven were arranged about the gynaikonitis. Though Troy, Cyzicus, Athens, Rome, the Cyclades, and Egypt had representatives among those pillared forms, yet only sixteen can be identified with absolute certainty.

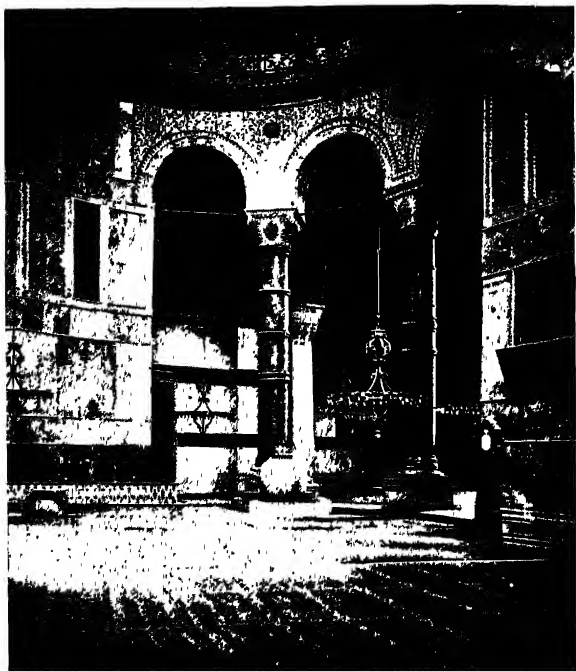
The splendid eight of serpentine—four on each side of the nave beneath the great arches—were sent by Constantios, Prefect of Ephesus, and were esteemed the most magnificent which had awed the worshippers in Diana's Ephesian Temple. The eight of porphyry—arranged in pairs between the colossal piers and the piers on the east and west—were bestowed by the Roman lady, the patrician Marcia. Once they stood in the Temple of the Sun at Balbek. Aurelian, victorious over Queen Zenobia, con-

veyed them to Rome. At last they became the property of Marcia, and were her welcome offering, tendered, as she phrased it in her letter, "for the salvation of my soul," Ὑπὲρ τῆς ψυχικῆς μου σωτηρίας. The other twenty-four below are of various richest marble, rose-colored, bluish, variegated, yellow, and black with veins of white and brown. The sixty-seven above in the gynaikonitis are smaller in size, but no less rare; forty are of vert antique, twenty of jasper, and seven of granite. Over the history and origin of these last ninety-one the German Salzenburg and other scholars have toiled with conscientious tediousness and inadequate result.

The carving of the capitals is marked by intricacy of detail and elaborateness of design requiring months of labor. Though distinctively Byzantine, Grelôt can find no better descriptive term than "gothicized Greek," and Gibbon sarcastically says "every order of architecture disclaims their fantastic forms." Their numerous monograms are marked by endless variety and ingenuity of device. They are still visible, unimpaired and perfect, in the front and rear of almost every capital on the ground floor, and on thirty-six of the capitals in the gynaikonitis. "Justinian Emperor" is the most frequent formula of all, occurring over fifty times, and "Theodora Augusta" is hardly less often seen. The capital surmounting the most southwest of the columns of Marcia centres peculiar interest. It bears the monogram, "Year of the World 6042, 12th of the Indiction." The Greeks reckon that Christ was born in the year of the world 5508. Hence this capital and column were poised in place in the year 534, and possess the proud distinction of being the first to stand erect while the cathedral rose around them.

Ordinary marbles were disdained for the floors and

walls. Only the rarest known, the most difficult to obtain, the most striking in color and tint, spotted and veined, were sought out in the quarries of the world. Then, from the profusion accumulated at the capital, only the daintiest, choicest, and most perfect were selected. * Paulos



SOUTHWEST INTERIOR, THE COLUMN ON THE RIGHT BEING THE FIRST ONE ERECTED IN SANCTA SOPHIA

Silentiarios enumerates them all with a definiteness which bewilders : Egyptian porphyry ; rose Phrygian, with bluish and whitish veins ; Laconian, green and white ; Carian, red, with white and brown lines running through ; Lydian, wherein green and yellow were blended ; Lybian, bluish and buff ; Celtic, black with veins of white ; Bos-

poric, white with veins of black; Thessalian, variegate green; Molossian; Proconnesian, — a concourse of quarries wherein each vied in the proffer of its best. The floor of the narthex and gynaikonitis was laid in immense marble flags. The walls of the colossal piers and aisles were lined to their top with exquisite marble veneering. The floor of the sanctuary was inlaid in such a manner that, seen from the great western, the imperial door, the four rivers of Paradise were revealed "in the thousand dyes of the veined marbles" rolling in undulating waves towards the altar.

In fadeless, incorruptible mosaic was the effort made to set forth the church's imperishable, radiant beauty. Through its minuteness and prodigality of toil, mosaic decoration resembles gobelin tapestry but wrought in stone. Thirty thousand individual tiny cubes are required for the composition of a single yard. Yet, with lavishness of art and labor such as never has been elsewhere beheld, the ceilings of the narthex, dome, semi-domes, vaults, great arches, apses, and the spaces above and between the capitals were one unbroken maze of mosaic of gold and of every hue. The whole of the Old and New Testament story, the life of the Holy Virgin, in contemplation of which the world's filial devotion always loves to linger, the sublime tales of martyrs and saints who had won the crowns and in their footsteps guide the world up to glory, streamed their priceless sermons everywhere on the ray-worshipper. When the sun set, darkness did not always come down on the mighty minster. The flames of six thousand silver lamps, tossed from the sacred, glittering surface, "made the night," Theophanes says, "as brilliant as the day."

Each of the four colossal piers bore the name of the

church father whose holy life was portrayed in mosaic upon it: the southeast was that of Saint Basil; the northeast, of Saint Gregory; the southwest and northwest, of the two Saints Germanos.

The iconostasis shut off the body of the church from the central apse, which contained the bema, or holy place. This iconostasis was a succession of panels, fourteen feet in height, inlaid with gold and divided by twelve heavily gilded pillars. It was covered with the painted figures of Christ, the Holy Virgin, and the saints. Through it three doors admitted to the bema. On the middle door a shield bore the carved monograms of Justinian and Theodora, blended in form of a cross.

In the centre of the bema stood the altar, "marvellous in form," "made of all most precious things which the sea and the earth produce." On it in mosaic was wrought the following prayer: "Thine own from thine own, O Christ, thy servants Justinian and Theodora bring thee, which graciously receive, thou Son and Word of God, who didst become incarnate and wast crucified for us. Keep us in the Orthodox faith, and increase to thine own glory the Empire thou hast intrusted to us, and heed the intercessions of the Holy Mother of God, even the ever-blessed Virgin Mary." The altar was approached and entirely surrounded by three steps covered with gold. It was supported by gold pillars. Whoever, man or woman, in danger of life, grasped one of those pillars, was safe.

Its depressed upper surface, called the Sea, was of beaten gold, studded with precious stones. On it votive offerings, such as imperial crowns, were often placed, prior to being deposited in the definite receptacle in the bema. In 812 Michael I hung heavy embroidered curtains round the

altar. It was in time replaced by one less elaborate and costly, which the Latin Crusaders knocked to pieces in 1204 and shipped to France. Their impious greed was profitless however, inasmuch as in a furious storm the ship conveying the broken altar was wrecked in the Marmora and its cargo lost. A third altar, the gift of Michael VIII in 1262, served until 1453. Mohammed II climbed upon it on the day of Conquest and there made his prayer. It was then removed and destroyed.

Above the altar rose the ciborium, or canopy, supported by silver pillars and surmounted by a sphere of gold one hundred and eighteen pounds in weight, on which stood a cross of purest gold weighing seventy pounds. Around the ciborium hung eight candelabra of solid silver. The crown of Constantine was suspended near. When Isaac Angelos, by a sudden revolution, was made Emperor in 1185, and nothing else was at hand for his coronation, this crown was placed upon his unworthy head. Here, too, was suspended, in a jewel-wrought golden sheath, a disk of Theodosius the Great, on which the Last Supper was chiselled.

East of the altar the synthronon lined the wall. Here were the thrones of the bishops, with that of the Patriarch in the middle, all resplendent with gold.

West of the bema were the soleas and choir, shut off from the main body of the church by a gilded paling. The soleas was set apart for the officiating clergy, and the choir was the place of the readers and chanters. It is said that Justinian at first intended to cover the pavement of the soleas and choir with gold, and that he desisted from fear they might be despoiled by some subsequent emperor.

The ambon, or pulpit, stood on the north side of the nave, a little east of the centre of the church. Built of the rarest marbles, it was profusely adorned with jewels

and gold enamel. Above spread a dome covered with gold plates and embedded with precious stones. Surmounting all was a cross of solid gold. In this spacious ambon the emperors were crowned. It was approached by two gorgeous staircases. The annual revenues of Egypt had been expended in the decoration of the soleas and ambon.

The throne of the Emperor must have fronted the pulpit, though nearer the bema.

The two minor apses, north and south of the main apse, were devoted to the diakonikon and skeuophylakion. The former was appropriated to the priests; the latter was the storehouse of the sacerdotal vestments and the sacred utensils. In it was kept an almost incredible number of crosses, chalices, vases, relic shrines, and of all objects employed in the ritual of the church. Most revered were the twenty-four copies of the Gospels, written on parchment, with the highest skill, and enclosed in massive gold cases, — case and Gospel weighing over two hundred pounds.

The words, gold, silver, jewels, precious, rarest, priceless, grow monotonous in describing Sancta Sophia. As in the Jerusalem of Solomon, silver and gold in this temple were as plenteous as stones. As one pores to-day over the amazed descriptions drawn by those who saw Sancta Sophia in its pristine perfection, it seems as if no one feature of it could have been striking or distinct. Nothing anywhere was superior to the rest. Everything everywhere, which by itself might have been esteemed a marvel, was confused with other objects, all equally marvellous.

What and where was the Holy Well, so often and so reverently referred to, are questions which have prompted many a conjecture. Perhaps, as says Du Cange, it was a mosaic near the bema, which pictured Christ seated and

revealing his mission to the perplexed woman of Samaria. Perhaps, as maintains the Patriarch Constantios I, it was an opening still visible in the church, whereon Justinian placed the curb which he had brought from Jacob's well. Perhaps, as thinks Labarte, it was a room, since destroyed, existing formerly outside the church, and connecting with it by a door still seen. Wherever and whatever the Holy Well, the Emperor was wont to prostrate himself before it when about to engage in the public worship of the sanctuary.

In the horologion, near the baptistery, the Emperor sometimes gave an informal audience. This was a hall, which derived its name from a crimson sun-dial which Justin II placed near by. The metatorion was a chamber wherein the Emperor often reposed when exhausted by the lengthy service of the church. The triklinos thomaïtes was the library, whither a new crowned sovereign usually withdrew after his coronation.

The baptistery was situated outside the southeast corner of the church, near the narthex. Built long before Justinian's day, its escape uninjured from the conflagration of 532 was counted a miracle. It still exists, unmodified in form, and serves as mausoleum of two Ottoman sultans. The lower half a square, the upper half an octagon, it is a miniature Byzantine church. It is surmounted by a dome, and its narthex communicates with Sancta Sophia. The apse on the east and three niches on the other sides give it the marked form of a Byzantine cross. A narrow passage and a stairway in the nearest buttress lead to a small rectangular dome-covered chapel on a level with the gynaikonitis.

In Justinian's day more than a thousand persons were constantly employed in the service of the church. Among

them were a hundred women who sang by fifties in the choir. This blending of gentler voices with the harsher notes of men was most unusual, — Oriental custom to this day requiring that women be silent in the churches. During the following century the host of attendants diminished by almost a half. It then comprised seventy-five door-keepers, twenty-five chanters, one hundred and sixty readers, seventy sub-deacons, forty deaconesses, one hundred and fifty deacons, and eighty presbyters. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries — that momentous period of the Dukai and Komnenoi — the liturgy was celebrated almost daily, although at first only on Saturdays, Sundays, and the great festivals. Justinian had set apart eleven thousand shops, the entire income of which was devoted to the support of the cathedral. Moreover, many Christians bequeathed it legacies in their wills. Yet in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a formal service was seldom held, since the pathetic penury of the Empire found it difficult to provide tapers and oil.

For more than twenty years the entire fabric defied natural convulsions, and required neither buttressing nor repairs. Then on May 5, 558, an earthquake threw down the eastern portion of the dome and semi-dome, and by their fall the ambon and ciborium were dashed in pieces. A new dome was constructed by the younger Isidoros, a nephew of the associate of Anthemios. There seems no sufficient reason to doubt that this dome, still existing, is an exact reproduction of the one it replaced. The engineers asserted that the first dome gave way because, in Justinian's eagerness to see his church complete, the framework had been removed before the masonry had time to harden. So now the framework was undisturbed for above a year. Then the floor of the church was flooded

several feet deep with water, and the timbers were let fall one by one. Thus it was thought the jar would be less than if they were removed in any other way.

The church was again dedicated on December 24, 562, just quarter of a century after its proudest inaugural day. Of the original chief actors at that first consecration, all but one were gone. The saintly Patriarch Menas had died. His successor, Eutychios, soon to be deposed for heresy, presided at the dedicatory rites. Anthemios, Ignatios, and the elder Isidoros, were dead. The faithful Theodora had been for fourteen years only a memory cherished by her husband, whose devotion death and time were powerless to affect. Justinian alone remained,—a bowed, trembling, weary old man of seventy-nine. His impetuous spirit, like his blood, had cooled with age. The restoration of the dome cost him almost as many years as the church's erection.

Through the next three hundred years the cathedral seemed impregnable to decay. The earthquake of January 9, 867, rent the walls in many places. The four enormous buttresses, which equally disfigure and support the church on the north and south, were then piled against it by the Macedonian Basil I. The western semi-dome gave way in 975. Its restoration and other important repairs then undertaken occupied five years. Scarcely were these completed when another portion of the dome fell down in October, 986. Romanos III, in the eleventh century, barbarously gilded all the capitals of the columns. The Patriarch John VII, just a generation later, rendered a more useful service by cleansing and restoring all the mosaics.

The northeastern portion seeming insecure, Andronikos II built four unequal and unsightly buttresses against the

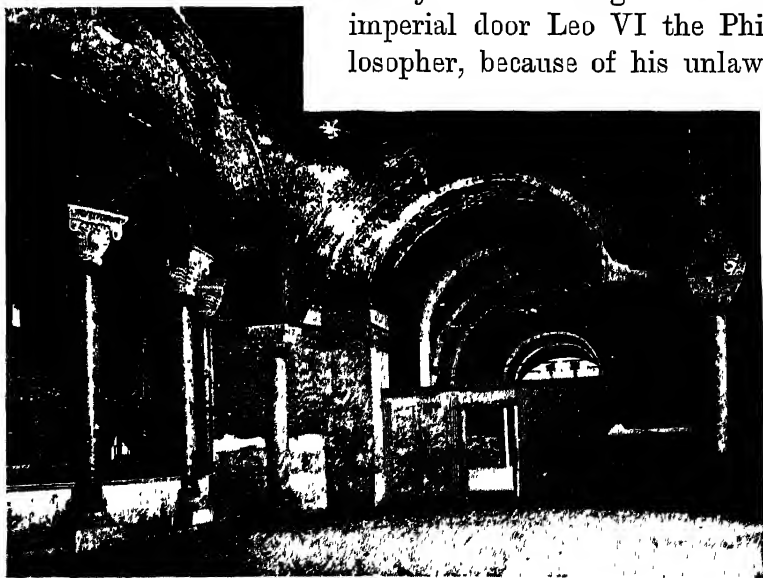
eastern wall. Nevertheless, the central apse partially came down twenty-eight years afterwards, dragging the eastern semi-dome in common ruin. Simeon the Proud, of Russia, and his nobles sought to have their humble part in the restoration of the Byzantine temple. Though harassed by the Tartars of the Golden Horde, who had almost crushed Russia under their iron sway, the Russians, despite their poverty, got together a generous sum, and sent it southward, with the prayer that it be laid on the blessed altar of Sancta Sophia. But the usurping Emperor John VI embezzled the pious offering, and spent it all in payment of the Turkish mercenaries who constituted the larger part of his rebel army. The rightful Emperor, John V, was at last firmly seated on his throne, and at once undertook the last restoration of the church made by a Christian emperor.

The church has never, before or since, been in so pitiable condition as just before the Ottoman Conquest. It and the Empire had grown old together. It was a question which would outlast the other, the feeble, dying Empire, or the decaying church.

The historical importance of Sancta Sophia is almost boundless. No other church in any land, no other structure reared in any age by human genius, has held so large a place in a nation's life. "In its name is centred the entire duration of Byzantine history." The Cathedral of Rheims, Notre Dame, Westminster Abbey, Saint Peter's, the Parthenon, tenanted and crowded as they are by thrilling associations, evoke not so countless memories. This is the official sanctuary of an Empire wherein Church and State were one, and which through more than eleven hundred years was the heir and equal of Rome. Up its nave and aisles swept the pageantry of monarch and pontiff —

baptismal, nuptial, triumphal, funeral — through the reign of sixty-eight successive emperors, and under one hundred and six successive patriarchs.

Here in his gilded chamber Heraklios I was told of the first victory just won by sectaries of a then unknown Arabian prophet over Christian troops. Towards the eastern apse dethroned sovereigns and convicted traitors, seeking the only asylum which sacrilege dared not invade, madly fled for refuge. At the imperial door Leo VI the Philosopher, because of his unlaw-



THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL-CHAMBER

ful marriage, was denied admittance by the indignant Patriarch, and compelled to go away in shame. In the walled-off portion of the gynaikonitis, shut apart for the solemn convocation by a marble barrier, Ecumenical Councils have been held: its recesses seem echoing even yet with the hot eloquence of Photios, and the wran-

gling of Greek and Latin bishops over the procession of the Holy Spirit and the rival claims of Rome and Constantinople.

There beside the Ephesian columns stood, in 987, the pagan envoys of the Russian Vladimir, who had been sent over the world "in search of the true religion." The resplendent majesty of the temple, the venerable files of priests in gorgeous sacerdotal robes, the celestial chanting of the choir, the mounting clouds of incense, the reverent hush of bending thousands, all the mystery of an unknown and sense-subduing ritual bore captive the untutored minds of those rustic children of the North. As their historian Karamsin declares, "This temple seemed to them the abode of Almighty God himself, where he manifested his glory direct to mortal eyes."

So the envoys went back to their Slavonian Prince, and told their story in the following words: "We knew not if we were not already in heaven. Verily, on earth one could never find such riches and such magnificence. We can only believe that one was surely in the presence of God, and that the worship of all other countries is there by far surpassed." Vladimir accepted the narration and the faith of his envoys. He was baptized as the spiritual son of the Emperors Basil II and Constantine IX, and was soon close bound to them by bonds of marriage as the wedded husband of their sister the Princess Anna. Vladimir and the Russians ever since, grateful that from Constantinople they had received the boon of their holy faith, clung to the great Mother Church and their Christian coreligionists with filial and fraternal fidelity. Beneath the sceptre of the Czar the worship is the same to-day as that which carried captive the envoys in Sancta Sophia.

On July 16, 1054, while the church was thronged by the Orthodox clergy and people, Cardinal Humbert and two other Latin bishops, legates of the Pope, walked steadily up the nave till they reached the altar in the holy place. Then, standing under the colossal mosaic picture of the meek-eyed Christ, whose arms were stretched in blessing, they laid upon the altar the papal excommunication of the Orthodox Eastern Church, and the anathema against the seven deadly heresies of the Greeks, devoting them and all who shared their doctrines "to the eternal society of the devil and his angels." Then "they strode out, shaking the dust from their feet, and crying, 'Let God see and judge.'" Thus the seamless robe was rent; the hitherto undivided Christian Church was torn in twain, and has never since been reunited. The Protestant may ill determine or appreciate the rights and wrongs of the contending parties, — of Michael Keroularios the Patriarch, or of Leo IX the Pope; the points at issue, so vast to them, may appear trivial and of almost microscopic littleness to-day. But it may be doubted if any act more disastrous to Europe, and above all to Eastern Christianity, was ever performed than this on which the silent walls of Sancta Sophia looked down. Well may Mathas, Bishop of Thera, exclaim: "Unutterably frightful have been the consequences of this schism."

Here, on Easter morning, in April, 1204, the warriors of the Fourth Crusade, red-handed from their conquest of the city, caroused and feasted. A courtesan, seated on the patriarchal throne, sang obscene songs in nasal tones to mock the chanting of the Greeks. Meanwhile the drunken soldiers indulged in nameless orgies with women of the street, and the fane resounded with their indecent and Satanic glee. In derision the consecrated

bread and wine were mixed with blood and dung. Meanwhile strings of beasts of burden were driven in, covered with priestly robes and loaded with plunder. The shocked and sorrowing Pope Innocent III reproached the Crusaders with bitter words, and declared that "the Greek Church would see in the Latins only treason and works of darkness, and loathe them like dogs." The undying memory of those deeds lingers among the Greek inhabitants of Constantinople to this day. So it is not strange that, when the death-throes of the Byzantine Empire had begun, many a fanatic Greek looked with equal aversion upon a doctrine or a soldier from the West.

On May 26, 1204, Baldwin, Count of Flanders and Hainault, having been tossed in Teutonic fashion upon the shield, was crowned in Sancta Sophia first Latin Emperor of the East. Twelve months afterwards the cathedral afforded a splendid sepulchre to the remains of Dandolo, the Doge of Venice, the real brain of the Fourth Crusade. It was he who prostituted its piety to mere material advantage, and drowned remembrance of its earlier, loftier aim—recovery of the Holy Tomb and the Holy Land—in the conquest and sack of a Christian capital. Though dying at the age of ninety-seven, his physical and mental powers continued unabated to the last.

A few months later the cathedral doors swung open, as the portal of a mighty tomb, to receive a gentler and more appealing tenant. Mary, the bride of Baldwin, had remained at home when her just-wedded husband departed on his wars. Romantic and loving, she had besought in vain that she might go with him and share his dangers. Afterwards she had embarked for Constantinople, that she might share his throne. Her ship, driven from its course,

was wrecked in Palestine. Only after weary wanderings and fearful experiences did she reach the capital. No husband was there to greet the worn-out wife. Baldwin, made prisoner in battle by Joannice, King of the Bulgarians, had been put to death, and his skull, lined with gold, was serving as a drinking-cup to his savage conqueror. Hopeless and broken-hearted, nothing was left the wanderer save to sicken and die. The pathos of her story redeems some of the coarser horrors of the Fourth Crusade, and makes it meet that she should rest at last within that most regal pile where she had dreamed of being crowned by her husband's hands.

Not a vestige can be discovered of the tomb of Mary. Ramnusi and Le Beau assert that the marble mausoleum of Dandolo remained in place until Mohammed II transformed the church into a mosque. Then the sword, spurs, helmet, and breastplate of the great commander were given by the Sultan to the Venetian artist Bellini, and were bestowed by him on the Doge's descendants. Near a window in the south side of the gynaikonitis may be seen in the pavement a marble slab, on which are cut in almost obliterated characters the name *Henricus Dandolo*.

On December 12, 1452, Constantine XIII in Sancta Sophia proclaimed the union of the Eastern and Western Churches by his official acceptance of the doctrines and supremacy of Rome. Cardinal Isidore, Legate of Pope Nicholas V, officiated at the altar according to the Roman ritual, and the submission of Orthodoxy seemed complete. In consequence of this act, which the Greeks deemed apostasy and sacrilege, the cathedral was looked upon as defiled, and was abandoned by the people till on the day of Conquest they again thronged it in their mad despair.

There is nothing more pathetic in the long, troubled annals of the Eastern Empire than the night before its glorious fall. On May 28, 1453, an hour before midnight, Constantine came once more to Sancta Sophia. The sacrament was administered, but by Romish hands, to him and to his immortal band, as to the dying. He knew, and so did each in that silent company, that if they were faithful unto death, the sands of their earthly life had less than twenty-four hours to run. No hope of victory then flickered in that solemn scene. No less grand was it than Leonidas and the Spartans at Thermopylæ. All equal in that crucial hour, the Emperor, that he might be absolved by all, begged the forgiveness of any whom in his brief reign he might have unwittingly wronged. The mail-clad men were not ashamed to weep, and their answering sobs alone broke the stillness. Then the last Byzantine Emperor crossed the threshold that for centuries no Christian sovereign was to tread.

“The rite is o’er. The band of brethren part,
Once, and but once, to meet on earth again;
Each, in the strength of a collected heart,
To dare what man may dare, and know ’t is vain!
The rite is o’er: and thou, majestic fane,
The glory is departed from thy brow!
Be clothed with dust! the Christian’s farewell strain
Hath died within these walls; thy Cross must bow,
Thy kingly tombs be spoiled, the golden shrines laid low.”

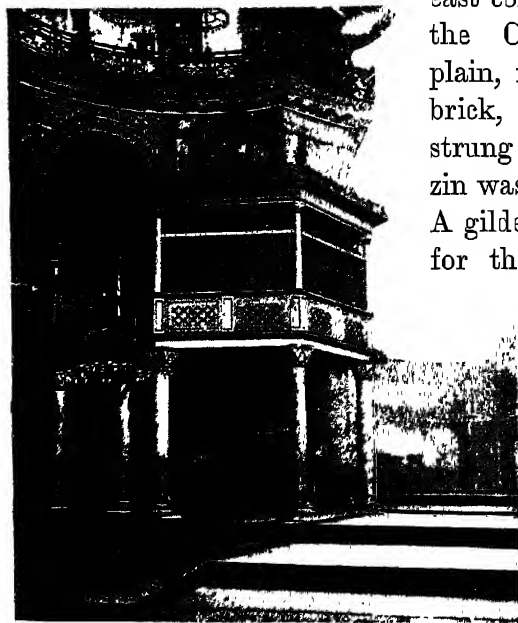
On the following day Sancta Sophia was packed with a throng such as it had never seen before. Not that the concourse was more vast, but a common agony filled the souls of all. Some were indeed clinging to the ancient legend that when a victorious enemy reached the Column of Constantine an angel would place a flaming sword in

the hand of a little child, who forthwith would drive back the invaders. The Ottomans beat open the doors of the southern vestibule, whereon may still be seen the marks of their impatient violence. The crowded mob of refugees, paralyzed with horror, offered no resistance. No blood was shed, either of conquered or conqueror. No violence was used. The half-dead captives—ascetic monk, and maiden on whose veiled face the sun had hardly shone, high-born lady and kitchen scullion, patrician and beggar—were bound together in couples, and driven forth in long files to be sold as slaves.

Meanwhile Mohammed II was riding in pomp and triumph from Adrianople Gate direct to Sancta Sophia. On foot, "about the ninth hour," he entered the narthex by the south door. On the threshold of the sanctuary he paused and cried, "God is the light of the heaven and the earth." Then he ordered an imam to ascend the patriarchal pulpit and intone the *Ezann*, which, when pronounced for the first time in a conquered church, is the Mussulman *Te Deum Laudamus*. So the high notes rang out in the melodious voice of the Ottoman priest: "God Most High! God Most High! God Most High! God Most High! I declare there is no God but God! I declare there is no God but God! I declare that Mohammed is the prophet of God! I declare that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to the temple of salvation! Come to the temple of salvation! Great God! Great God! There is no God but God!" As the sublime cadence, "*La ilah 'i il 'Allah*," died away, the Conqueror climbed the altar, and bowed himself in prayer.

This was on Tuesday. On the following Friday, the sacred day of the Moslems, the church was more formally consecrated to the faith of the Prophet. With all possible

speed whatever emblemized Christianity or served in Christian worship was destroyed or concealed. In the apse, a little to the right of the broken altar, the mihrab was set in direct line with Mecca and the Kaaba towards which all Moslems pray. The bell, the gift of Venice, was taken down from the low square belfry, and towards the south-



THE TRIBUNE OF THE SULTAN, THE
MAFIL-I-HUMAYOUN

east corner of the mosque the Conqueror built a plain, massive minaret of brick, whence the high-strung voice of the muezzin was to call to prayer. A gilded, latticed chamber for the Sultan — mafil-i-humayoun — and a high, steep pulpit — minber — for the Imam were at once constructed. Meanwhile, within and without, from the rounded summit of its dome to its foundation stones, the build-

ing was washed with rosewater. This was not so much designed to purify from grime and dirt as from the defilement caused by centuries of Christian worship.

Bayezid II erected a lofty marble minaret at the north-east corner. The simple minaret of his father, which reached only to the base of the dome, he raised to the same altitude as his own. In 1571 the overwhelming

naval defeat of Lepanto stunned the Ottoman Empire. Selim II believed that his sins were the immediate cause of this disaster. In consequence, to expiate his impiety, he erected the two graceful minarets on the west, but in no way modified his scandalous manner of life.

Gradually buildings of every sort have sprung up around the mosque. The earliest built were the library and college, erected in 1454 by the Conqueror. Though many, subsequently added, are necessary annexes for the convenience of servants and officials, or philanthropic and humane establishments, yet, confusing and distorting the entire central form, they seem like architectural fungi.

The sultans have shown as much solicitude for the preservation of Sancta Sophia as did their predecessors the emperors. The oft-shattered eastern semi-dome, thrown down by earthquake, was rebuilt by Mourad III in 1575. The same Sultan undertook thorough renovation of the mosque, as had also done his great ancestors, Mohammed II and Souleïman I. But the most important of all was that accomplished by Sultan Abd-ul Medjid. This occupied more than two years, involved an expenditure of over 1,500,000 dollars, and was performed in the most satisfactory manner by the Italian architects, the Fossatis. Every part was tested, and whatever lacked was supplied. A framework of iron girders was wrought in throughout. Each mosaic was laid bare, carefully cleansed and restored, and then as carefully covered over. When all was complete, Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, on July 13, 1849, performed his devotions in the renovated mosque, and afterwards, with his accustomed munificence, rewarded whoever had any part in its renewal. A commemorative gold medal was struck, bearing on one side the picture of the mosque, and on the other the *toughra*, or seal of the Sultan.

During the repairs, an event of peculiar and solemn interest occurred in Sancta Sophia. The story, I think, has never been told in print before; nor, with safety to those concerned, could it have been narrated till the last participant was dead. One day in 1848 only Christian workmen and a few Christian lookers-on — among them a village priest — were present in the mosque. A mason on the scaffolding of the gallery leaned too far, and, falling

to the pavement, was instantly killed. As his comrades were lifting him in their arms to bear him outside, one of them whispered, "Why do we carry him out like a dog? Let us give him his funeral here like a Christian." The priest consented. In low, hurried tones — for it was prison or exile, or even death, for all concerned if the affair were known — he began and completed the sublime ritual of the dead. There were no lighted candles, no clouds of



VILLAGE GREEK PRIEST

incense, no waving crosses, no chanting choir, no robed mourners, no costumed clergy; only a country priest in threadbare and patched attire, and the humblest of workmen. He around whose form they bent, though now touched with the mighty majesty of death, only a brief space before had been as lowly and as ignorant as themselves. Yet to what Byzantine Emperor were ever tendered obsequies so memorable as these? The echoes, to which the walls and dome seemed to vibrate, had been voiceless since 1453. That hasty, sudden burial to which

the dead man was borne is to be reckoned among the most thrilling funerals that ever passed on earth. That final prayer, *Κύριε, ἐλέησόν με*, "Lord, have mercy upon me," ascending from the lips of the priest, floated heavenward for him from within that sacred sanctuary to which, despite its centuries of alienation, each Christian heart must warm as to its own.

▼ The Ottomans regard Sancta Sophia with the utmost reverence. Therein they but follow the example of the illustrious Conqueror, whose eager steps first turned hither after his hard-won victory, and whose first official act in his blood-bought capital was its conversion into a mosque. Alone of all churches submitted to Islam, it retains its Christian name, the Aya Sofia of the Moslems being but the literal rendering of the *Ἁγία Σοφία* of the Greeks. As fit accompaniment of its grandeur, in formal mention the word *Kebir* is always added, signifying the Great.

Countless Mussulman myths and legends cluster round it. In common belief there is, beneath the adamantine cement on which its foundations rest, a broad, thick layer of solid gold, fastened here immovably by the wizard power of Solomon, and chosen from among the treasures brought him by the Queen of Sheba. On midnight before Easter many Moslems have heard resurrection chants and triumphal hymns, and have been even blinded by the light of burning candles reflected from the walls. Hé who first gropes in on Easter morning finds the marble floor beneath the Turkish carpet covered with the shells of innumerable Easter eggs. No earthquake may rend or shake its walls, which offer an asylum, impregnable not only to danger, but to disease. The dome will exist eternally, for the mortar in which its bricks were laid was mixed with sand from Mecca, with water from the Holy Well of Zemzem,

whence Hagar quenched the thirst of the dying Ishmael, and with the Prophet's blessed saliva. Elijah daily performs his devotions under the exact centre of the dome, and, though invisible to common eyes and impalpable to common hands, has been seen and recognized and touched by holy men. By its mysterious influence miracles are wrought on whoever at the predestined moment turns towards the mihrab and prays with a pure heart. Thus heart disease has been often cured, a shattered intellect made whole, and a lost memory restored. One will never be shipwrecked, nor will he ever encounter a violent storm at sea, if he has rubbed his hands against the southern door, which is made of wood from Noah's Ark, and if, meantime, he repeated two prayers for himself, and another for the peaceful repose of Noah's soul. The Christians confess their ignorance when they state that in the pendentives of the dome are set the mosaic forms of the six-winged archangels, — Gabriel, Michael, Azrael, and Raphael, — their faces since the Conquest hidden behind a gilded star. Those figures are really gigantic bats, thrust into the most prominent position to ward off the evil eye. In former days, when the church was vacant, they talked with each other in human voices, and predicted coming events. They have been silent ever since the birth of the Prophet. In comparison, there remained nothing to foretell. The Prophet had been born! What was there more to say?

Yet, though Aya Sofia be the foremost mosque of the capital, and though its sheik rank in Moslem hierarchy second only to the sheik of Al Haram in Mecca, the Ottomans regard it rather with the pride of conquest than with affection. They love better many a less regal mosque, founded by their own sultans, and reared by their own

people. Despite all their efforts to transform Sancta Sophia, its Christian characteristics can be effaced only by its own destruction. Its structural form has always resisted the requirements of the Moslem ritual. It resembles a mighty captive, ever mutely protesting against his chains. The long rows of prayer carpets stretch in diagonal lines, inharmonious, across the floor, and the devotees, facing Mecca, are forced to bend in an unnatural direction towards the corner of the church.

Furthermore, the two distinctive triumphal symbols, connected with the pulpit, are a perpetual reminder to its occupants that, though the mosque is theirs, it is not of them. From the platform, where its preacher stands, hang the two green silken flags, significant of the victory of Islam over its parent faiths, Judaism and Christianity. Every Friday, as its venerable sheik climbs the steep pulpit steps to preach his weekly sermon, he bears in his right hand an unsheathed sword as reminder of the manner in which Sancta Sophia was won. So, would the Moslem forget the long past of the church, he cannot, for the flags and the sword are there.

During centuries non-Moslems were jealously denied admittance to Aya Sofia. The real reason for this exclusion is given by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who says it had been so long the chief of Christian churches that perhaps "Christians might profane it with their prayers." The Crimean War, in 1854-5, broke down many a barrier of Eastern reserve, and since then the ground floor, and often the gallery, have been accessible on payment of a fee.

The exo-narthex is hardly used save as a receptacle of rubbish and mosque utensils; most of its doors are closed.

Non-Moslem visitors generally approach the narthex through the northern vestibule, this entrance being less conspicuous and more humble. In the vault above the door are mosaic portraits of Constantine and Justinian,



THE MUSSULMAN PULPIT

invisible behind thick layers of paint. The Moslems commonly enter the narthex through the southern or imperial vestibule, thus following the footsteps of their fathers, who broke in at this very spot four hundred and forty-two

years ago. On the bronze panels of the mutilated door are these monograms, of exceeding and pathetic beauty:

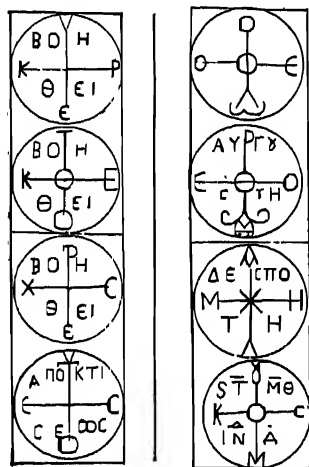
Lord, help	Theophilos.
Mother of God, help	the Augusta Theodora.
Christ, help	the Emperor Michael.
Year of the Creation	of the World 6349, and of the Indiction 4.

Hence this inscription dates from 841 A. D. Well might the sick and worn-out Emperor Theophilos eternize in Sancta Sophia his dying prayer for Theodora, so soon to be a widow, and for their helpless infant Michael, already weighted with the heavy name of Emperor. Above the left-hand panel the words "Theophilos and" have disappeared, but over the right panel "Michael Conquerors" still remains.

Along the walls of the narthex the crosses, with their chipped-off arms, appeal piteously to the stranger, but the glittering gold mosaic ceiling shines down with something of its early splendor. Before each of the nine doors admitting to the sanctuary hangs a canvas curtain, and on each curtain is worked the Mussulman creed: "There is no God but God, and Mohanmed is the Prophet of God."

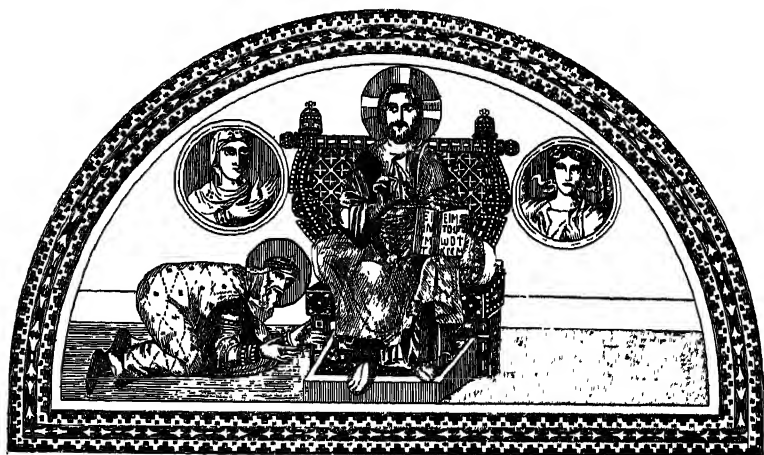
In the brazen lintel over the central door an open book is chiselled, wherein may be read these passages from the tenth chapter of Saint John's Gospel: "The Lord said, I am the door of the sheep. By me if any man enter, he

MIXAHIA
NIKHTON



MONOGRAMS ON THE SOUTH-
WESTERN DOOR

shall be saved, and shall come in and go out and find pasture." Still higher above the cornice one perceives a large mosaic, which at first appears dim and shadowy, and only gradually becomes distinct. The Christ, his head surrounded by the cruciferous nimbus, is seated upon his throne. His right hand, always merciful, is extended in benediction. His left hand grasps the Gospel, extended in benediction. His left hand grasps the Gospel,



THE ENTHRONED CHRIST

open to the words: "Peace be unto you. I am the light of the world." On the right and left are medallions of the Holy Virgin and of the Archangel Michael. Lower in the scene, to the left, a crowned Emperor, prostrate on his knees and arms, but with suppliant hands, looks beseechingly toward the Saviour. This humble monarch is, doubtless, Basil II, the soldier invincible in battle, and the mosaic dates from the year 981.

The marble floor of the church is visible only on the rare occasions when matting and carpets are removed for

cleansing. It has been broken and ground into innumerable fragments under the heel of time. Discolored, uneven, in places entirely gone, the story that once billowy waves were represented in its dingy surface, or that richness and beauty were visible in its material, seems a myth.

The sultans have been constant and lavish in their gifts. Tokens of their remembrance are on every side. The prodigious chandelier, suspended from the centre of the dome, was the offering of Achmet III, and took the place of the enormous gilded sphere hung there by Mohammed II. The great oval urns of alabaster, far to the right and left of the main entrance, were sent from Marmora by Mourad III, and can each contain over two hundred and fifty gallons of water. The present marble pulpit, with its carvings delicate and intricate as lace, was given by Mourad IV, and made still more beautiful by Mahmoud II. The chamber of the Sultan, resting on its seven marble pillars, embodies the elegant and luxurious taste of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid. The two mammoth candlesticks, flanking the mihrab, were brought by Souleïman I from a church in Hungary. But to individualize is to enumerate all the sultans.

The mastabah, or platform set apart for the devotions of the attendants of the mosque, occupies the spot where anciently stood the Byzantine throne. On the north, between the Ephesian columns, is a second, an unpretentious pulpit, whence instruction in the Koran is given daily. Scattered along the nave and aisles are the cushions and koran-stands of Mussulman doctors of theology. Towards the east two green curtains from the Kaaba are pendent from the piers. In this incongruous company two eight-day clocks from omnipresent England regulate the time.

The Moslem artists, to whom portrayal of any living object is forbidden, are of necessity calligraphists rather than painters. Involved and suggestive calligraphy affords almost the only field for their dexterity and skill. So the walls of Aya Sofia are adorned with these masterpieces of their art.

Eight immense flaunting disks, high up upon the sides, immortalize the cunning hand of Ibrahim Effendi, unequalled in his craft, who inscribed them in 1650. They were regilded in 1848. Some of the letters are twenty-eight feet in length. On the disk farthest east on the right of the mihrab is written, "Allah, infinite is His greatness;" and on the left of the mihrab, "Mohammed, peace be upon him." The remaining six bear the revered names of the four perfect Caliphs, Aboubekir, Omar, Othman, and Ali, and of Hassan and Houssein, the ill-fated sons of the last Caliph. Worked in with the name of each is the reverent declaration, "God is pleased with him." Under the disk of Othman is the exhortation, "Hasten to prayer before the hour be past;" to which that under the disk of Ali replies, "Hasten to repent before death comes."

Around the mihrab is wrought the fatihat-ul-kitab, that grand first chapter of the Koran, which reads not only as the supplication of Islam, but as the outpouring to God of all humanity: "Praise to God, Sovereign of the Universe, the Clement, the Compassionate, Sovereign at the Day of Judgment. It is Thou whom we adore. It is Thou of whom we implore the aid. Direct us in the narrow path, in the path of those whom Thou hast heaped with Thy benefits, of those who have in no way incurred Thy wrath, and who go not astray. Amen."

Most of the inscriptions are of narrower range, limited by the bounds of an exclusive faith. Above the mihrab:

"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God. The temples are God's; therefore call not upon any other God." Over the nearest window: "God hath spoken. May He be blessed and exalted. Bow unto God and worship." In the large square frame on the right of the mihrab: "There is no God but God. He is my Lord, and the Lord of the worlds, and Mohammed is my Prophet. The blessing and peace of God be upon him." Another close by: "O Lord, allow us to enter Paradise through Mohammed. Peace be upon him." Another: "In God alone is my confidence." Another is couched in the familiar words, true in all schools and ages, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

The long, complex tracery upon the dome, above the forty-four windows which stream into the sanctuary the effulgence of the sun, is a monument of appropriateness as well as of calligraphic skill: "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate. God is the light of the heaven and the earth. His light is in Himself, and therefore is not like that of the morning star, nor that which shines through glass, nor that which is derived from the olive-tree."

But the phlegmatic Ottomans descant with greater zest on four objects of legendary wonder than on the masterly Arabic inscriptions, which, after all, only a very few among the *habitués* of the mosque can read.

One is the Shining Stone, which came from Persia. This is a bit of translucent marble in the west side of the gallery. In times of national prosperity and triumph, when shone upon by the sun, it transmits rays of dazzling brilliancy. But whenever disaster impends upon the Empire or the faith, then, however cloudless the skies and however blinding the sun, it remains black and opaque.

No mortal eye has ever seen it darkened, though Ottoman armies have sometimes been defeated and the Moslem power has seemed shrinking or broken. Thus the Stone, always shining, has proved to the simple and believing that, however it might appear, the real strength and victory was with them.

Another marvel is the Sweating Column, the most northwest of the columns on the ground floor. This exudes a moisture which is a panacea in every disease. The finger of the sick is thrust into an aperture in the column, which is partially protected by a brazen plate. The degree of moisture emitted depends, not upon the nature of the disease, but upon the holiness of the patient. To some the marble remains wholly dry, while the finger of a saintlier invalid may drip with water. Though even the saintliest may die immediately after, it is always from some other malady than that for which he sought the healing contact of the stone.

The third is the Cold Window, the most northeast but one on the northern side. There, even in the sultriest heat or during the dead sirocco, a refreshing north wind blows. Close to this spot, in the days of the Conqueror, the Sheik Akshemseddin expounded the Koran, and himself created the breeze, which has been unceasing since.

Last and most manifest of all is the rude outline of a left hand on the southeast colossal pier. Here the Conqueror, seated upon his steed, steadied himself with his hand against the wall while shouting the Moslem creed, and on the plastic marble left his impress forever. Its great height above the floor is due to the piles of slain on which his warhorse stood with unstable footing.

All these four marvels, so vast on the horizon of Moslem eyes, can evoke at most but a pitying, silent smile in Sancta Sophia.

But in the prostituted church the Christian, weary of Arabic inscriptions and Ottoman traditions, grows heart-sick and hungry for something that is his. The ever-present architectural grandeur and invisible memories of the past are not enough. Let him ascend the southern gallery, and gaze from among the six colonnaded columns towards the vaulted ceiling above the five windows of the central apse. Gradually in the dim, half-veiled surface he discerns the mosaic form of a colossal Christ. The hair, the forehead, the mild eyes of the Saviour may be traced, and the indistinct outline of his form. The right hand, gentle

“as when

In love and in meekness he moved among men,”

is extended still in unutterable blessing, and in its comprehensive reach seems to embrace the stranger. Within the shadow one feels Christ is keeping watch above his own.

As one now makes the outer circuit of Sancta Sophia, his eyes fall on much which Justinian never saw. The dome, still in place, though depressed on its southwestern side, arouses his admiration; but the burnished cross upon its summit is replaced by the crescent. This crescent is hardly noticeable at a few furlongs' distance, though one imaginative guide-book says it is “one hundred and fifty feet in diameter,” and another, with equal power of fancy, describes it as “visible a hundred miles out at sea,” and as “seen from the top of the Bithynian Olympus glittering in the sunshine!”

Upon the great shell of the cathedral, buttresses and later buildings crowd like fungi. Even the luxurious minarets of Selim II on the west are partly hidden by more recent structures piled around their base. An extensive

yard, uneven and irregularly paved, occupies the site of the ancient atrium. But below the nine upper windows the wistful eye is gladdened by the sight of twenty-seven Greek crosses, carved on the outer face, which have escaped the hammer of the Ottomans.

As one follows the street on the north, a high wall permits only a partial view. A descending narrow passage ends at the deaconesses' vestibule of the narthex.

At the northeastern corner, entering the Turkish gate under its ample Oriental awning, one has before him a

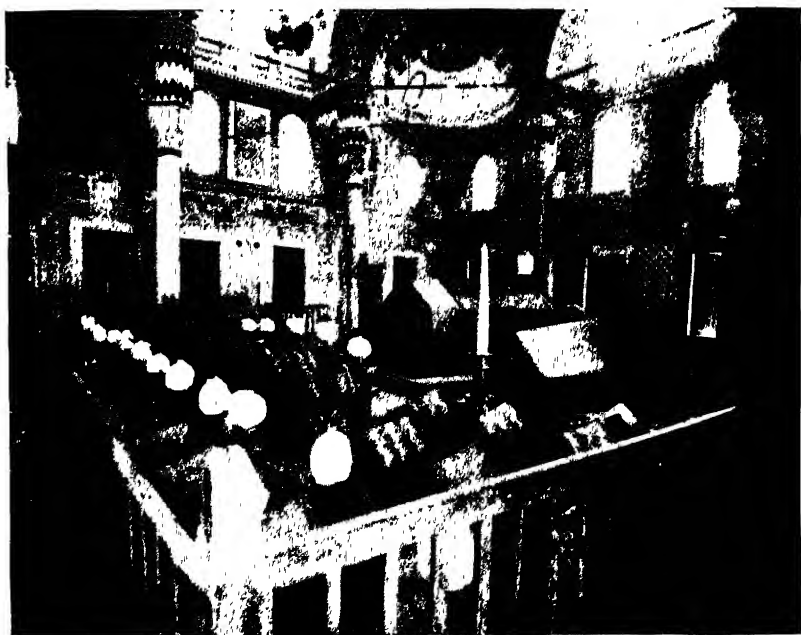


SOUTHEASTERN ENTRANCE TO SANCTA
SOPHIA

paved enclosure. On the right are Ottoman magazines and shops. On the left is the round, thick-walled building, perhaps older than Sancta Sophia, since the Conquest pierced with windows, now serving the purpose of a storehouse, its original design an enigma unsolved and puzzled over by Lethaby and Swainson, as by all their predecessors.

Only on the eastern side does the edifice, or rather the frontage of buttresses, touch the street. The private entrance of the Sultan is on the left of the minaret erected by Sultan Bayezid II. A public

entrance is farther south, on the right of the minaret raised by the Conqueror. This is flanked on either side by triple columns. The two outer are of porphyry, with doves carved at the corners of the capitals, and a scroll bearing the cross between. Close to the street are gigantic capitals, one unfinished, the other with the monogram



TURBEH OF SULTAN SELIM II

of Theodore, perhaps the consul and pretor who erected the propylaia of the Senate in 409.

On the south the mosque is bordered by the sombre enclosure where are grouped the high turbehs with rounded tops, the mausoleums of the sultans. Farthest east is the octagon of Mohammed III. Near the Sultan sleeps his wife, Khandann Sultana, the mother of

Achmet I. Nine children of the latter and seventeen of Mourad III keep them company.

Next is the turbeh of Selim II, marked by its florid architecture and exquisite tiling, an octagon in a square. The rich columns of the portico are of jasper and vert

antique. Beside the Sultan is his favorite wife, Nourban Sultana. Under the same roof lie his three daughters; also the five sons, — Mohammed, Souleïman, Moustapha, Djeanghir, and Abdullah, — all bow-strung in that same dreadful night by their brother Mourad III on his accession. Here, too, are the remains of twenty-one



MOURAD III

daughters and of thirteen sons of their brother and murderer.

The hexagonal turbeh of Mourad III contains his catafalque, and that of his favorite wife, Safiyeh Sultana, a Venetian lady, known to her compatriots as Baffa. Forty-three children of the Sultan, one son of Achmet I, five of Mohammed III, and three of Sultan Ibrahim, share the turbeh.

The turbeh of the Shahzadeh is by far the smallest of all, and the most southwest. It is built over four sons and a daughter of Mourad III, to whom the overcrowded mausoleums of their kin could afford no place.

The ancient baptistery has itself become a sepulchre. Immediately after the Conquest it was made the oil magazine of the mosque. When the deposed Moustapha I died



THE BAPTISTERY AND TURBEHS

suddenly, in 1622, — the only sovereign for whom the Ottoman historians find no word of praise, — and there was no spot available in which to bury him, the oil vessels were huddled out, the baptistery made a tomb, and the remains of the Sultan hurried in. On his right is the catafalque of Sultan Ibrahim. Around them are gathered thirteen other members of the reigning family.

So in these mausoleums, under the sacred shadow of Sancta Sophia, are brought together the remains of five sultans, of three sultanas, and of one hundred and forty children of sultans, all of whom died in the space of seventy-four years, between 1574 and 1648. One hundred and two of the throng were the children of Mourad III, whose offspring rivalled but did not equal in number the progeny cast upon the world by a German sovereign of the eighteenth century, Augustus II the Strong, of Saxony. Mohammed III put to death his nineteen brothers on the day he ascended the throne. Their coffins were ranged around the bier of their common father, Mourad III, and the funeral rites of the dead Sultan and the slaughtered princes celebrated together with profoundest solemnity and pomp. When Mohammed III died, eight years later, at the close of an evil reign, over the entrance to his turbeh were inscribed the words, which still remain there, "God Almighty hath said everything perisheth except mercy and judgment, and they return to thee."

Nevertheless these sepulchres, crowded with Ottoman dead, and the crescent upon the dome, and the mihrab in the wall, are not the most forceful demonstration that Islam now reigns triumphant and undisputed in this arch-cathedral of Christianity. That is afforded every night during the month of Ramazan. Then thousands of lighted lamps twinkle through the vastitude of the building, which they cannot illumine. The host of Moslem worshippers, shoulder to shoulder, close together, bow and kneel and rise and stretch their hands in perfect martial unison over the densely crowded floor. With the abstraction of beings from another world, and in a silence of the dead, as if impelled by a single soul, they perform their devotions. The simultaneous rustle of their robes

in the utter stillness resounds like the roll of distant thunder. Altogether it is the most awe-inspiring religious ceremony which one can anywhere behold. With an incisive distinctness, equalled at no other hour, every attendant detail proclaims Sancta Sophia a mosque.

THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE



HE walls of Constantinople are at once the most picturesque and the most majestic of all her ancient remains. Kindly Nature has striven her utmost to hide the wear and ravage of time, and has clothed their battered forms with wonderful beauty.

Up the lofty towers, and over the crenellated battlements, wild vines everywhere drape their pitying mantle with that perfect grace which only artless Nature can attain. Nowhere does the world present a lovelier, more entrancing spectacle than that which stretches on in the mighty distance, and unfolds before the enraptured eye, as one follows the wall from the Marmora to the Golden Horn.

Yet æsthetic charm and interest are almost forgotten in the profounder emotions which those venerable and gigantic piles excite. Here are combined the stateliness of material power and the grandest works of human achievement, saddening in their overwhelming desolation, and haunted by solemn and undying memories. The walls embrace and centre all the martial past of the capital. The densely peopled triangle they enclose has been more coveted and fought for than any other spot on earth by rival chiefs and empires; but the walls have been the barrier at which the seemingly resistless waves of conquest and invasion have been stayed. At their base have

fallen in fight a more mixed and more numerous multitude than have died in assault of any other city save Jerusalem or Rome. The fleets and hosts which have besieged the city, following one another like returning tides, have each branded on the walls its fierce autograph in fire and blood. Patriotism and fanaticism, monopolies of no one age or faith, have here wrought their sternest prodigies in attack and defence. Creeds and races in indiscriminate confusion have, through more than two thousand years, upon this altar offered their hecatombs of sacrifice. There is not one of the ninety-five landward towers in which does not lurk some tale, or many tales, of heroism, or loyalty, or treason, or despair. There is not one of the seven landward gates whose portal has not swung open wide for processions of triumphal pageantry, of exalted grief, of churchly pomp, or of military expedition. Nor are the lowlier seaward walls and gates, or those on the Golden Horn, inferior in association. Thick as the leaves of ivy, festooning crevice and niche and broken parapet, are the legends and traditions and true tales that enwrap the walls.

On them are affixed the only imperial memorials which remain in place. The heroons are levelled with the dust. Not a single sarcophagus retains the ashes or preserves the name of its imperial occupant. But the white marble zones, belted high up on wall and tower, still project their uneffaced inscriptions; the pompous eulogies therein contained are the only epitaphs those long-dead sovereigns possess. Those prodigious piles, useless centuries ago, torn by earthquake and rent by war, are the Byzantine emperors' fitting monument.

But it is their own history which the walls best crystallize in their brick and stone and mortar. Each century

indicates itself by its peculiar structural form and style. Even the careless passer-by recognizes the stamp of successive epochs. Here a walled-up gate is mutely eloquent of the imminent attack. There a gate still open reveals in its gradually diminishing proportions how the Empire and the power of resistance shrank. Here a tower, torn asunder from top to bottom, seems quivering even yet from the convulsive shock of earthquake. There another, tumbled piecemeal on the ground, tells where the cannon-ball, a thousand pounds in weight, or the battering-ram has smitten. Here a hasty jumble of cobble-stones and soft fifteenth-century mortar shows where the sleepless garrison patched up the breach hurriedly and by night. There the mortar, more tenacious than the crumbled brick or the disintegrated rock, reveals the earlier, more perfect masonry of the fifth century, — an age in Western Europe filled with barbarian tumult and invasion, but in Constantinople a time of comparative peace.

The walls of ancient Byzantium, like Byzantium itself, are only a tradition and a name. Of them no remains exist. But their history is the roll-call of the chieftains who most shaped the destinies of the classic city. They were built by Byzas, rebuilt by the Spartan Pausanias, almost destroyed by Philip of Macedon, restored by the Byzantine general Leo, demolished to the foundation stone by the Roman Severus, and, when re-erected, served as an ineffectual rampart against the assaults of Constantine.

The walls of mediæval Constantinople consist of three distinct sections : that on the west, or landward side ; that on the Marmora, or seaward side ; and that on the Golden Horn. Each section constitutes a side of that mural triangle which bounded and enclosed the mediæval city. These sections differ widely in the date of their erection,

their structure and subsequent history, their present condition and appearance, and even in the sentiments they evoke.

THE WALL ON THE MARMORA

THE wall on the Marmora was begun by Constantine when he founded Constantinople. He heightened and strengthened the eastern wall of Byzantium, and prolonged it to the Gate of Saint Emilianos, the southwest limit of his city. Thrown down by earthquake within seventy years, it was rebuilt by Arcadius, whose son Theodosius II extended it still farther to the present southwest extremity of the capital. In the fifth century, during the wars with Carthage and the Vandals, it was thoroughly repaired by Leo the Great. It was made much higher by Tiberios III when the city was menaced by the Tartars of the Crimea two hundred years afterwards. In preparation for the imminent Arab attack, it was again restored by Leo III at the beginning of the eighth century. In the ninth century Theophilos, who was engaged in constant war with the Persians and Saracens, rebuilt and raised it higher still. His name appears more frequently on the towers than that of any other Emperor. Greatly damaged by the Marmora in a furious storm, it was partially rebuilt by Basil I; so thorough was his work that no repairs were necessary during the next three hundred years. Manuel I Komnenos in the twelfth century, Michael VIII and Andronikos II in the thirteenth, and the Grand Duke Apokaukos in the fourteenth, expended large sums in its restoration. In the frightful earthquake of 1509, which destroyed more than a thousand houses and over a hundred mosques, it

was thrown down in many places, and the Marmora flooded the southern streets of the city.

Its complete renovation required the work of fifteen thousand laborers during two months, and was celebrated by a festival which continued three days, during which the common people received food on the silver plate of Sultan Bayezid II. In 1635 Sultan Mourad IV had the entire wall repaired for his triumphal entry after a victorious campaign in Persia. It was also made "dazzling as snow" with whitewash, at the expense of the persons whose houses adjoined. Since then a great part of the wall has been demolished, and the rest given over to neglect and decay.

Seen from inside the city, the seaward wall arouses comparatively little interest or pleasure. The refugees who swarmed hither from Bulgaria during the Russo-Turkish War in 1877-8 have wedged their miserable shanties close against it, and thereby at many points have concealed the ruins and prevented close approach. Foul odors from these unclean dwellings, and from neighboring heaps of filth of every sort, repel the visitor, and are horribly suggestive of cholera and the plague.

But gazed at from the Marmora, it presents often a weird and always a delightful and enchanting spectacle. To the lover of the romantic and old, a caïque ride on the transparent waters of the Marmora, close to the seaward wall, affords a marvellous excursion. It should be made only when the north wind blows and the bright sun shines. The long contour, fringing the sea, is here snowy white, there grim and gray with the touch of centuries. Here it utterly disappears, leaving only the pebbly shore; there it resurrects itself, perfect and entire, with unmutated tower and parapet. All the odors, so noxious from

the inside, are lost in the fresh air of the sea. Gentle ripples bathe the time-worn base like memories. Reminiscence, imagination, æsthetic sense, are in constant tension while one glides over what seem enchanted waves.

The starting-place is the northeastern corner of Seraglio Point. Here stood the Gate of Saint Barbara, a martyred Christian maiden, whose venerated remains were enshrined in the adjacent church. When in 999 Giovanni Orsoli, son of the Doge of Venice, and his wife Maria, visited Constantinople, the Emperor Constantine IX bestowed on them the precious but grewsome gift of the maiden's shrivelled body. They carried it to Venice, where it now adorns and sanctifies the ducal church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo. Under the Ottomans the gate became Top Kapou, the Cannon Gate. Here discharges of artillery always announced the birth of a prince, the accession of a sultan, an Ottoman victory, and the chief festivals of the faith. On the quay, bounding the sandy slope and now occupying the site of gate and wall, the ill-starred Sultan Abd-ul Aziz was landed on that stormy 30th of May, 1876, which saw him deposed and a prisoner. Here, an hour later, his boat was followed by twenty barges crowded by trembling Oriental beauties who had shared his throne and were partners in his fall.

Farther south are the scanty ruins of Mermer Kiosk, the Marble Pavilion, wherein the great Mahmoud II loved to pass hours of dalliance. The wall again begins, pierced by the Ottoman gate, Djeirmen Kapou. Near by, a narrow, half-hidden opening, high over a buttress of masonry, indicates the wooden slide down which many a fair unfortunate, sewed up in the fatal sack, was launched into the water. Farther on are the meagre remains of Indjili

Kiosk, the Pavilion of the Pearl, built for the ferocious Selim I by his beloved Vizir Yusuph Pasha. In the rear is the Holy Fountain of the Saviour, sole memorial of the famous church.

The wall crosses the filled-up site of the Harbor of Boucoleon, where the emperors embarked in their gilded galleys on days of state, or for excursions up the Bosphorus. The Gate of the Protovestiary, through which they passed with their gorgeous retinue, is seen in the arch, now closed with masonry, and is known among the Ottomans by the plebeian name of Balouk Khaneh Kapou, the Gate of the Fish-house. Next is Achor Kapou, the Straw Gate, — as thereby stores were formerly brought to the Sultan's stables, — but anciently called by the Greeks the Gate of Odeghetria, as once belonging to the renowned Monastery of the Theotokos the Odeghetria. From its quay deposed grand vizirs departed to their places of exile, consoled for the loss of office by the fact that they still retained their heads.

Farther west is the ancient Iron Gate, now Tchatladi Kapou. Through it on their arrival from Rome were carried in triumph the huge porphyry drums which were to compose Constantine's yet standing column. On the marble foundations, flanking the gate on either side, are still heaped the *débris* of Byzantine palaces; that on the left is the early home of Justinian and Theodora. Numerous elaborate capitals and columns in piled confusion peer above the water, or are visible far down in the pellucid depths.

Beyond the walled-up ancient Lion's Gate the massive masonry of Mourad IV shuts in the historic Sophian Harbor. Marble slabs and pillars, chaste and carved, each one with a past, are mixed in by the contemptuous Sultan



THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH NERSES

with common earth and stone. In this harbor was fought the desperate sea-battle which resulted in the deposition of the tyrant Phokas and raised Heraklios to the throne. A monastery was erected on the bank in 809, and dedicated to Saint Lazarus. Afterwards it was used as a quarantine hospital; and the name of lazaretto was in consequence applied to like philanthropic institutions in other lands. In 1462 Mohammed II constructed dock-



THE SOUTHEAST SEA WALL

yards in the harbor, and made it the chief station of his galleys. On its western side, in Byzantine days, stood the marvellous hollow tower in whose foundations great tubes, like the pipes of an organ, had been laid. "Whenever the south wind blew violently, and the waves beat against the shore, the air rushed from above with tremendous force into the tubes, and produced such thunderous music as astounded the ears of all." Opposite was the twin Tower of Leo and Alexios, torn down only fourteen

years ago, which echoed back the music in magnificent response. In the harbor rendezvoused the Byzantine fleet when setting out on some distant expedition. As the ships got under way, "the musicians would seek to imitate with their instruments the reverberations from the towers."

Now the harbor is without water or music. The dock-yards were abandoned in 1515; it became a muddy bed, and was finally filled up by order of Mourad IV. The Ottoman writers state that an immense but disabled imperial galley, painted the sacred green, was not removed, but was covered over with earth. The place is now a dreary plain, dotted with silent Ottoman houses, and called *Quadrige Liman*, the Galley Harbor. The southern portion, however, bears the distinctive name of *Djindji Liman*, the Harbor of the Wizard. It was given by Sultan Ibrahim to his favorite juggler, to whose sage advice the Sultan, when despairing of offspring, attributed the birth of his son and successor Mohammed IV.

Next one passes the tiny bay and promontory of *Koum Kapou*, the Sand Gate, or Gate of *Konto-Scala*, beyond which is the Armenian Patriarchate. Here the broken line of slimy, blackened rocks indicates the long mole constructed by Michael VIII after he had driven out the Latins. Here the credulous *Pachymeres* states that the same Michael sought to deepen his favorite harbor by throwing in vast quantities of quicksilver, either to wear away the shallows or to attract the water, — a story just as credible as the tales of vinegar poured on the Alps by Hannibal. The wretched structure of the wall from this point, as far as *Yeni Kapou*, the New Gate, indicates the haste with which it was repaired in some dire necessity.

The fortifications beyond disappear. Even the foundations, built over by the crowded dwellings of a populous quarter, defy discovery. The great rocks, whose rounded surface rises above the water, were piled in by the emperors to break the resistless violence of the waves. Though the sea is here so calm and still when the north wind blows, yet if its direction changes to the south the waves roar and roll against the land like ocean billows. Often, in a southern storm, they thunder over the tops of the highest towers, and deluge the land inside. The shore, which here turns abruptly southward, and perpendicular to the course thus far pursued, was anciently lined with the pleasure houses and simple retreats of the Byzantine nobility. Shielded from rough blasts and open to the sun, sequestered yet upon the sea, here was their refuge from the stiff ceremonials of state and of fashionable life. Seekers after simple pleasures love it still. A continuous tier of cafés, built like nests upon piles driven into the water, replace the aristocratic Byzantine cottages, and are always thronged by a listless, dreamy crowd.

Still farther south and west, beyond Yeni Mahalleh, or the New Village, three periods of construction are superposed. The lower portion of the wall is the work of Constantine. Above is a superstructure of ten centuries later. This in turn is surmounted by an unbroken row of modern houses, which rest upon the summit of the wall as their dizzy base. The fortifications now skirt the immense vegetable garden of the Vlanga Bostan, which occupies the filled-up site of the ancient Theodosian Harbor, and which an inner wall of an earlier period entirely surrounds. Here the Lycus used to empty in its proud days as a river, and now, having become the city sewer, dribbles into the Marmora through a covered drain. At Daoud

Pasha Kapou, the ancient Gate of Saint Emilianos, ends the southern boundary of the city as it was traced by Constantine.

The wall from this point is of different character, resembling in material and style, though not in grandeur, that bounding the city on the west. The quantity of marble fragments, of every shape and size, brought from earlier and often pagan structures, are for some distance no longer seen. Instead are great square bricks, of such admirable make that they have disintegrated less than the stone or marble. Along Bostan Yeri portions of wall and modern dwellings alternate. At the Greek quarter of Psamatia the wall recedes inland, and houses are built between it and the sea. The ancient gate stands on lower ground than the Roumelian Railway track, which runs outside.

Beyond a breakwater, Narli Kapou, the Pomegranate Gate, is reached, to this day called in proud distinction by the Greeks the Ancient Gate. This was the prized possession of the renowned Monastery of the Studium. Here, with ceremonious dignity, the grave brotherhood annually received the Emperor.

Again the wall changes in appearance, and, supported by formidable buttresses, climbs up higher ground. Below, along the sea, lie immense masses of masonry, which earthquakes have hurled down in piteous confusion. Side by side and parallel in the wall, below the tree-clad slope of Sekyz Aghatch, are forty-two great marble columns, which must have stood together in some imposing but long-forgotten edifice. Inland is seen the colossal circular outline of Yedi Kouleh, the Seven Towers, dominating the extreme southern section of the city, and to the west the imperial landing-place of the Springs.

Terminating the sea wall, marking Constantinople's southern apex, rises, or rather seems to soar, Mermer Kouleh, the Marble Tower. Less than forty feet square at the base, it lifts its dazzling shaft of the whitest marble blocks almost a hundred feet into the sky. Nothing else so exquisitely beautiful adorns the long circuit of the walls. Of snowy purity, of ethereal proportions, surrounded on three sides by water, it seems emerging like Venus from the sea.

THE WALL ON THE GOLDEN HORN

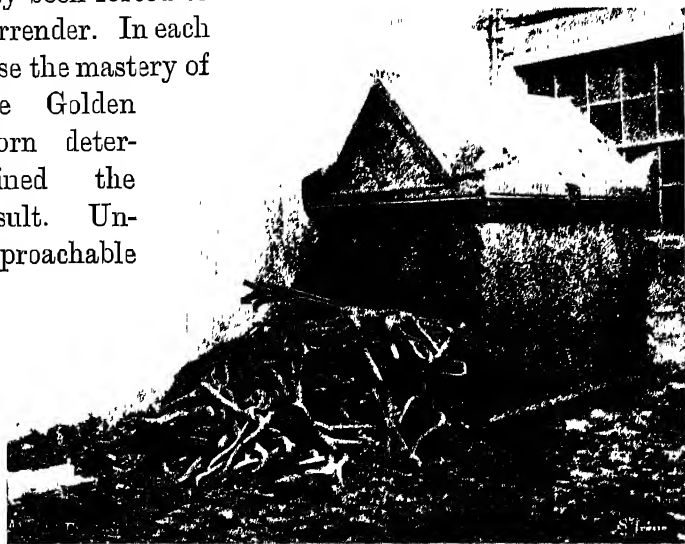
No wall existed upon the Golden Horn during the first five centuries after Constantine. A huge chain, supported upon floats, stretched from the Acropolis of Saint Demetrios, now Seraglio Point, to a tower in Galata, on the opposite shore. This chain, of enormous strength and watchfully defended, effectually closed the entrance and defied the attack of any hostile fleet. In all the numerous sieges which the capital endured by land and sea, only once did the enemy succeed in breaking through the chain. In 1203 the soldiers of the Fourth Crusade heavily loaded a war-vessel with stone, and fastened to the prow an enormous pair of shears, which opened and shut by means of a powerful machine. The vessel, manned by the ablest rowers, and propelled moreover by a high north wind, was driven with the utmost momentum against the chain. At the same moment the great shears closed upon it. One link snapped asunder, and the hitherto invincible iron barrier dropped on either side into the sea. Replaced by the Greeks after the expulsion of the Latins, it baffled all the efforts of Mohammed II and of his three hundred



THE MARBLE TOWER

and sixty war-ships to penetrate the harbor. Only after all other attempts had failed did he devise the ingenious but ignominious expedient of transporting his galleys four miles overland.

Since the foundation of Constantinople, only on these two occasions has a foreign force obtained possession of the Golden Horn. Thereupon, but at no other time, has the city been forced to surrender. In each case the mastery of the Golden Horn determined the result. Unapproachable



THE CHAIN FORMERLY CLOSING THE GOLDEN HORN

from the Marmora, impregnable from the land, Constantinople was an Achilles among the cities, and vulnerable only at a single point. At that point she met her fate.

The Emperor Theophilos, who died in 842, erected along the Golden Horn the fortifications which preceding sovereigns had neglected or disdained to build. His towers were less lofty and his wall less thick than that upon the

sea. Nor was there need of equal strength and height; for the northern side of the city was not exposed to the terrific violence of the Marmora lashed by a southern storm, and the chain was still regarded as sufficient protection. Michael VIII, on whom devolved the arduous but glorious task of repairing the ravages of the Crusaders, restored the wall to more than its former strength. It was patched with careful but parsimonious vigilance by Constantine XIII in his hopeless preparations for the final siege. Since then it has been allowed to crumble in contemptuous decay. Here, it has served as a common quarry; there, it has been a perch whereon the meanest and cheapest human habitations have been poised. The quays now in process of construction along the Golden Horn will cause the demolition of much that still remains; and the stones hacked from Theophilos' ineffectual rampart will be used in the pavement of the street.

The wall was originally built close to the water's edge. Gradually the land has encroached upon the receding harbor, specially during the last one hundred years, and now extensive tracts lie outside the fortifications, and are occupied by tenements and magazines. But when the English tourist, Sir George Wheeler, visited Constantinople, no longer ago than 1675, he wrote, "In many places there is not room to pass between the square towers that jut out from it (the wall) and the sea."

The Golden Horn wall enjoys less charm of association and landscape than does that which confronts the Marmora. It pursues a devious, uncertain course, generally westward, having always close to its northern or outer side a crooked, narrow Oriental street. Jostled by the swarming crowd, deafened by incessant and piercing cries, stumbling over broken pavements, through pits of mud

and hordes of snarling or dozing dogs, the tourist or the student, as he pursues his tortuous way, grows more anxious to preserve his own present than to reconstitute the city's past.

The starting-place is again the northeastern corner of Seraglio Point, but this time one proceeds in a westerly direction. During the first part of the way almost nothing is visible of the wall. Even Eastern enterprise and traffic, however sluggish, deal more harshly with old-time ruins than does the Ottoman or war. The railway on the left, over which one may be whirled back to Western Europe, and the quay upon the right, where navies discharge their goods, have swept or are sweeping from their path almost everything that was linked with the old-time past, but is of no modern use. Long after a locality is transformed the old titles linger, but they are only meaningless, unsubstantial names.

Near the starting-point once stood the Gate of Eugenius, that opulent and favored senator who came with Constantine from Rome. After the Conquest it was called Yali Kiosk Kapou, Gate of the Mansion Pavilion, from an elegant summer house which the tireless nonagenarian Grand Vizir, Sinan Pasha, built for his almost worshipped master, Mourad III. It was destroyed by fire in 1861.

The dismantled wall crosses the site of the Bosporion, the famous neorion, or harbor, of ancient Byzantium. The name was changed to Phosphorion, the Place of the Light-bearer, when the meteor of torch-bearing Hecate roused the garrison to repel the night attack of the Macedonian Philip, three hundred and forty years before Christ. On the bank, close to the water, the Byzantines raised that colossal statue, made immortal by the eloquence of Demosthenes, which represented the cities of Perinthos and

Byzantium crowning their ally and deliverer Athens. When Constantinople was founded, that entire classic harbor was converted into land. The Roumelian Railway Station occupies a portion of its site. The traveller buys his ticket direct to Paris or Vienna, and takes his seat in the railway train behind the screaming locomotive, on the very spot where almost twenty-three centuries ago the allied fleet of the Byzantines and Athenians floated under the command of the patriot Phocion.

Not a vestige can be discerned of the ancient Gate of Neorion, the Baghtchek Kapou of the Ottomans, which stood on the western side of the filled-up harbor. But to the spot attaches imperishable interest. It was the last fragment of the Byzantine Empire to fall under Ottoman sway. A tower, now demolished, but then adjacent to the gate, was garrisoned during the final siege by volunteers from a Cretan galley. After all resistance elsewhere had ceased, they refused to surrender, and obstinately fought on for hours. The Conqueror, honoring courage even in a foe, ordered that they should be permitted to depart with the honors of war.

Farther on, here and there a shapeless remnant of a tower, or a jagged fragment of the wall may be distinguished, but always in a degraded and melancholy state. Then the line, almost imaginary, since so little is left of the fortifications one endeavors to trace, traverses the dirtiest, busiest, and most crowded section of the city. On the left it passes the stately Yeni Valideh Djami, the New Mosque of the Sultan's Mother, occupying with its cascaded roof the centre of the ancient ghetto of the Jews. Thence they were expelled by order of the government in 1589. On the right is the tumultuous bridge which crosses the Golden Horn from Stamboul to Galata, always heaving

from sunrise to sunset with counter-tides of humanity, and swelling the revenues of the Valideh, of whom it is the private possession.

The Gate of Perama, or the Crossing, was just beyond, so called because boats from Galata here landed their passengers. Its name among the Ottomans was Balouk Bazar Kapou. The name has clung to the place, though the spacious portal it designated long since disappeared. Appropriated to the fishmongers by Constantine, it has continued from his day to this the largest and best-stocked fish-market of the East. During forty-five successive generations of mankind the seventy fish species of the Bosphorus, each in its season, have been exposed here in daily sale.

That market left behind, one scrambles on over a slimy, oily, slippery pavement, where the mud splashes in driest summer, and the foulest odors mingle in a combined stench more nauseating than any individual smell. The right of way seems the monopoly of the hamals, — human beasts of burden, — who with vociferous cries of “Vardar!” “Vardar!” — Take care! Take care! — warn pedestrians from the path. Often eight totter along together, transporting an entire bullock-skin, which, filled with oil, exudes grease from every hairy pore. And the porters seem as heavy footed and as stolid-minded as the dead brute whose distended skin they carry. The shops a little farther on are gay from top to bottom, during Easter week, with millions of crimson and gilded Easter eggs. When Yemische, the Fruit Bazaar, is reached, the sight of its antiquated, romantic roof, and its luscious stores of every fruit the East produces, and the perfumes they exhale in one commingled fragrance, more than reward the patience and the toil with which one has come thus far.

Portions of the wall and the posts are standing at Zindan Kapou, the Prison Gate, but the arch is gone. Close by is the Debtors' Prison, wherein, when no other accusation was at hand, obnoxious persons were incontinently clapped on charge of debt. Next is Odoun Kapou, the Wooden Gate. The surrounding level tract, closed on the south by the sharply ascending hillside and overshadowed by the imposing Mosque of Sultan Souleïman I with its four sumptuous minarets, was appropriated to the Venetian colony during Byzantine days. Desolation now marks the region in consequence of a fire, which, in July, 1890, destroyed nearly a thousand houses. Till a few months ago houses and shops perched upon or intermingled with the few projecting towers and the still-preserved battlements of the wall. High up on a white marble slab almost every tower bore the reverent inscription +ΠΤΡΟΟΘΕΟΦΙΛΟΤΕΝΧΩΑΤΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΟС+, Tower of Theophilos, Emperor in Christ, — always beginning and ending with the cross.

After Ayasma Kapou, Gate of the Holy Fountain, Oun Kapou, familiar in ancient and modern times as the Flour Gate, is reached. On the right is the longer, broader bridge, first constructed by Mahmoud II the Great, now seeming dreary and deserted, utilized only by infrequent passengers. On a tower just beyond might be seen, till a year ago, the sole still unutilized inscription of Theophilos. The ancient Glass Gate is now Djubali Kapou, Gate of the Sheik Djub Ali, who died in 1526, but who is famous even yet for the immensity of his person and of his learning. Through Aya Kapou, the Holy Gate, then the Gate of Saint Theodosia, on the 29th of May, 1453, a horde of Janissaries rushed to the sack of the crowded white church above, now Ciul Djami. Yeni Kapou, the

New Gate, is the only one thus far reached which was made by the Ottomans. It was opened by Souleïman I for the easier transport of building material to the mosque he was erecting on the hill above in honor of his father, Sultan Selim I.

The street grows still narrower, lined by a row of mediæval houses. A mass of ancient masonry, jutting from the west into the street, and splitting it in twain like a wedge, indicates the southeast corner of the fortified enclosure called, twelve centuries ago, the Castle of Petrion. Here, in the days of Justinian the Great, the patrician Peter erected a church and an immense asylum for the poor. He encircled the whole with walls, and bequeathed to the locality his name. In this castle the emperor-monk Stavrakios died, in 1812, of wounds received in battle against the Bulgarians.

Inside the enclosure Basil I, who seized the throne in 867, founded the great female Monastery of Saint John the Forerunner, of which not a stone remains in place. In expiation of his sins he caused his four daughters to enter it as nuns. Anna Dalassina the mother, and Irene the wife, of Alexios, afterwards Alexios I Komnenos, were here confined by the timorous Emperor Nikephoros III. To it the Empress Theodora, sister of the voluptuous and oft-married Empress Zoe, twice withdrew as a nun, having twice voluntarily descended from the throne. Twice, against her will, but forced by popular clamor, she reassumed the crown, the last time at the age of seventy. Her virtuous and most glorious reign had but one defect: it was of brief duration. The great sovereign died in 1056, having held the sceptre less than three years.

The monastery was unrivalled in its wealth of relics. Here were kept the spear, sponge and reed, believed to be

consecrated by the Saviour's Passion. These relics were seized by the Latin Crusaders, and after many wanderings and barterings came into the possession of Louis IX. the Saint Louis of France. By him they were confided to the pious guardianship of the Sainte Chapelle at Paris. There they remained till 1793, when, in the Reign of Terror, agents of the Convention melted the gold casket in which they were contained, and threw the long-cherished contents away. It possessed, moreover, a gilded right hand reputed to be that of John the Baptist. With a heart full of reverence for the hand which she believed had pointed out the Lamb of God and had baptized the Saviour, Anna Komnena wrote, with her own fingers, on the golden lid beneath which the priceless relic was enshrined, the following inscription:—

“ The wrist a bone, but whence the golden hand ?

A fruit from the wilderness, from Palestine.

A golden palm, golden-fingered, stranger!

The wrist a bone from the plant of the Forerunner.

That hand has now been gilded over by the skill and the devotion
Of Anna the Queen, born in the purple.”

After innumerable vicissitudes this hand, in 1797, was acquired by the Russian Emperor Paul, and has ever since been religiously guarded by the czars. The monastery and grounds were bestowed by Mohammed II upon a Servian Christian lady, the mother of Mohammed Pasha, who was the Sultan's favorite Grand Vizir and brother-in-law.

The boundaries of the ancient Castle of Petriou may still be traced; but the spot is now mainly important as including the cathedral and palace of his Holiness the Ecumenical or Greek Patriarch, whom over one hundred million Christians, members of various independent

national churches, revere as, under Christ, their spiritual head.

The whole region is now comprised in the quarter of Phanar, so called from a phanos, or lighthouse, which stood at the end of the little promontory, and was a landmark on the Golden Horn. This district is enterprising, prosperous, cleanly, and well kept. One admires the balconies, supported by finely wrought consoles, and the thick-walled, strongly built stone houses, which seem half fortress, half habitation. Here lived the Phanariotes, who played so great a part, sometimes glorious, sometimes inglorious, in later Ottoman and Greek history. "Hither," as eloquently says Théophile Gautier, "has fled ancient Byzantium. Here live in obscurity descendants of the Komnenoi, the Dukai, the Palaiologoi, — princes without principalities, but whose ancestors wore the purple, and in whose veins beats imperial blood."

At the western extremity of Phanar, in extensive grounds, where formerly stood the palace of the Kantakouzenoi, the hospodars of Wallachia, is a metochion, or dependence of the Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem. In the library of the metochion the erudite Bishop of Nicomedia, Philotheos Bryennios, in 1880 was searching among the many ancient and mediæval manuscripts for a sentence which had escaped his memory, but which he remembered having read in the treatise of some humble and unpublished writer. Bound in a single volume with numerous other short discourses, and written in the cursive hand of the twelfth century, a work met his eye which he had never seen. It proved to be a copy — the only one known — of the often-referred-to and long-lost "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," which was composed at latest in the first half of the second century.

Its discovery produced an excitement in the religious world of Europe and America second only to that which Tischendorf aroused with the priceless "Codex Sinaiticus." I recall with peculiar pleasure that, through the kindness of the learned prelate, I was the first foreigner permitted to look upon the venerable pages. A copy of the photograph which he shortly after allowed me to take of the first part of the document, fitly ornaments this page.

The melancholy wall, with its broken towers in every stage of ruin, enters an unsavory quarter, swarming with population. This is Constantinople's modern ghetto. "It

ἡ δὲ δαχὴ τῶν δώδεκ' ἀποστόλων·
 ἡ δαχὴ κυρίου ἡ δαχὴ ἀποστόλων τοῦ ἐμῶν. ὁ δὲ δώ.
 ἡ δὲ δαχὴ τῶν δώδεκ' ἀποστόλων τοῦ ἐμῶν. ὁ δὲ δώ.
 ἡ δὲ δαχὴ τῶν δώδεκ' ἀποστόλων τοῦ ἐμῶν. ὁ δὲ δώ.

BEGINNING OF THE ΔΙΔΑΧΗ, THE "TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES"

would be difficult to imagine any spot more unclean, infectious, and pestilential." But its name, Balat, has a lordly origin, being derived from the word "palation" (palace), referring to the imperial Palace of the Blachernai, which was formerly adjacent on the west. The ancient Gate of the Palace has disappeared; but at a little distance another gate shows its still stately form. This is the Hunter's Gate, the largest and most imposing of those on the Golden Horn. Through it imperial parties proceeding to the chase at Kosmedion, now Eyoub, used to issue with that ceremonious etiquette which always everywhere attended a Byzantine emperor. It consists of a single spacious arch, which was solidly walled up imme-

diately after the Conquest. On the left side, in bas-relief, is the colossal figure of the Archangel Michael holding a palm-leaf; on the right a Jewish house, which has been built close against the wall, completely conceals a corresponding bas-relief of the Holy Virgin. The whole scene represents the Annunciation. By a curious clerical blunder this gate is called, on the old German maps, *Das Arzthor*, or the Gate of the Physician.

Traversing the filled-up site of the third and last of the Byzantine neoria, or dockyards, the wall reaches the Ottoman quarter, whose name, *Aïvan Serai*, or the High Palace, preserves the tradition of the *Blachernai*. On the left of the Gate of *Aïvan Serai*, which was opened by the Ottomans, is a mournful ruin, once the resplendent palace of Theophilos' daughters. Then the route is cut by another wall, eleven feet thick, which crosses the street at right-angles, and is prolonged to the water. This is the ancient rampart, or wing, of the *Blachernai*, and was designed to afford additional protection. In it is *Odoun Kapou*, the ancient *Xyloporta*, or Wooden Gate, low and narrow, and the last on the Golden Horn.

The three adjacent districts of Phanar, Balat, and *Aïvan Serai* had a prominent and perhaps decisive part in the only two sieges which Constantinople was unable to resist.

In 1203 they were attacked by the Venetian forces of the Fourth Crusade. The French historian Villehardouin was an eye-witness of the battle. He says that "the wall was well provided with English and Danish soldiers." The besiegers were led to the attack by "the blind old Dandolo, Byzantium's conquering foe." The Venetian galleys came so near that ladders from their prows reached the summit of the wall. When the Venetians

wavered in their attack, their sightless Doge, then over ninety years of age, reviled his countrymen for their cowardice. Grasping the gonfalon of Saint Mark, and guided by two intrepid soldiers, he rushed against the defenders of the wall. His waving long white hair became the ensign of his followers. From shame and loyalty they renewed the fight. Twenty-five towers were captured, but the defeat of their French allies in another quarter compelled them to withdraw. They first, however, set that part of the city on fire.

During the Ottoman siege, the defence of Phanar, Balat, and Aïvan Serai, was intrusted to the Grand Duke Notaras. Here Zaganos Pasha, the third in rank of the Sultan's vizirs, led the terrible attack. It is the concurrent testimony of Ottoman historians, and of Ottoman tradition, that through the wall at Aïvan Serai, and not through the land wall, their forces first fought their way into the city. Most of the Greek writers are strangely silent as to the point of entry. Michael Dukas hinges the result on the unguarded wicket gate of Kerkoporta on the landward side. That gate he declares to have been left open and undefended in the crisis of the siege. Careful comparison of all the testimony available leads to the conclusion that through a breach in this very wall at Aïvan Serai — perhaps one of the breaches still visible and open — the Janissaries first seized the city; that from one of the towers on the Golden Horn — perhaps one of these towers still frowning and erect — first floated their sanguinary flag.

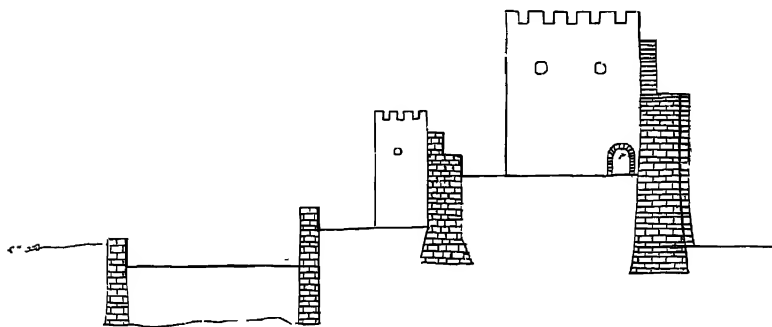
THE LAND WALL

CONSTANTINE fortified his new-built capital on the west by a wall running northward like the arc of a great circle from the Gate of Saint Emilianos to a point near the present Djubali Kapou on the Golden Horn. With marvellous rapidity the city grew. In less than a hundred years a territory outside the wall, equal in extent to that included within, was densely populated. To defend this outlying, exposed quarter, which was an organic part of the capital, Theodosius II in 413 constructed fortifications generally parallel to those of Constantine. The latter, now useless, were neglected, and gradually disappeared. Perhaps in the inaccessible private gardens and residences of the populous Ottoman quarters some of its remains exist. Up to the present they have eluded my diligent and often-repeated search. Possibly a future investigator may accurately trace the course Constantine marked out with his spear, and determine beyond question the as yet unknown western limits of the city.

The fortifications of Theodosius were conceived and accomplished on an enormous scale. No mere single line of wall, however strong, nor of towers, however thick and lofty, was deemed enough. Three parallel and concentric walls, buttressed by towers, and furthermore protected by a broad, deep moat, were built from the Marmora to the Golden Horn.

First there was the inner wall, whose height varied from forty to seventy feet, and whose thickness from two yards to over six. On the top, behind the parapet, ran a level space along which the soldiers could pass. Planted at intervals of one hundred and sixty feet, rose square,

polygonal or circular towers, projecting from and always overtopping the wall. About three rods distant stood the second or outer wall, likewise strengthened by towers, it and they being of inferior proportions to the inner or great wall. The space between the two was called "peribolos," was raised some yards higher than the outer level, and afforded a vantage ground for the besieged on which to fight. The garrison seldom fought from the top of the high towers, and almost never from behind the parapet of the inner wall.



A SECTION OF THE WALLS

Less than four rods from the outer wall stretched the moat. Throughout its entire length it was from sixty to seventy feet wide, and nowhere less than thirty feet in depth. It was lined on both sides by walls of hewn stone, which at their base were over two yards thick. The top of the outer lining rose slightly above the general level of the ground, while the inner—that towards the city—was built several yards higher still, and really constituted a third wall of defence. Narrow partitions at varying distances cut the moat and served as locks. In each were hidden waterpipes, which could flood the moat

or convey water to the besieged. The existence and the management of these pipes was a state secret, confided only to a trusted few. The moat in front of the gates was crossed by drawbridges, which were entirely removed in time of siege. All the walls had parapets, and were faced on both sides with hewn stone, the space between being filled with a conglomerate mass of stone and mortar.

Well might Theodosius II, when his stupendous defences were complete, deem his capital impregnable. In days when the cannon was unknown, the most dauntless commander and the mightiest army might well shrink back in terror at the sight of such tremendous works. Like a broad, deep, bridgeless river stretched the moat in its precipitous sheath of stone. Even were it crossed, and its inner smooth, high face of rock surmounted, there rose beyond the formidable front of the outer wall and towers, defended on the vantage ground of the peribolos by phalanxes of fighting men. And if those bastions were carried, and their defenders driven back in rout inside the city, there loomed beyond, mocking the ladder and the battering-ram, the adamantine, overawing inner wall. Along its embrasured top the besieged might stroll, and laugh to scorn the impotent assault of hitherto successful but now baffled foes. No wonder that the historian of the bravest army that ever besieged the capital said of his own astounded comrades, "Know ye that there was no man so bold that his flesh did not creep; and by no means was it a marvel."

The fortifications, invulnerable to man, were rent like tow by the earthquake, and in 447 the entire walls were thrown down. Theodosius II was still on the throne, and he intrusted their restoration to Cyrus, the Prefect of the city.

Around the Church of the Blachernai, founded by the Empress Pulcheria, the sister of Theodosius, soon grew up an opulent and elegant suburb. When the Avars and Persians threatened to attack the city. Heraklios I in 625, in order to protect this suburb, built from near the Palace of the Hebdomon, as far as the Golden Horn, that enormous structure with its tremendous towers, sometimes called Wing, or Rampart, of the Blachernai, and sometimes the Heraklian Wall. These fortifications are much higher, thicker, and stronger than those of Theodosius, but are undefended by an outer wall or moat.

Early in the ninth century Leo V, the Armenian, surrounded the ayasma or Holy Fountain of Saint Basil, then outside the northwest corner of Heraklios' fortification, with a wall of inferior height and strength. Thus he endeavored to defend the tiny chapel and the ayasma from the ravages of Crum, the dreaded Bulgarian King. To the whole was given the name of the Pentepyrghion, or the Five Towers.

Through more than a thousand years these walls were watched with scrupulous and unremitting care. To enumerate the sovereigns who repaired them, or endeavored to make them stronger, is to repeat the chronologic list of Byzantine emperors from Theodosius II to Constantine XIII. Of all the restorations, the most complete was that of Leo III, the Isaurian, who, at war with the Saracens and the Caliph, in the eighth century rebuilt the greater part, even from the foundation stone. The longest continued and most laborious was that of the last two Palaiologoi, in anticipation of the inevitable Ottoman attack.

Now they are venerable ruins, sublime and awful in their unutterable desolation and decay. In places the

moat is filled up level with the ground outside, and through the prostrate walls the plough may be almost driven where their foundations stood. In other places the moat still yawns in all its former depth, and the walls behind stand in perfect preservation, but absolute abandonment, like the deserted stone cities of *Petræa*. Throughout their entire length, parallel to the moat, lies the white line of Justinian's once well-paved *Triumphal Way*. At



CEMETERY OUTSIDE THE WALLS

its side spreads to the west the continuous cemetery, sombre with its thousands of mournful cypresses and plane-trees. Nowhere in the world is there a promenade so pathetic, so dreary, so supremely sad, as this imperial broken highway, which reaches on mile after mile between ruins and a cemetery. Even the dust that stifles in the hot winds of summer, and mixes in deep, muddy sloughs all the winter through, is the dust of the dead. And yet the beauty of the scene, in the sunshine and amid the

bursting life of spring, beheld through the transparent air and under a sky of Ionian blue, is equal to its austere magnificence.

Starting from the Imperial Landing of the Springs, which thrusts itself into the bright waves of the Marmora, let us follow this Via Sacra northward, lingering only where we must. It is no brief excursion we have to make. The wall of Theodosios, terminating about eighty feet from the Palace of the Hebdomon, is 18,275 feet in length. The wall of Heraklios, which thence continues, is 3,200 feet long. Altogether the length of the walk before us is therefore 21,475 feet, or more than four miles.

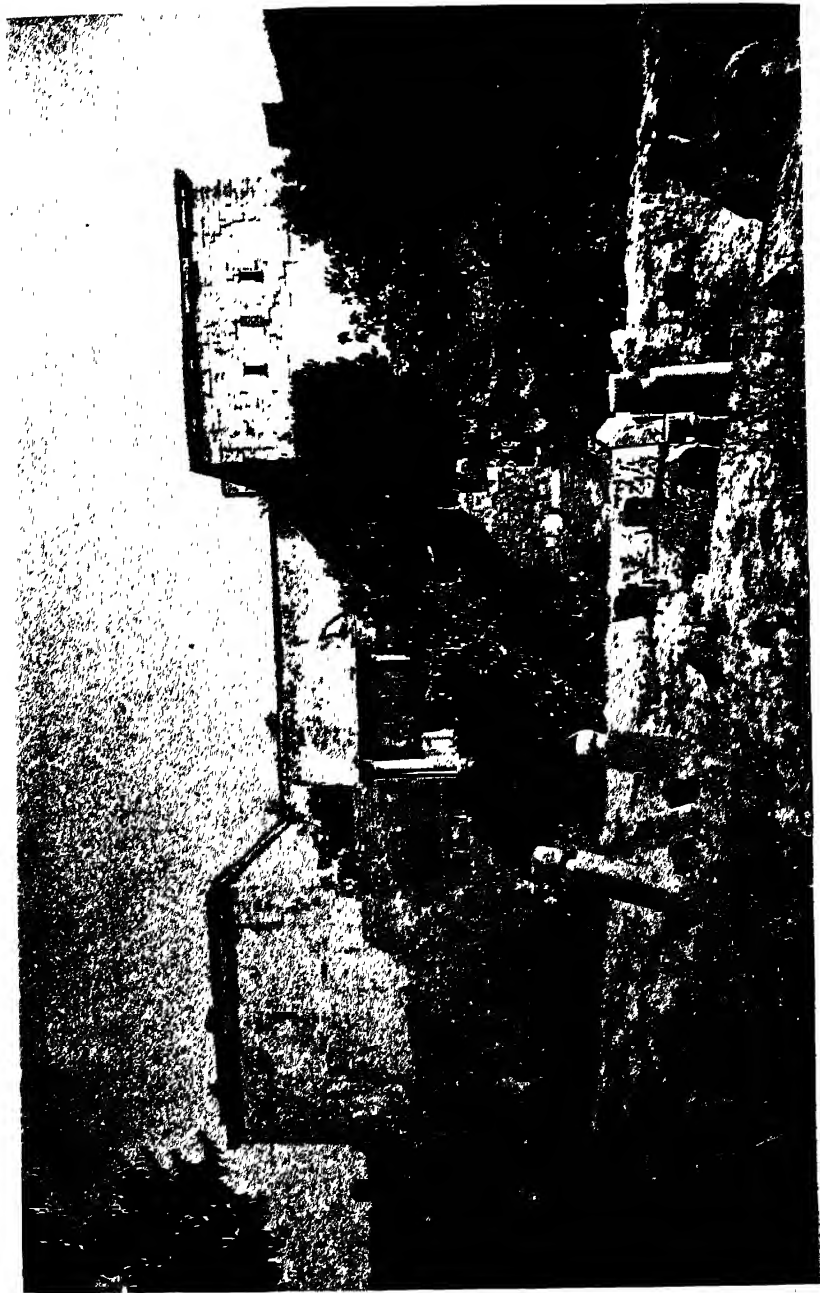
The white marble zone on the great pentagonal tower farthest south bears the following inscription: + ΠΤΡ-

ΓΟCΒΑCΙΑΕΙΟΤΚΑΙΚΩΝCΤΙΝΟΤΗΙCΤΩΝΕΝΧΩΑΤΤΟ-ΚΡΑΡΩΝΕΤCΕΒΕΙCΒΑCΙΑΕΙCΡΩΜΕΩΝ +, “+ Tower of Basil and Constantine, faithful Emperors in Christ, devout Kings of the Romans +.” Hence it commemorates the brothers Basil II and Constantine IX, who sat on the throne together fifty-six years, from 969 to 1025, and whose common reign, marked by mutual trust and devotion, has no parallel in the annals of imperial fraternal affection. Utterly unlike, — one the ferocious conqueror of the Saracens and Bulgarians, the other absorbed in the empty pleasures of his court, — it would be impossible to say which was the more loving and generous brother. At last Basil died, and the stricken Constantine reigned on three years more alone. Adjacent, on the north, is a small arched gate, having over it the >P<, and hence called Postern of Jesus Christ.

The tower farthest south in the outer wall bears a memorable inscription. From it we learn that this was the last completed by John VIII Palaiologos when striv-

ing to prepare his capital against the sure Ottoman attack. The last century of the Byzantine Empire was one ceaseless, exhausting crisis. Whatever the faults and foibles of its later sovereigns, they did their utmost with their available resources, and by all the arts of war and peace, to protect and preserve their imperial heritage. So, through eleven years, from 1433 to 1444, though his palaces and churches crumbled and remained unrepaired, John VIII toiled with tireless diligence to restore and strengthen his fortifications. He is even considered by many to have built the outer wall and towers from their foundations.

On the octagonal tower a little farther north is, still perfectly preserved, the most exquisitely cut inscription to be seen on the inner wall: + ΠΑCΙΡΩΜΑΙΟΙCΜΕΓΑ-
CΔΕCΠΟΤΗCΗΓΕΙΡΕΡΩΜΑΝΟCΝΕΟΝΟΠΑΜΜΕΓΙCΤΟC
ΤΟΝΔΕΙΠΤΡΟΝΕΚΒΑΘΡΩΝ +, “+ The most mighty Ro-
manos, mighty Lord of all the Romans, erected this Tower
from the foundations+.” But only a dubious immortality
is conferred, as no man can determine which of the four
Emperors Romanos is intended. Romanos I was a mighty
warrior, who defeated the Russians by sea and land.
Romanos II was a cowardly parricide, who gave his father
a cup of poison, and himself, after a shameful reign, died
in just retribution from poison administered by his wife.
Romanos III was both a debauchee and monkish ascetic,
at last smothered in the bath, that his guilty wife might
wed her paramour, while her dead husband lay unburied.
Romanos IV was a hero and martyr, immortalized by the
knightly chivalry of his foe Sultan Alp Arslan, by the
devotion of his Empress Eudoxia, and by his own unutter-
able misfortunes. All the four held the sceptre during
the tenth and eleventh centuries; the pompous inscription
may be the servile eulogy of either.



THE GOLDEN GATE

The railway track pierces the wall close by, and with its continuous bands of steel links the metropolis of the Eastern Caesars to the cities of the West. The hoot of the locomotive constantly startles the stillness that otherwise would be tomb-like, and the mediæval wall trembles at the thundering train.

The hexagonal tower beyond, remarkable for its rich marble lintel and its Byzantine cross, after having been thrown down by earthquake, was rebuilt in its present form by the joint Emperors Leo and Constantine.

The moat, as far as this tower, is shallow, almost filled with a rich and fertile soil, utilized as a vegetable garden. It was here formerly crossed by an ancient bridge, no portion of which is left save some of the projecting supports. In front is a gate, of insignificant dimensions, flanked by columns of vert antique with Corinthian capitals. Opposite, in the inner wall, is a vast central arch, with a large though smaller arch on either side, the three closed with solid masonry. On the right and left are high square towers, covered with slabs of the whitest marble. Save their grandiose appearance, and the Byzantine eagle which spreads its broken wings above the corner of the tottering northern tower, nothing indicates the former magnificence or history of the fast-closed central arch.

Yet this is Constantinople's long-famed Golden Gate, which never opened except to imperial or triumphal processions, and to return through which was the aspiration of victorious armies and commanders. After its completion, Theodosius II passed through it in a car drawn by elephants. Through it Belisarius, with his Vandal prisoners and their captive king, Gelimer; Heraklios I, the conqueror of the Persians; Leo III, Nikephoros II, and John Zimiskes, each victorious over the Saracens; Basil II,

the slayer of the Bulgarians, and many another Byzantine general, made their solemn entry. No stranger procession ever passed its portal than in 1261, when Michael VIII Palaiologos and his army, having wrested the city from the Latins, walked barefoot into their ancestral capital, while the holy picture of the Virgin led the way in the



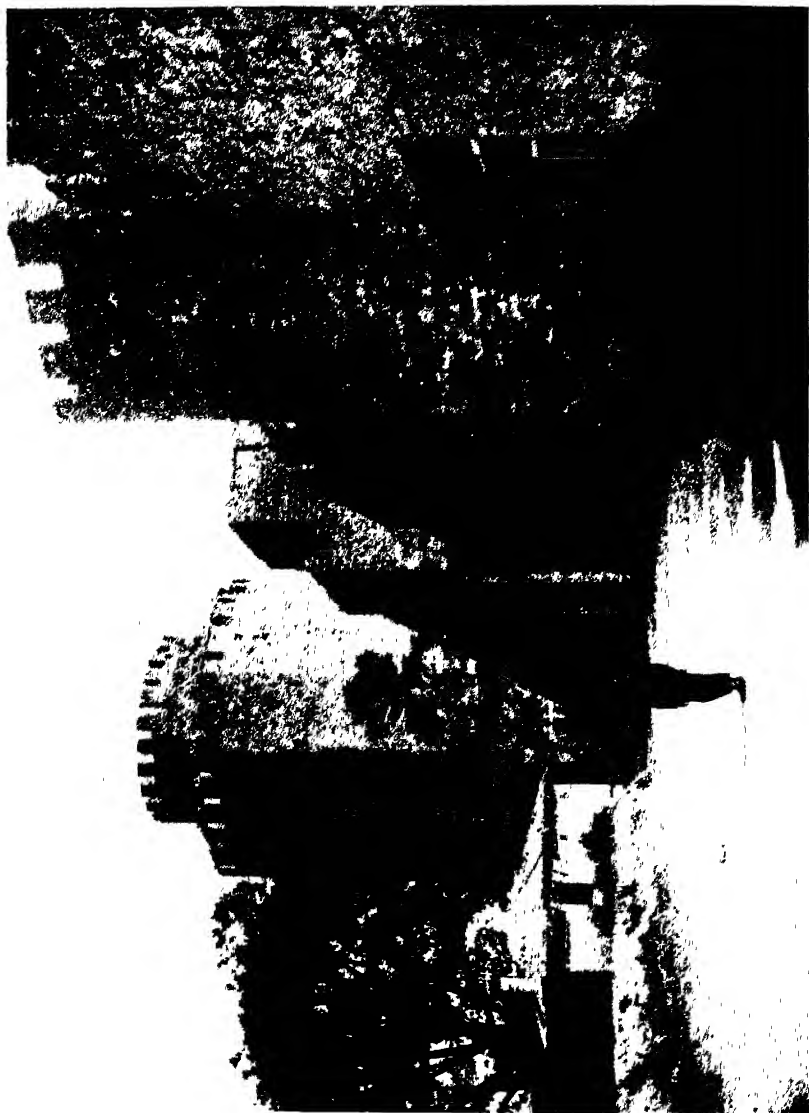
THE GOLDEN GATE

triumphal chariot. During the previous century it had been walled up, for some unknown reason ; but at the Latin conquest in 1204 it had been broken through by the fleeing populace in the endeavor to escape. It was last closed, by order of Mohammed II, in 1453. To this day the Ottomans regard it with superstitious dread, believing that through it some future Christian conqueror is to take possession of the city.

The central gate was originally sixty feet in height, and nearly half as wide. Its present appearance, and that of the lateral gates, strikingly reveals how at various periods its proportions diminished. One can now pass through a humble opening, less than six feet high, which is closed by a decaying oaken door and made fast by a wooden bar. On the lateral gates the monogram of Christ may be seen, and the cross is carved on the pilasters. Every other vestige of former splendor is gone. But travellers who saw it less than two hundred years ago describe in enthusiastic terms the bas-reliefs of classical subjects with which it was still adorned. Among them were the Fall of Phaeton, Hercules and Cerberus, Hercules' Capture of the Cretan Bull, and the Visit of Venus to Adonis.

By a winding inner passage one may ascend to the top of the southern tower, and then, climbing northward over the broken tiles and through sturdy bushes, stand directly above the Golden Gate. Looking down, one beholds, ninety feet below, the route traced by those grand processions wherein military prowess and imperial power culminated in a gorgeous cortège. On that lofty, ruined height the eye revels in a glorious view over land and sea, and the mind summons glorious memories. Two factors are pre-eminent in the wondrous scene: the changeless, fadeless beauty stamped on his natural creation by the hand of God, and the mutability, the brief duration, the emptiness and vanity, stamped on the work of man.

Farther to the rear are even more enormous towers, larger and higher than any in the wall. They belong to the Ottoman *Yedi Kouleh*, the Seven Towers, which occupy the site of a Byzantine fortress called *Kyklobion* or *Strongylon*, the Round Castle, *Pentepyrgion* or the Five



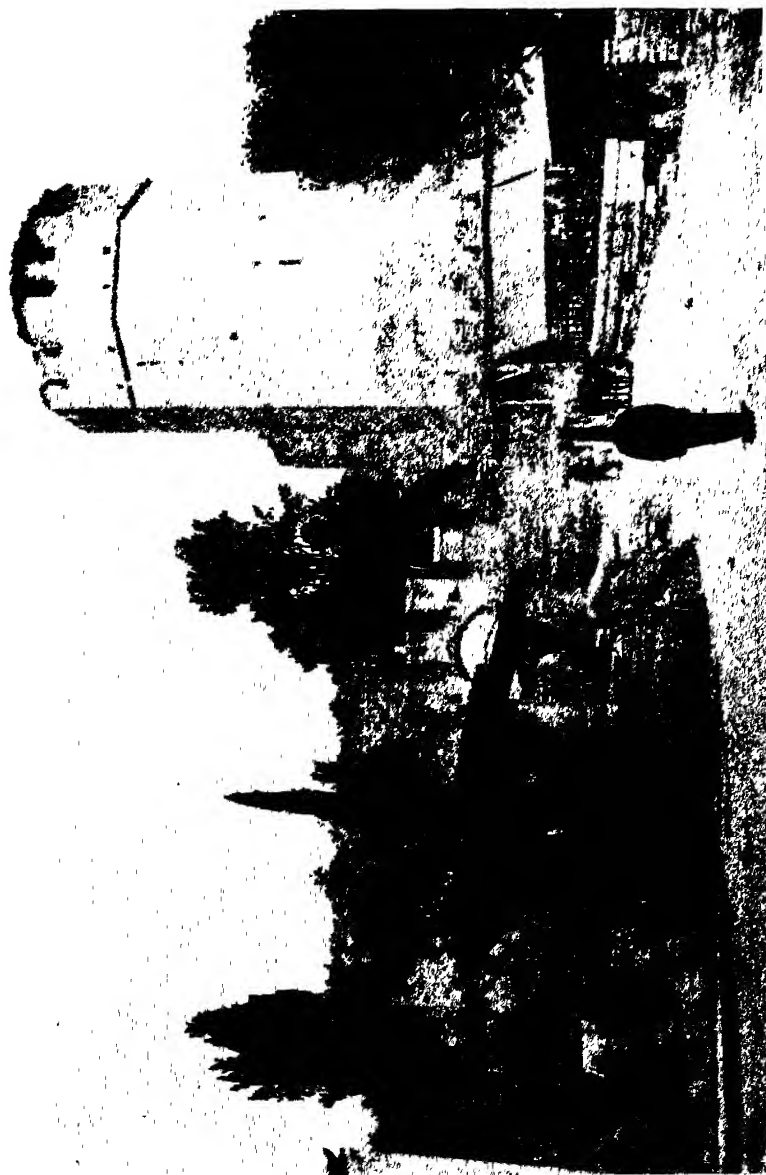
Towers, and Heptapyrgion or the Seven Towers, of which the modern Turkish name is a translation. It was first erected by the Emperor Zeno in 480. In the tenth century it was rebuilt and enlarged by John Zimiskes, Basil II, and Constantine IX. The Komnenoi made it stronger; the Latins of the Fourth Crusade levelled it with the ground. It was alternately raised and destroyed by the rivals John V and John VI. The former, finally victorious, sought to make it an acropolis against the menacing



CASTLE OF THE SEVEN TOWERS IN 1820

assault of Bayezid I. He was forced by paternal weakness to desist, the fierce Sultan having sent him word that, if the work continued, he would put out the eyes of Manuel, John's son and heir, then a hostage in the Ottoman camp.

It was constructed anew by Sultan Mohammed II in 1455. Inside the enclosure he built an immense circular palace, designed mainly as a treasure-house wherein his most-prized possessions might be safely kept. The fortress consisted of stupendous circular and polygonal towers. These were connected by a crenellated wall over



fifteen feet in thickness, the whole forming an irregular pentagon. Three of the towers were thrown down by earthquake in 1768. Till fifty or sixty years ago each tower was capped by a fantastic, high-pointed roof, like a gigantic cone.

Morbid imagination has invested the Seven Towers with a sanguinary interest which they do not deserve. The tragedies of Ottoman history, located here by romance, have usually occurred on some other stage. "Wells of blood," "Piles of heads overtopping the battlements," "Seven Sultans murdered here," "Seventeen Grand Vizirs hung by the neck from that hook," are among the fables devised for the delectation of the hungry-minded. Yet, though far surpassed in hideous horrors by the Tower of London, and the Bastile, this fortress has witnessed some frightful scenes. The boy Osman II, the first Ottoman Sultan ever slain by his subjects, was dragged hither by the Janissaries half naked and put to death in 1622 by the hands of the Grand Vizir Daoud Pasha and of three high officials. Ten months afterwards the repentant Janissaries slew the same Daoud Pasha in the same room. Here, in 1714, Constantine Brancovano, Hospodar of Wallachia and an unwilling ally of Peter the Great, was tortured without intermission for five days in the vain effort to wring from him a confession of where his treasures were hid. His wife, his four sons, and forty of his near kindred shared his sufferings and captivity.

But the place was seldom ensanguined by deeds of blood. It served rather as a prison of state. Its inmates were usually treated with the consideration due their rank. For centuries the ambassador of any power against which the Sultan had determined upon war, was, as a preliminary to the hostilities, incontinently clapped into the vast cir-



GATE OF BELGRADE

cular tower south of the main entrance. M. Ruffin, ambassador of France, was the last thus confined, being imprisoned in 1798, at the time of the French expedition to Egypt; but the custom was not officially abolished until 1806. With characteristic leniency the Ottomans permitted each ambassador after his release to carve on the outer wall of the prison tower some memorial of his captivity. These inscriptions are numerous, and often are pathetic, recording not only the date and duration of the confinement, but its tediousness and wretchedness. They are in Latin, French, German, Italian, and one in English dated 1699.

Visits of curiosity or inspection on the part of foreigners were never allowed. Even the celebrated Tournefort, though sent on a special scientific mission by Louis XIV., was refused admission in 1701. Now access is easy, and a little silver is an effective key.

The fortress is at present seldom used, and is almost abandoned. It sometimes serves as a plague hospital in pestilence or cholera. Viewed from the outside, it is grand and impressive; but its interior is the reverse of interesting or romantic. Weeds and noxious plants cover the ground. The air is unwholesome and musty. Not a stone is left to mark the site of the Conqueror's Treasure Palace. Even religion has abandoned the repellent spot, and the vanished mosque indicates its former situation only by a few rotten timbers and a half-filled hole.

North of the Seven Towers there may be seen in the inner wall *Yedi Kouleh Kapou*, or the Gate of the Seven Towers. On the city side, over the inner arch, is a quaint Byzantine eagle, carved in stone. The modern Turkish bridge, which crosses the moat in front, conducts to the plain where, in 1147, the German Emperor Conrad III

A TOWER IN THE LAND WALL



encamped with ninety thousand men, survivors of a host six times as numerous, at whose head he had begun his arrogant march from Germany. An admirably organized Armenian hospital now occupies a part of the German camp. For some distance the fortifications have suffered little in war, though terribly damaged by earthquake.

Quarter of a mile farther north, Belgrade Kapou is reached, the ancient Deutera Porta, or Second Military Gate. Walled up for centuries, it was opened only some twenty years ago. It consists of a single broad, low arch, between two well-preserved square and massive towers. Traces of ancient frescos are visible on each side. The wall is here nineteen feet thick. In 1522 Souleïman I colonized in the locality a band of Servian exiles, made prisoners of war when their capital, Belgrade, was taken during the preceding year. The name of their native city lingers in the modern appellation of the gate, and their Hellenized descendants still live close around it, near the Orthodox Greek Church of the Repose of the Holy Virgin.

The buildings which attract attention outside opposite the gate are philanthropic institutions of the Greek community. They comprise a lunatic asylum, a hospital, an orphanage, and a poor-house, — all well administered, and generously maintained. More than a thousand inmates constantly enjoy the benefit of their protection and care.

As one pursues his way, he might be tempted to linger on the left of the ancient paved highway, under the majestic cypresses which darken the endless Mussulman cemetery, or on the right to gaze at the verdant gardens of the moat, and to watch the antique, droning water-wheel. But many thousand loads of decaying garbage in one long pile line the road, and render the air so foul that one hurries past towers of unusual beauty to Selivri Kapou,



GATE OF SELIVRIA

the Gate of Selivria, the ancient Gate of the Life-giving Fountain.

It stands between two octagonal towers. On the right is that built by Manuel Bryennios; on the left, another of the brother Emperors Basil II and Constantine IX. The outer gate is a ruin. Inside the wall, on the right, hangs by a chain the mace of the Janissary Idris. It is a stone sphere with an iron handle. A commemorative inscription in Turkish, below, extols the prowess of the Janissary, and declares the weight of the mace to be eighty-six okes, or two hundred and thirty-six and one-half pounds. Under this gate, by a disused drain, the Cæsar Strategopoulos, with a handful of followers, crawled in 1261, and once inside, broke it down, and so let in his army, thus capturing the city and ending the Latin Empire.

Opposite the gate outside, at an angle in the road, is a peculiar row of seven Turkish tombstones. They evoke recollections of Byron and Dumas, of Childe Harold and Monte Cristo, of beautiful Basilike and mysterious Haidee, of the Lake of Scodra and the Greek Revolution. The largest tombstone bears the following inscription: "Here lies the head of the famous Ali Pasha of Tepelen, who, through more than fifty years, toiled for the independence of Albania." In the other graves are the heads of his sons, Veli and Mouktar, and the bodies of four near kinsmen. After the execution of the dreaded chieftain, his white-haired head was exposed on a golden plate at the Gate of the Seraglio. It was the property and perquisite of the executioner. He refused a large sum offered for it by an English showman, and sold it at a far less price to the Sheik Souleïman, a playmate and lifelong friend of the dead Pasha. Hence, instead of being stared at among the horrors of some museum, it peacefully reposes here.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE LAND WALLS

Some distance farther north is the closed *Trite Porta*, or Third Military Gate, almost hidden by ruins, where the fortifications curve like a mediæval sigma, and the outer and inner walls are brought close together. Here in the partition of the moat may be seen the recently discovered, long concealed water-pipes essential in flooding the moat,



GATE OF THE MEVLEVIS

but whose existence was for centuries regarded as less a mystery than a myth.

Then one reaches *Mevlevi Khaneh Yeni Kapou*, the New Gate of the Convent of *Mevlevi Dervishes*, the humble yellow form of which is seen at the corner of the road. This is the ancient Gate of *Melandesia*. It is flanked on either side by a square and lofty tower. It is enclosed in a sort of casement of six white marble columns, barbar-

ously painted red. No other gate centres so little interest or history, and yet no other is so covered and encircled by inscriptions. One in Greek on the lintel, and one in Latin on the right, announce the same fact, that in sixty days, under a mighty monarch, the Prefect Constantine, more commonly called Cyrus, "bound wall to wall." The Latin adds what the Greek omits, that "Pallas herself could hardly have erected so stable a fortification in so short a space of time." It is impossible to state what was the exact achievement of this Prefect of Theodosius II, here lauded in so glowing terms. It may be the restoration of the inner wall, rent by earthquake, or perhaps the outer wall was then built under his direction. But the marvel is, that in the unchanging, always sluggish East, anything so worthy of remembrance could be accomplished in sixty days. His success and consequent popularity roused the resentment and jealousy of Theodosius against Cyrus. So he ordered his Prefect to become a priest, and the Alexandrine Chronicle ingenuously adds, "and he sent him as a bishop to Smyrna, for the citizens of that city had already killed four of their bishops, and perhaps they would kill Cyrus also."

Another inscription upon the lintel — the longest found anywhere on the wall — extols the Emperor Justin II, and his wife, the puritan-minded Sophia, under whom, towards the close of the sixth century, the Theodosian wall was thoroughly repaired by their architect, Narses. One other inscription may be quoted because so typical. It reads: "The fortune of Constantine, our God-guarded Emperor, conquers."

After the Conquest, the Ottomans located their chief powder factory inside the city near this gate. One day during the last century it exploded, and destroyed nearly

a thousand houses, and uncounted lives. It was thought advisable by the government to put their new factory in some less populous spot.

The walls northward for some distance show little damage from natural convulsion or war. One tower, erected by Constantine IX on the ruins of another which an earthquake had thrown down, bears the reverent, almost illegible inscription: "O Christ, O divine Christ, preserve thy city from tumult and war. Conquer thou the wrath of its enemies." Near by is the Tetarte Porta, the Fourth Military Gate, solidly closed up. From its rear a flight of steps ascends to the summit of the wall.

The next gate is hardly more than a battered opening in the wall, with its lateral towers an almost shapeless heap of ruin. It bears no inscription, and it needs none. No other gate awakens so profound emotion: no other is custodian of so imperishable a memory. Here fought and fell the last Byzantine Emperor, the hero and martyr of the final siege. After the battle was over a mutilated body was dragged forth from under a pile of slain. From the disfigured face all likeness was gone, and the rank of the dead man was distinguishable only by his crimson shoes. This is the ancient Gate of Saint Romanos. Some months after the Conquest, Mohammed II caused to be fastened in its upper arch three cannon-balls, — the smallest of which may still be seen, — as a defiance to Christian Europe. The challenge was never accepted; but the gate has borne ever since the Turkish name of Top Kapou, or the Cannon Gate. A little distance inside is the tiny Convent of the Roufaï Dervishes. They claim that the sheepskin, whereon their Sheik is seated during their religious ceremonies, indicates the exact spot where their sated Sultan made his first prayer after victory.

The gate stands on one of the highest points traversed by the great land wall. From it northward is afforded an overmastering, overwhelming view. On the left extends the Ottoman cemetery, with its sable trees; on the right the mosque of triumphant Islam dominates Justinian's Triumphal Way, and the filled-up, dusty moat, and the prostrate towers and walls. Here is the valley of the Lycus. To resist the torrential waters of spring, the fortifications were here made doubly thick and strong. Yet from the configuration of the ground it was the most vulnerable point in the land walls. Against this point was directed the assault of Mourad II, in 1422, when cannon were for the first time employed in siege. Though the Ottoman camp, in 1453, extended from the Marmora to the Golden Horn, the Sultan's headquarters were directly opposite, on the west, in the great plain now called by the name of Daoud Pasha; and, according to tradition, the Conqueror's tent was pitched where now stands the Ottoman Military Hospital of Mal Tepeh.

Against this point in the walls was directed the mammoth cannon of the Hungarian mercenary, Ourban, the soldier of fortune, who had first been in the service of Constantine, but who deserted to Mohammed II for larger and surer pay. The Ottoman historian, Khodja Effendi, states that this cannon weighed thirty thousand pounds, was drawn by a hundred oxen, was served by five hundred cannoneers, required two hours to load, and launched a ball of twelve hundred pounds. But, despite its monstrous size, it did little execution, as it burst the fourth time it was discharged, and tore its inventor to pieces. When the Ottomans made their last and successful charge, the moat was filled level with the ground with bodies of the dying and the dead, over which, as by a bridge, the

survivors rushed to the attack. In 1477 Mohammed II repaired many portions of the walls and gates, but ordered that the Gate of Saint Romanos, and the ruins northward, should not be touched, and should remain forever the eloquent and awe-inspiring monument of his victory.

Of the thirty-eight towers, large and small, once existing between the Gate of Saint Romanos and the Gate of Adrianople, which crowns the hilltop on the north, it is impossible to count how many still remain. Their former shape can hardly be distinguished in their crumbled ruins. Vandalism and greed have supplemented the havoc wrought by Mohammed II. In the effort to turn a thrifty penny by the sale of building-material, the Ottoman Government, in 1868, undertook the demolition of the walls by blasting. This attempt was checked by the energetic remonstrances of the British ambassador, but not until a considerable portion had been blown up and carted away. One of the largest towers was disposed of to an Ottoman contractor for a thousand piasters, or about forty dollars. On one of the towers in the outer wall then destroyed was a marble slab bearing the name of Manuel Jagaris, cut in larger and more glaring characters than any other inscription. To him and to another monk, Nikodemos of Rhodes, Constantine XIII had intrusted all the money he could obtain for the repair of the fortifications. Months after the sack had ceased, some Janissaries unearthed in this tower seventy thousand gold byzants, which the foul monk had stolen and concealed, but had never been able to enjoy.

Soulou Kouleh, the Water Tower, is built on an arch directly over the bed of the Lycus. Just beyond is the walled-up Pempte Porta, the Fifth Military Gate. At various periods it was gradually made smaller, and was

finally closed before the siege. Above may be read the eulogistic statement, "Pusæus, no less than great Anthemios, strengthened to their utmost the towers and gates." Pusæus was doubtless an officer of the Latin Empire, and the gate is often called by his name. Of the more than



INTERIOR VIEW OF GATE OF ADRIANOPLE IN 1893

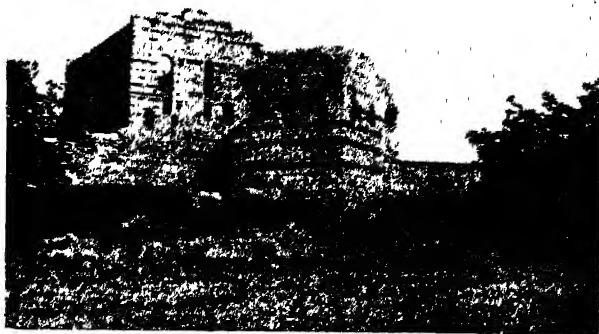
fifty inscriptions on the land wall, only this and one other are in Latin, all the rest being in Greek.

The Gate of Adrianople, Edirneh Kapou, stands on the summit of the sixth hill, more than two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Its ancient name of Gate of Polyandria, or Myriandria, the Many Men, is thus accounted for by Kodinos. He says that eight thousand workmen belonging to the Blues, and an equal number

belonging to the Greens, at the same moment began the erection of the wall,—the former on the Marmora, the latter on the Golden Horn. They approached each other with equal celerity and skill, and at last met here, simultaneously completing their respective sides. The earthquake of 1894 threw down the hitherto well-preserved inner towers and gates. Here the inner wall was over twenty-seven feet thick. On it were suspended two ponderous stone maces, which have doubtless crashed through human bones; and close beneath, in striking contrast, were crowded dove-cotes, where numerous pigeons interminably sat and brooded over their young. Through this gate the Conqueror made his formal triumphal entry on that fatal 29th of May, 1453. From it, during more than four hundred years, all the Ottoman armies marched to their European wars. In the neighboring Mosque of Mihrima Sultana, the Sultan always prayed before departing on a military expedition. The most Oriental and Asiatic of all the gates, it is the favorite of the Ottomans. Here, and at no other, camels are often seen.

The view changes in character as one proceeds northward, but becomes no less superb. It sweeps over the grave-studded hills, across the Golden Horn, to the villages and desolate plateau on the farther side. The wall, thus far open to the road, is for some distance shut off by a long, narrow, carefully enclosed Greek cemetery, which occupies part of the ancient martial Plain of the Hebdomon, the parade ground of the Byzantines. Here not a vacant inch remains for another grave. Every thrust of the digger's spade turns up matted masses of human bones. The outer wall has almost disappeared. The inner, with its towers, is marvellously intact. It bends abruptly to the northeast at the Tower of Nicolas. Who

this Nicolas was, when he lived, or what he did, no one knows beyond the fact that a tedious inscription on this tower gives him a disputed title, and preserves his name. Beyond the closed Ekte Porta, the Sixth Military Gate, rises the plaintive, gloomy ruin of the Palace of the Hebdomon, fronted and half-menaced, half-defended by the massive Tower of the Tribunal. Here ends the inner wall, cut off by the ancient palace. Doubtless it origi-



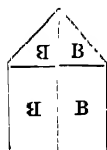
PALACE OF THE HEBDOMON AND TOWER OF THE TRIBUNAL

nally kept on in a straight course northeast, descending the hill to the Golden Horn. But after the erection of the wall of Heraklios outside the Blachern quarter, any portion of the wall of Theodosius thus included became useless, and was destroyed.

Here, too, is the site of the wicket gate, Kerkopoporta, which a tale of Michael Dukas, a historian contemporary with the siege, invests with a legendary importance and fame. He states that from this gate a handful of the garrison made frequent sorties, always leaving it open so

as to insure a safe retreat. He says that on that 29th of May fifty Janissaries lay in ambush, and, watching their opportunity, dashed in before the garrison could return. The few soldiers still inside were panic-stricken at their sudden appearance, and fled in despair. Forthwith the fifty rushed upon the flank of the Emperor, who thus far had repulsed every attack at the Gate of Saint Romanos. Other Ottomans followed close behind, and, swarming upon the towers, planted their triumphant flags. Meanwhile the wild cry, "It is taken! It is taken!" was heard from every direction. According as this tale of Dukas is credited or disbelieved, is the importance or insignificance of Kerkoporta in determining the result.

Antiquaries have waged a wordy and often a bitter battle as to the brief portion of the wall which continues beyond the Palace of the Hebdomon. Doubtless it bounded the western side of some dependence of the palace. In it is a built-up gate, its lintel a splendid block of marble over fifteen feet long and more than three feet thick. Six beautiful windows, a little farther on, break the monotony of the wall. On one of them, evidently closed many centuries ago, is a rude heraldic shield carved with the four mystic Byzantine B's.



Here ends the Theodosian Wall. From it, at right-angles, the Heraklian Wall with its still loftier battlements diverges in a straight line westward. The moat, continuous from the Marmora, comes bluntly against it and ends. Passing two colossal towers, one reaches the closed, almost buried Gate of Saint Kallinikos, so called from a once neighboring church, of which nothing remains. Then one stands beneath the circular corner Tower of Kaligaria, to which a single event imparts deathless interest.

THE TOWER OF KALIGARIA AND NEIGHBORING TOWERS



Cold, calm, impassive, it tells no tale of a long-since ended agony; the imperial form which once climbed its stairs has left upon its walls a shadow no more lasting than that of the passing cloud. Phranzes, constant companion of the Emperor, and faithful historian of the last siege, tells how in that direful night they made their melancholy circuit of the walls, and sought to encourage the sleepless sentinels in their watch. "When we came to Kaligaria, at the first hour of cockcrow, we dismounted from our horses and ascended the tower. And we heard the murmur of frequent talking and a mighty tumult outside. The guards told us that all the night it had been thus; for the Ottomans were making ready, and were dragging up their machines of war for the battle at the walls, and were bringing them near the moat." To the sublime band peering through the darkness towards the tented plain those commingling sounds came as the voice of Fate.

"It was a sad and solemn task to hold
Their midnight watch on that beleaguered wall.
The heavy clouds were as an empire's pall;
The giant shadows of each tower and fane
Lay like the grave's. A low, mysterious call
Breathed in the wind, and from the tented plain
A voice of omens rose with each wild martial strain:
For they might catch the Arab charger's neighing,
The Thracian drum, the Tartar's drowsy song;
Might almost hear the soldan's banner swaying,
The watchword muttered in some Eastern tongue.
And boding thoughts came o'er them, dark and strong;
For heaven, earth, air, speak auguries to those
Who see their numbered hours fast pressing to the close."

Three towers more—as impressive to the eye, but destitute of a memory—and the gate is reached which history has invested with many names: of Kaligaria, because

all the neighboring quarter was inhabited by makers of the kaliga, a soldier's shoe; of the Bulgarians, because the frequent point of attack in the assaults of that warlike people; of Karsia, or the Crooked, because the inner and outer portals are neither opposite nor parallel. The Ottomans have literally translated the latter name, calling the gate *Egri Kapon*. Of all the entrances in the Heraklian



THE CROOKED GATE

Wall, this is the only one which is double, and which was not closed with masonry in the Ottoman siege.

Through it Justinian the Great made a triumphal entry; so too did the exiled Alexios Komnenos, in 1081, on his return as Emperor. Against it the Franks of the Fourth Crusade, in 1203, directed their main attack; likewise at first did the Ottomans in 1453, endeavoring also to break in by mining. Their attempts were foiled by the sturdy

resistance of John Grant, the German, the commander of the gate. So the besiegers concentrated their later efforts in the valley of the Lycus, against the Gate of Saint Romanos, and upon the Golden Horn.

Houses and private gardens border the wall, and force the modern road aside. The sharp slope of the hill rapidly descends. Skilful masons have so walled up the Gate of Argyrolimne, the Silver Lake, that its outline can be discerned only with difficulty. Three busts of black marble formerly ornamented the arch. Two of the heads have been broken off. Only one is left, the head of a woman with various artless ornaments on her neck and breast. This is the gate through which Peter the Hermit, Godfrey of Bouillon, and the other chiefs of the First Crusade commonly went in and out of the city. Not a vestige can be discovered of the moat which was dug along this level tract in March, 1453, by Constantine XIII.

After passing the towers of Andronikos II, and of the architect Basil, one arrives at the tower of the timid Isaac Angelos, built in 1188 as a fortress and palace. It is flanked by a wall nearly ninety feet in height, and stands directly in front of the former Palace of Blachernai. It leans against the Tower of Anemas, and the two, surrounded by a common rampart, at first seem but one. Yet the arched and ivied windows high above, and the long line of jutting marble columns, once supporting an airy balcony, indicate that it was the abode of pleasure as well as of fear. The Ottoman summer-house on the top of the grimy tower at its side seems laughing in the sun. Away back, deep in the recesses of the earth, behind the towers and the buttressed wall, are the hideous Prisons of Anemas.

The wall of Leo then commences, in front of and including the last three of the twenty Heraklian towers. These three were among the loftiest in the city, but their height was further increased by layers of brick. The more southern is mainly the work of Michael II, who never forgot that he passed from a dungeon to the throne, and who repaired this tower as a defence against his uncertain subject the General Thomas, and against his uncertain allies the Bulgarians. The more northern, noticeable for its inferior masonry, was erected from the foundations by Romanos III. It was often called Tower of Saint Nicolas, from a long ago destroyed but once adjacent church of that popular saint. This strip of land, thus enclosed between the Heraklian and Leontian walls, is now accessible only after a long detour from inside the city.

Thence, by the inner gate of the Blachernai, the ancient imperial private way, one may enter the hallowed enclosure. On the right of the entrance is the mausoleum, filled with Mussulman graves, and having in the centre the enormous catafalque of Abou Seïdet, the companion of the Prophet Mohammed. So revered is the sanctity of this holy person that, for centuries after the Conquest, no non-Mussulman foot was allowed to approach his jealously guarded tomb. Farther inside, and opposite, beyond toppling tombstones, appears the lintel of the outer imperial Gate of the Blachernai. In 1080, through it and between the sideposts, which accumulated earth has hidden, Alexios Komnenos escaped; a fugitive in danger of his life, to return an Emperor.

Turning northward through a partition wall, one discovers a tiny edifice of stone. From within, dilapidated steps descend to the never failing spring of pure, trans-

parent water which sparkles below. The cold bare stones reveal no record of a burdened past. No sound breaks the silence, deathlike in its stillness. Yet dames the most exalted in their rank, and peerless in their radiant beauty, have worn this narrow pavement with their knees. Crowned sovereigns, while the chapel door was closed to all other suppliants, and when God's was the only ear to listen, have prayed and groaned here alone. This is Saint Basil's Imperial Chapel and Holy Fountain, once most revered. Now the custodian at the door is a toothless, blear-eyed being, who rapaciously tracks the stranger, and who, ghoulish, watches for alms in the habitations of the dead.

The enclosure is shaded by majestic trees, some of which were green when the Byzantine Empire fell, and which have survived another Empire's decay. A wild, luxuriant vegetation pushes in the damp and fertile soil, and clothes the slopes with beauty. It is a spot which the tourist's eye hath not seen, and which the garrulous guide or courier does not know. This sequestered nook, shut off from the travelled ways of men, encompassed by the mighty arms of the protecting walls, sentinelled by the giant towers, is, above all other, the fit place in which to re-live the past and to breathe the present of these unequalled ruins.

THE MOSQUES AND TURBEHS



THE mosques at Constantinople are the only durable monuments of the Ottoman Conquest. In a city twenty-five centuries old one realizes mournfully that there is nothing among the works of man to which with any propriety the word "durable" can be applied. Marble edifices, their foundations laid in adamantine cement and their blocks riveted together, resist only a few generations longer than the trellised summer palace "'gainst the tooth of time and razure of oblivion." Nevertheless, the mosques will last when every other structure of Ottoman wealth and power in the minareted capital has perished.

They are the noblest, worthiest monuments of the Ottomans. With a care which they have never expended on kiosk or palace, and with an art which found in such constructions its deepest inspiration and loftiest destiny, they have sought to make their mosques as sublime and lasting as the human mind could devise and the human hand could execute. Like the classic Greeks, they have consecrated their best to the service of their faith.

The primitive, typical mosque is indeed the plainest and least pretentious of all structures : —

“ A simple, unpartitioned room,
Surmounted by an ample dome,
Or, in some lands that favored lie,
With centre open to the sky,
But roofed with arched cloisters round,
That mark the consecrated bound
And shade the niche to Mekkeh turned,
By which two massive lights are burned;
With pulpit, whence the sacred word
Expounded on great days is heard;
With fountain fresh, where, ere they pray,
Men wash the soil of earth away;
With shining minaret, thin and high,
From whose fine-trellised balcony
Announcement of the hours of prayer
Is uttered to the silent air;
Such is the Mosque — the holy place,
Where faithful men of every race
Meet at their ease, and face to face.”

A room, a mihrab or niche, a pulpit, a fountain, — these are the essentials. These four conditions fulfilled, the mosque, however small and lowly, is complete. Even the minaret is not a necessity. Such sanctuaries exist by scores at Constantinople.

Nevertheless, luxury and devotion have not been content with such unostentatious temples. Hence in the city may be found every form of mosque, from the plainest and least costly to the grandest achievements of Oriental art and the most elaborate offerings of imperial piety and magnificence. Since the Conquest the Cathedral of Justinian has exercised an immense influence in Mussulman architecture. Lechevalier hardly exaggerates the truth when he says that “all the large mosques of Constan-

tinople are the copy, more or less imperfect, of Sancta Sophia." This influence reaches even to the least assuming suburban structures.

To indicate a mosque in Turkish, the two words *djami* and *mesdjid* are commonly employed. The former is commonly applied to the larger, and the latter to the smaller buildings, though the distinction is not always maintained. From *mesdjid* the English word mosque is derived through the medium of the Spanish and French.

Those founded by members of the reigning dynasty surpass the rest in rank, and are called imperial. They alone are allowed the distinction of more than a single minaret. Sancta Sophia and the Mosque of Souleïman I have four, while the Mosque of Achmet I has six. In each is the *maksourah*, or latticed chamber, a gilded, gorgeous apartment, always in readiness for the sovereign. It is approached from without by a long covered passage, the floor of which is an inclined, ascending plane, and is not accessible from inside the mosque. Always near it, sometimes separated only by a curtain, is another chamber, set apart for the devotions of the Sultan's mother. In each, too, is the *mastabah*, or high, square platform whence criers intone the call to prayer and where ecclesiastical dignitaries may offer their worship.

The imperial and larger mosques are often fronted by a harem or court. This is surrounded by an elegant and spacious colonnade, is commonly paved in marble, and has a charming fountain in the centre. That philanthropy is the monopoly of no one race or faith is attested by the numerous dependent institutions of mercy which Islam rears around her sanctuaries. These include poor-houses and kitchens for the poor (*imaret*), schools (*mekteb*), colleges (*medresseh*), hospitals (*hasta khaneh*), lunatic asylums

(timar khaneh), inns (khan), libraries (kitab khaneh), and almost every conceivable institution to assuage the physical infirmity or suffering, and to satisfy the mental needs of the Mussulmans.

How many mosques there are in Constantinople, imperial and plebeian, great and small, minareted and minaretless, no man accurately knows. Dazed by their apparent omnipresence, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu exclaims, "There are from five to six thousand in it!" Byzantios, who wrote forty-five years ago, could find only three hundred and forty-six. Hafiz Houssein Effendi gives the names of four hundred and ninety-one in Stamboul alone.

Something of what the church is to the Christian the mosque is to the Mussulman,—a place where prayer is made and where sermons are preached. Nevertheless, the devotees of the two religions look upon their sanctuaries with different eyes. No foreigner has better caught the spirit of the mosque, and pictured it in more charming lines, than Lord Houghton in his "Palm Leaves":—

"As men are wont to meet
In court or chamber, mart or street,
For purposes of gain or pleasure,
For friendliness or social leisure,—
So, for the greatest of all ends
To which intelligence extends,
The worship of the Lord, whose will
Created and sustains us still,
And honor of the Prophet's name,
By whom the saving message came,
Believers meet together here,
And hold these precincts very dear.

"The floor is spread with matting neat,
Unstained by touch of shodden feet, —

A decent and delightful seat.
Where, after due devotion paid
And legal ordinance obeyed,
Men may in happy parlance join
And gay with serious thought combine;
May ask the news from lands away,
May fix the business of to-day;
Or, with "God willing," at the close
To-morrow's hopes and deeds dispose.

"Children are running in and out
With silver-sounding laugh and shout,
No more disturbed in their sweet play,
No more disturbing those that pray,
Than the poor birds that fluttering fly
Among the rafters there on high,
Or seek 'at times with grateful hop
The corn fresh-sprinkled on the top.

"So lest the stranger's scornful eye
Should hurt this sacred family,—
Lest inconsiderate words should wound
Devout adorers with their sound, —
Lest careless feet should stain the floor
With dirt and dust from out the door, —
'T is well that custom should protect
The place with prudence circumspect,
And let no unbeliever pass
The threshold of the faithful mass;
That as each Muslim his Hareem
Guards even from a jealous dream,
So should no alien feeling scathe
This common home of public faith,
So should its very name dispel
The presence of the infidel.

"Yet, though such reverence may demand
A building raised by human hand,
Most honor to the men of prayer,
Whose mosque is in them everywhere!

Who, amid revel's wildest din,
In war's severest discipline,
On rolling deck, in thronged bazaar,
In stranger lands, however far,
However different in their reach
Of thought, in manners, dress, or speech, —
Will quietly their carpet spread,
To Mekkeh turn the humble head,
And, as if blind to all around
And deaf to each distracting sound,
In ritual language God adore,
In spirit to his presence soar,
And, in the pauses of the prayer,
Rest, as if rapt in glory there."

The earlier imperial mosques are marvellously fascinating and impressive. Each crowns some imposing elevation, whence, with domes and minarets, it perfects the landscape and suggests to the traveller at sea the illusion of a celestial city. Each is surrounded by a spacious court, over which enormous trees spread their majestic arms. The numerous dependent structures, relegated to a distance, are not near enough to obscure the outline or to minify the grand effect. Whatever the heat and turmoil of the bustling capital, it seems always calm and tranquil in the shaded precincts of the mosque. The galleried minarets rise like watchmen at its side. The soil beneath often quivers with the earthquake, and the polished, tapering point in the dizzy air invites and defies the lightning; and still the minaret stands, slender, arrowy, ethereal, — a most daring, and the most poetic, creation of architecture.

The clergy of the mosque are divided into the five classes of sheiks, khatibs, imams, muezzins, and kaïms.

The sheik is the preacher. One and but one is attached

to each large mosque. He is required to preach every Friday after the noonday prayer, and he often also preaches on other occasions. Mussulman sermons are characterized by frankness and fearlessness, are usually extemporaneous, and must never be attended by any gesture whatsoever. A gesture is supposed to divert the listener from thoughts of God and of the subject, to contemplation of the speaker.

The khatib has the single duty of presiding at the solemn noonday prayer on Friday.

The imam always conducts the worship except on Friday. He officiates at circumcisions, marriages, and funerals.

The muezzin calls to prayer from the minaret, and then repeats the call from his tribune inside the mosque, — immediately after which worship begins. The chief requirement for his office is the possession of a rich and powerful voice. Five times a day — at morning and noon, in the afternoon and evening, and at night — the sublime invitation must ring out over the hills. Weak or discordant tones can neither be acceptable to God nor reach the ears of men.

The kaïm performs all those humble duties which would be considered menial in any other building, but which are ennobled when rendered in the service of God and of his house.

Many of the smaller mosques have as their sole attendant an imam, who unites in his person the attributes of the other officials.

In close vicinity to the mosque are often one or more turbehs. The turbeh is an Ottoman mausoleum, a tomb of more than ordinary size and splendor. Such are the sepulchres of the sultans and sultanas, of favored members of the reigning family, and sometimes of successful gen-

erals and grand vizirs. All are covered edifices, square, polygonal, or circular. They are usually fronted by a portico with marble or porphyry columns, are two or three stories high, lighted by several parallel rows of windows, and surmounted by a dome. The outside is sometimes plain, but often ornate. The inside is commonly as rich and sumptuous as the founder and architect can devise. Pendent ostrich eggs, olive lamps, and Arabic inscriptions are found in all. Koran-stands, provided with the sacred book, are always ready for the perusal of devout and pious visitors. Prayer offered in their calm seclusion is considered most salutary and efficacious. Even more than the mosque they are favorite places for meditation and self-communion. Some contain the ashes only of a single individual. In others a score of persons, or even fifty, may be grouped in strange and—to one acquainted with their domestic history—in startling juxtaposition. Few turbehs have been erected during the last two hundred years. Almost all the more recent sultans have been dependent for a final resting-place on the silent hospitality of some remote predecessor.

The bodies are placed with the right side turned towards Mecca, and only two or three feet below the level of the floor. Above is raised a catafalque, which terminates in a sort of gable roof, and is shaped like an Ottoman coffin; that is, highest and broadest at the upper portion of the body. This is covered with cloth, on which may be placed costly shawls or a black velvet pall embroidered with Arabic devices in gold or silver thread. The grave of a male person is distinguished by a turban at the head, or, in recent years, by the red fez of the Reform. A tuft of heron's feathers, affixed to the turban, indicates that a once reigning sultan lies below.

The catafalques of women are marked by no head-dress, and are generally lower and smaller. Those of warriors and saints are often made prodigiously long and broad, to indicate the mighty physical proportions of the deceased and the extraordinary influence he formerly exerted in heaven and on earth.

Each turbeh is under the care of custodians, whose entire earthly existence is passed within its walls. This guardianship is a lazy heritage, often continued through the same family for hundreds of years. No life can be more inane and profitless than that of these watchers in the tombs of the dead. Muttering eternally the same prayers, repeating by rote passages from the Koran for thousands of times, dusting the graves, and sweeping the floor, make up its sum.

THE MOSQUE OF EYOUB

THE Mosque of Eyoub is esteemed the holiest Mussulman temple in Europe. Every other mosque is accessible to the infidel. This remains to this day untrodden by a non-Moslem foot. The octagonal turbeh of Eyoub at its side is revered as of equal holiness, and in dignity outranks every other mausoleum in the city, whether of sultan or saint. The entire vicinity is considered hallowed by the presence of these two edifices, and the village is called "the sacred." So great is the religious fervor of the neighborhood that it would be perilous for a Christian to enter the spacious, well-paved outer courtyard, or even, when passing in the street outside, to direct towards mosque or turbeh inquisitive and repeated glances. Apparently,

all the mouldering fanaticism of the Ottoman has concentrated here as in its desperate last asylum.

Nor does the mosque lack dynastic and state pre-eminence. Here, on accession to the throne, each sultan must be girded with the sabre of the great Osman by the hands of the General of the Mevlevi Dervishes, who comes across Asia Minor from far distant Konieh for the proud purpose. Only two sultans since Mohammed II have omitted the ceremonial, or have performed it elsewhere, and the reign of both was brief and calamitous.

The following details concerning the history and inner appearance of mosque and turbeh are derived from Musulman sources, especially from the "*Hadicat-lu-Djevami*," or Garden of the Mosques, wherein the poetic fervor of Hafiz Houssein Effendi finds occasion for many a startling Oriental simile, and for a flow of metaphoric speech.

During the first Arab attack upon Constantinople there died of dysentery, in the year 672, Abou Eyoub Khalid Ensari, who had been companion and standard-bearer of the Prophet. The Arabs were defeated in their seven years' siege, and on their disastrous flight were obliged to leave behind the bones of the venerable saint. Till 1453 — that is, during almost eight centuries — the Christians passed over his grave, ignorant and careless that so important a personage slept beneath. A few days after the Conquest of Constantinople the Sheik Akshemseddin — "to whom," says Hafiz Houssein Effendi, "the capture of the magnificent capital of the Ottoman Empire was chiefly due" — was vouchsafed a celestial vision. An angelic envoy, whose feet were planted upon the earth, but whose head touched the stars, indicated to the admiring sheik the spot where so long reposed the relics of the holy warrior. As further confirmation, the angel stated that near the remains



THE TURBEH OF EYOUB

there would be found a water-spring, heretofore unknown, and a white marble slab with a Hebrew inscription.

The Conqueror was immediately informed, and ordered that investigation should be made without delay. Soon the spring was laid bare, and close by, though many feet below the surface, a slab was discovered on which were deciphered the words, "This is the tomb of Eyoub." Though the grave was found, the ashes had mingled with their native dust, and devotion was unable to identify any of the remains. The erection of a most magnificent turbeh over the spot was at once undertaken. A well was dug at the side, into which the water was conducted from the spring. On completion of the edifice, Akshemseddin, standing beneath the dome, girded the sabre upon Moham-med II, significant that the Conqueror was the fulfilment of prophecy, and that he had accomplished the task Eyoub had begun.

At first the turbeh remained open to the faithful only on Friday night, then throughout Friday and Monday. The influx of the worshippers required ampler opportunity for pious observances. Since then, night and day, without cessation, the place has been thronged by the devout. The great majority bring offerings of amber, incense, aloes, silver or gold; but the purest wax is the most frequent contribution, and the most esteemed. As a meritorious act, each devotee drinks from the water of the well which is at the foot of the catafalque.

With immense difficulty and at great expense the tireless d'Ohsson, over a hundred and twenty years ago, obtained a picture of the interior from an Ottoman artist. Several Mussulmans have assured me that it affords a faithful idea of the present appearance of the revered shrine. The catafalque is oblong, in box form, the upper

surface flat and concealed under the costliest and minutely embroidered cloths. On the gilded railing is placed the turban, symbol of Mussulman manhood, and outside near the head a furled green standard, symbol of the honorable office of the dead. At head and foot are silver candlesticks, presented by Sultan Ibrahim, in which burn great candles, whose fire is watched like that of the vestal virgins. From the ceiling are suspended olive lamps and ostrich eggs, the latter significant of patience and faith. The inscription, in Coufic characters, which girdles the walls between the upper and lower windows, was placed there by Mahmoud I. He also caused a stone, which bore the imprint of a human foot, to be inserted in the wall in 1732. This had been discovered in the gardens of the Seraglio, and was at once declared to be the footprint of the Prophet. The glowing imagination of the poet Soubhi describes the lifeless impression as "shining with everlasting splendors, like the countenance of the houris."

Almost every sultan has increased the splendor and opulence of the turbeh. The large-hearted, ill-fated Selim III composed the following prayer, and affixed it in gold letters to the wall: "O Holy Standard-bearer, thou chief in the kingdom of prophecy, in my hour of need be thou always my helper with Allah. The suppliant Selim Khan prays thee; be thou always his intercessor, O Abou Eyoub Ensari."

The mosque is built entirely of white marble. With scrupulous care, equalled nowhere else, its custodians constantly cleanse the exterior, and allow no dust or stain to disfigure its dazzling purity. It is surrounded by a beautiful grove. From the mass of trees its clustered domes and semi-domes and its artistic minarets, each with two elaborate galleries, emerge in loveliness. It was not

erected until several years after the completion of the turbeh. On the inner side of its vaulted dome the Conqueror caused these words to be written: "In the year of the Hegira 863 (1459) Sultan Mohammed built this mosque. May it resemble paradise. It has been made a house of God, whose followers are to be revered."



STREET OF TURBEHS AT EYOUB

Earthquake and lightning have dealt harshly with the main structure and minarets. Yet after each catastrophe it has been restored as radiant as before. Its last entire reconstruction occupied the space of twenty-eight months, when it was reconsecrated in 1800 by Selim III. The present ethereal minarets were designed by Mahmoud II the Great.

Constantinople has no Ottoman Westminster Abbey, nor Saint Denis, nor even Père la Chaise. The tombs of the

sultans and of their warriors and statesmen are scattered throughout Stamboul. The main host of Mussulman dead people the cemetery of Scutari and the interminable lines of burial places outside the walls. Yet no other quarter equals Eyoub in its mausoleums of the famous and eminent. One of its streets is distinctively a *via sacra* of tombs. Almost all the sheiks-ul-Islam, the high priests of Islam, are interred beside one another outside the mosque in sepulchres of stern simplicity. No bronze or sculptured marble can be more solemn and impressive in mute tribute to piety and worth than these rows of plain black catafalques, each surmounted by its spotless turban. Here, too, apart from the pomp and noise of statelier quarters, many a sad discarded sultana has found rest.

THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN MOHAMMED II

It stands on the summit of the fourth hill, and is visible from afar in every direction. The austerity and dignity of its form mark it as the appropriate masterpiece of the Conqueror. Its courtyard is the vastest of all the mosques, — almost a mile in circuit. Over the arch of the central door an inscription, written in graceful characters by Ali Abou Souphy, announces that the edifice was completed in the month of Radjab, in the year of the Hegira 875, or eighteen years after the capture of the city by the Ottomans.

It occupies the site of the Church of the Holy Apostles, and of the two heroons, or mausoleums, of the Byzantine emperors. That church, second only to Sancta Sophia, the Sultan assigned to the Christians as their Patriarchate. In 1456 the Patriarch Gennadios, ill at ease

in a region inhabited mainly by Mussulmans, obtained permission to remove his see to the Monastery of Pammakaristos, now Fetihieh Djami. Seven years longer the church stood, silent, and deserted by Christian worshippers. By no mere coincidence the spot, associated with the buried glories of the Byzantines, was the fittest whereon to build the triumphant sanctuary of Mohammed. The church was torn down, and the mosque begun. It occupied eight years in building. The architect was not a Mussulman, but the Greek Christodoulos. His well-deserved reward was the still standing Church of the Holy Virgin the Mouchliotissa, and the adjacent lands. A sanguinary but erroneous Greek tradition states that when his work was done the architect was impaled, so that no rival structure should ever be created by his genius.

The Ottomans repeat the following tradition, equally without foundation, which in a measure transmits the barbaric and simple ideas of the age. Christodoulos had shortened the two principal columns of the mosque, unwilling that there should be any pillars in it of greater length than those in Sancta Sophia. Thereupon the angry Sultan ordered the two hands of Christodoulos to be cut off. At once the mutilated architect made formal complaint to the cadi. He accused the Sultan of having thus deprived him of the means of support, the right of every man. The cadi commanded the plaintiff and defendant to present themselves for trial. The Sultan appeared at the tribunal, and was about to sit, when the cadi bade him remain standing, inasmuch as he was accused of a great crime. The Sultan confessed his guilt, and was condemned to the severest penalty of the law. Then, his duty done, the cadi rose, cast himself prostrate before the

sovereign, and kissed his feet. Meanwhile a tame viper, whose fangs had not been removed, fell from his sleeve. "What is the meaning of this serpent?" cried the Sultan. "To strike thee dead, dread Padishah," replied the *cadi*, "hadst thou not obeyed the law." "Oh, righteous judge," exclaimed Mohammed, disclosing a battle-axe till then concealed by his cloak, "know thou that with this same axe it was my intent to crush thy head, hadst thou acquitted me, thus rendering an unjust judgment in this affair."

Inasmuch as this mosque was erected by the Conqueror, and bears his name and that of the Prophet, it is regarded by the Ottomans with peculiar veneration. On every trivial detail concerning it they dwell with scrupulous minuteness. Thus, after its partial destruction by earthquake in 1767, Hafiz Houssein Effendi, in his "*Hadikat-ul-Djevami*," is careful to state the exact moment when its restoration by Moustapha III began. This was, he says, at twenty-seven minutes past twelve, on the fourth day of the month Djemazi-ul-Ewell. In consequence of its sanctity, it was one of the last mosques to become accessible to non-Mussulmans. Even now admission is not always possible, and often, when once inside, the fierce looks and hostile bearing of its *habitués* make the stranger anxious to be gone.

Apparently its Christian architect could conceive no adequate structural design other than a cross. So this masterpiece of the victorious Sultan in a measure preserves the symbol of the vanquished religion. The dome, two hundred and fifty-six feet high, the loftiest in Constantinople, is supported by four colossal piers, and from it are subtended four great semi-domes. The interior is more effective than the outside. Its main features are

spaciousness and a simplicity so entire that it attains grandeur. The decorations are immense black arabesques on a white groundwork, and resemble prodigious crayon sketches, save that in them no living creature appears. Their austerity and plainness heighten the general impressiveness, and augment the sense of vastness.

On the right, and above the main entrance, is a sky-blue tablet, to whose letters of gold the Ottomans point with never-waning pride. It bears the words, which Musulman tradition attributes to the Prophet: "Constantinople shall be subdued. Happy the prince, happy the army which shall achieve its subjection."

The harem is a regal structure, with marble pavement and canopied fountain and broad trees and splendid colonnade. Six columns of reddish granite are over three feet in diameter. The other twelve are of like granite, and of vert antique. Some of them must have stood in the Church of the Holy Apostles, most of whose precious materials were built into the mosque. The harem is the favorite play-ground of troops of children. They chase each other up and down the steps, and play at hide-and-seek among the pillars.

The wide outer mosque-yard is always thronged and always quiet. In front and rear pass main thoroughfares of the city, but they do not disturb its calm. Under the great trees—cypress, acacia, lime, plane, ilanthus, mulberry—is every day a scene than which there is none more Oriental anywhere in Stamboul. All occupations of ambulant humanity are represented in the countless crowd,—fruit-sellers, fakirs, pilgrims from Mecca, doctors whose sole treatment consists of hand-passages in the air, cooks with portable kitchens, water-carriers with heavy skin-bottles on their backs, venders of amulets and



A PILGRIM

charms, dervishes, professional letter-writers, harmless lunatics from the hospital of the mosque, turbaned imams, theological students, soldiers, hamals, beggars, barbers plying their craft amid the crowd in the open air, and children in swarms.

At a little distance, forming a belt around the mosque-yard, are numerous buildings—many with successive rows of domes—of every shape and character and size. In them are located various dependent philanthropic establishments. They include schools, colleges, theological seminaries for the four rites of Islam, cloisters of the students and priests, baths, poor-houses, public kitchens, a khan, a hospital for the sick and another for the insane. Nearest of all to the mosque is the library founded by the Conqueror. It is a square, fantastically roofed, two-storied building. Over its entrance is the following Arabic inscription: “The study of learning is by divine command incumbent on every Mussulman.”

Near the mosque on the east is the turbeh of Mohammed II. It is a decagonal, two-storied building, of white marble, lighted by many windows, and covered by a dome. Around it, on the outside, runs a marble step several feet in height, from which the Ottomans with reverence and awe gaze in upon the catafalque of their dread sovereign. The turbeh has no other occupant. The Conqueror lies alone in his glory. The coffin-like structure rises above him, and is itself enclosed by a richly-wrought railing of mother-of-pearl. A magnificent velvet pall was placed there by Sultan Abd-ul Medjid. On either side, and at the foot, are candles over twelve inches in diameter.

The turbeh has two precious possessions. One the custodians proudly show. This is a Koran, copied from beginning to end by the Sultan, and signed with his name.



A BEGGAR

The other is esteemed too holy for even the eyes of the faithful to rest upon it. This is a *sinn sherif*, or sacred tooth, one of the four which were struck from the Prophet's mouth at the fearful battle of Ohud.

Goulbahar Sultana, the beloved wife of Mohammed II, and mother of Bayezid II, sleeps in another *turbah* close by. At her side is the catafalque of an unknown princess, though commonly considered that of Mohammed's mother. That lady, in whose life blends much of mystery, is interred at Brousa, near her husband, Mourad II. Ottoman tradition regards her as a daughter of Charles VI of France, and hence as sister of Isabella, queen of Richard II of England. On account of this traditional relationship the French ambassadors to the Porte constantly demanded, and were often allowed, precedence over the envoys of other nations.

In another *turbah* still farther east centre claims more modern and less doubtful. This is the tomb, shaped like a rotunda, of Nachshedil Sultana, consort of Abd-ul Hamid I. It was built by her order some years previous to her death. There is strong reason to believe the following story, and, if it be true, no life romance is more romantic than hers. It is supposed that she was born in the West Indies, in the island of Martinique. Her maiden name was Aimée Dubuc de Rivery, and she was companion in childhood and cousin of another creole lady, Josephine de la Pagerie, who escaped from the guillotine on which her first husband was beheaded, to become the wife of Napoleon and Empress of France. Mademoiselle de Rivery, on completion of her education in a convent at Nantes, at the age of eighteen embarked at Marseilles to return to Martinique. Shipwrecked, she was rescued by a vessel en route for Majorca. This vessel was afterwards

captured by an Algerian pirate. The young girl was exposed for sale in the slave market of Algiers, and was purchased by the dey, who sent her as a present to Sultan Abd-ul Hamid I. By him she became the mother of Mahmoud II, the grandfather of the present Sultan. If this strange tale be credited, which the Empress Eugénie repeated in 1869 to Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, much that was grand in the career of Mahmoud II the Great may well be attributed to the potent influence of his mother.

The catafalque of the Sultana occupies the centre, and is surrounded by the graves of fourteen members of the reigning family, her descendants. One, covered by black velvet, is that of the imperious Adileh Sultana, who had a large share in shaping contemporaneous Ottoman history.

THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN BAYEZID II

BAYEZID II, throughout his reign, seemed overshadowed and dwarfed by his great predecessor and father, Mahomed II. His mosque bears a like relation to that of the Conqueror. Another Christodoulos, the nephew of the first, was its architect. It was completed in 1498, nine years having been consumed in its construction. The Sultan, while exacting the most splendid results, was parsimonious in expenditure, and many times nettled the ambitious architect by his economy. The Greeks have a tradition — based only on the aversion of subjects for their masters — that, when the work was finished, the Sultan asked Christodoulos if it was possible to construct anything more magnificent. “Surely,” he replied, “if more generous means are provided.” The story ends, like so

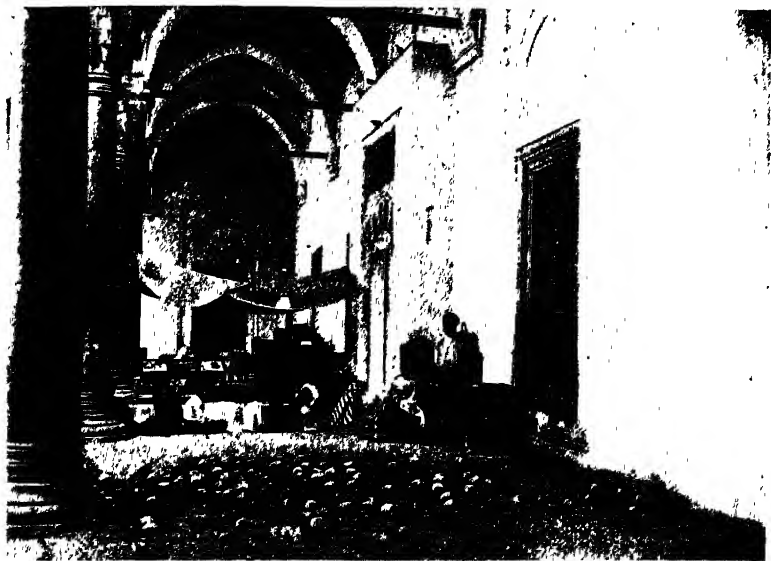
many another Eastern tale of horror, "Thereupon he was at once put to death."

The mosque stands on the western edge of the Grand Bazar, and south of the esplanade of the War Department, once occupied by Eski Serai. Its proportions are graceful within and without, but destitute of any distinctive character. Four arches, on four piers, support the central dome, while dissimilar semi-domes are added in different directions, and produce the effect of a blurred and imperfect cross. Grotesquely painted flowers ornament the white ceiling. The chamber of the Sultan is distinguished by its ten columns of jasper and vert antique, and the balustrade of the pulpit is a marvel of exquisite chiselling.

The whole exterior has a dirty, dingy look, inevitable from the pigeons who for many generations have brooded in every nook and cranny. All are sprung, according to tradition, from a single pair, the contribution of a poor widow while the edifice was building. The Sultan consecrated but a part of his resources; the widow gave her all. So the doctors of Mussulman theology declare that her humble name, and not the Sultan's, shines in heaven as that of the real founder. Even on earth its construction gives the Sultan but infrequent mention, as it is commonly called the Dove Mosque. The progeny of that first pair have become countless. The pigeons around Saint Mark's in Venice are few in comparison. To throw them a handful of corn is considered an act as meritorious as a prayer. They seem surfeited; yet when a human being approaches the grain counter near the western entrance, they flutter towards him in shoals of hundreds.

The court, or harem, is fine, with its three-sided portico, upheld by twenty columns, — four of jasper, six of granite, and ten of vert antique. The fountain in the centre is

immense, its canopy resting on eight marble columns. It is paved with blocks of porphyry and marble, and in each corner the trunks of venerable trees pierce through the rocky flooring. The portico is crowded with stands and stalls of petty tradesmen, venders of seals and seal-engravers, dealers in amulets, beads, and perfumes, professional dove-feeders, and beggars, whose occupation thrives. The



A PORTICO AT THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN BAYEZID

letter-writers form a distinct and always busy class. Each patron finds his letter ready made, requiring only an address and signature. The one idea in their composition is that friends wish to say certain things incident to their relations with each other; so too do children and parents, and lovers most of all, whose language is eternally the same. So the letter of each class may be best expressed in invariable and stereotyped terms.

Behind the mosque is a little garden, in which are three turbehs. The one, a splendid octagon, prominent in the centre, is that of Sultan Bayezid. His catafalque, proportioned to his fabulous size, is over thirteen feet in length. It is surrounded by a railing incrustated in mother-of-pearl. Three enormous candles, with censers and bra-



THE FOUNTAIN AT THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN BAYEZID

siers, are stationed at his head, and another great candle at his feet. The dust shaken from his garments during his campaigns was always carefully preserved, and on his death was fashioned into a brick. This is placed beneath his right arm in his grave as mute testimonial to Allah that the dead sovereign fought for his faith. Beyond is a simple turbeh, where the favorite daughter of Bayezid sleeps alone. Near the entrance of the garden is the

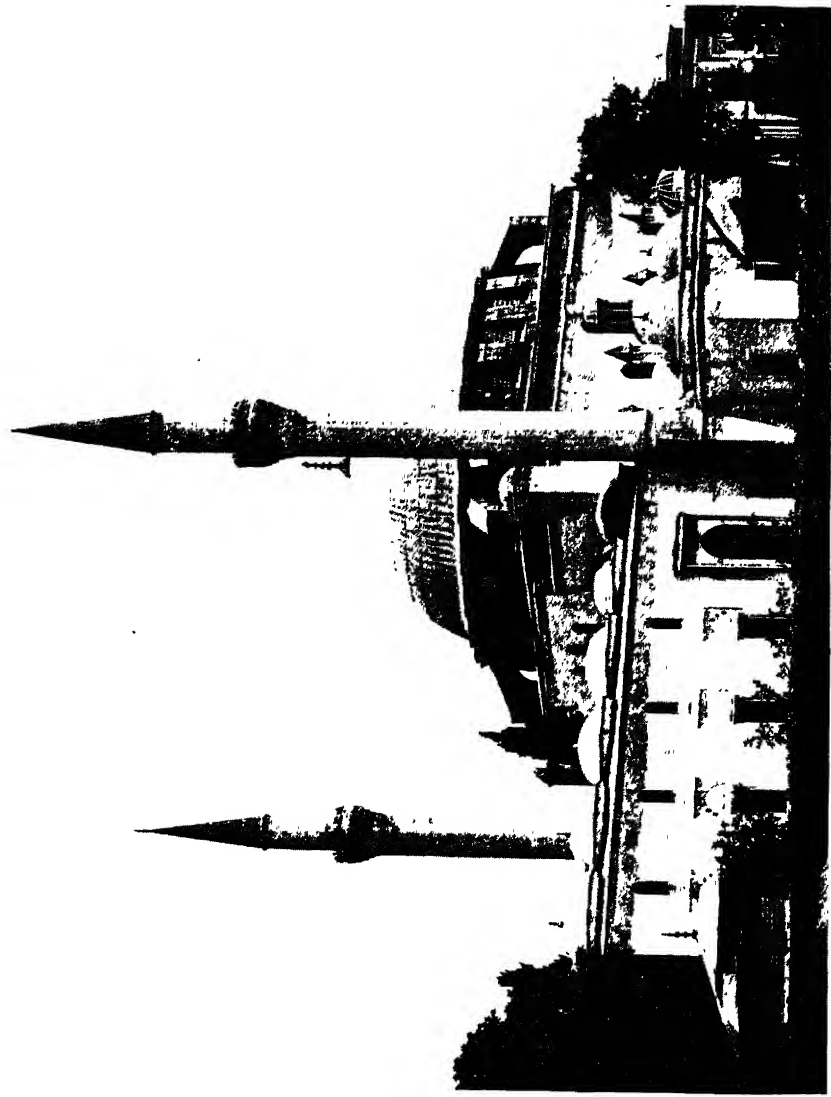
third turbeh, the modern mausoleum of Reshid Pasha, who was five times Grand Vizir of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, but is better known to Europe as the coadjutor of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and of the British in the Crimean War. Three of his sons are buried near the statesman. Outside, surrounded by a finely wrought railing, but exposed to all the storms of heaven, is the marble monument of his wife.

THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN SELIM I

SQUARE and angular, massive, sullen, forbidding, with little grace or beauty, but the embodiment of solidity and strength, there could hardly exist an edifice more typical of the monarch whose name it bears. If the fierce Sultan's soul ever came back to the world he terrorized, it would revel in a sanctuary so congenial to itself. From the summit of the fifth hill it seems to cast over all the region a shadow and a fear. Harshness and cruelty are apparently built into the silent walls. When the sun shines brightest, it is dark within and gloomy without. The repellent harem, or court, with its twenty columns of marble and granite, and the plain, almost clumsy minarets, are appropriate to the main edifice.

Nevertheless, it was not erected by Selim I, whom his trembling subjects called "yevouz," the inflexible, or cruel, — but by his son Souleïman I, as a tribute to his memory. The materials were mainly brought from the abandoned edifices which Constantine the Great had begun and then left incomplete at Alexandria Troas.

In the rear are four turbehs. That of Selim I is the farthest west, a yellow octagon, with white trimmings and



THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN SELIM I

a melon-shaped dome. The Sultan is the sole occupant. On his vast white turban is the heron feather of the Ottoman dynasty, and three candles — eight or nine feet high; and wide in proportion — are grouped at his head. The glaring modern frescos, which cover the ceiling, are incongruous with the mausoleum, which reveals its age of three hundred and seventy-five years. In the turbeh nearest is the catafalque, hidden by a close-fitting mantle of sacred green, of the beautiful Haphsa Sultana. She was Selim's favorite wife, the mother of his son Souleïman the Magnificent, and the only human being who did not shrink at his look. The third turbeh contains the remains of three sons and two daughters of Souleïman. Farthest east of all is the turbeh where sleeps Sultan Abd-ul Medjid. On his left are also the graves of two of his sons.

THE MOSQUE OF THE SHAHZADEH

SHAHZADEH DJAMI, the Mosque of the Sultan's Son, is in its structure and environment one of the most weirdly fascinating edifices in Stamboul. On the south spreads a mosque-yard, wide, unkempt, but picturesque, traversed by the rare pedestrians who find it an easier cut than the busy thoroughfare — once Justinian's Triumphal Way — which borders the wall of the enclosure. On the three sides, trees, shrubs, and wild plants wedge together in a natural forest. The tangled vegetation is broken only by narrow footpaths, and by turbehs whose rounded tops, as looked at from a distance, dot the green expanse like stars.

The mosque was begun in 1543, and finished four years later. It is a work of the Ottoman architect Sinan. In that reign of Souleïman, when all glories culminated,

Sinan was a lordly and distinguished figure. The Ottomans have produced calligraphists, but never a painter. Their noblest mosques and most sumptuous palaces have been devised by Christian brains and reared by Christian hands. Sinan in his ancestry was an Ottoman of the Ottomans. Yet he stands forth an anomaly in their history, ignorant of rules and untaught by masters, himself the Homer, the Shakespeare of Ottoman architecture, as destitute of rivals and imitators as he was of peers. So this mosque is wonderfully beautiful.

Four octagonal pillars, sixteen yards in circumference, uphold the superstructure of central dome, lateral semi-domes, and triple arches receding on each side. These main factors are found in every mosque. Here they are so pervaded and modified by genius, mastering every detail, utilizing not only lines and curves but light and shade, and transfusing each feature with its spirit, that the result, often monotonous from other hands, is here magnificent and original.

The mosque is a memorial of a great sorrow. It is the monument dedicated by Souleïman and Roxelana to their eldest son, Mohammed. The caprice of fortune had lifted Roxelana from the slave-market to be the consort of the Sultan. By a solemn ceremonial, such as no Ottoman sovereign had before employed, he had proclaimed her his wife. In five years she bore him five children: four sons, — Mohammed, Bayezid, Selim, and Djeanghir; and one daughter, Mihrima. The heir of the throne was Moustapha, the son of Souleïman by a Georgian lady, who had died in giving him birth. After long persistence, Roxelana persuaded Souleïman to violate the rules of Mussulman inheritance, and to declare their child Mohammed his successor. A few months afterwards Mohammed sickened.

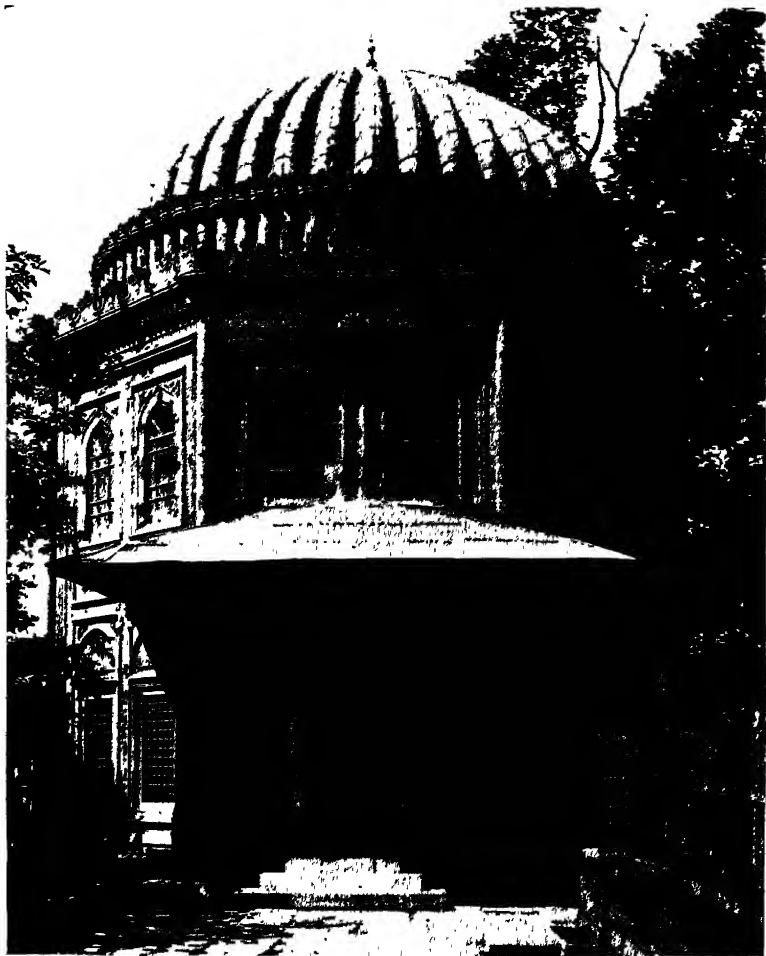


and died. The Sultan and the mother were equally afflicted; all the ambition of the latter for her offspring seemed buried in the coffin of her child. Even her zealous partisans timorously whispered that Allah had thus pronounced for Moustapha, the rightful heir, and that whoever sought to set aside his claims would be punished by Heaven. In later years splendid deeds of virtue, and inhuman crimes, were to spring from the fierce maternal affection of the Sultana; but for months the only thought of the heart-broken woman was the erection of this mosque in memory of her son.

The turbeh of the young prince is a towering octagonal structure. The inner and outer walls are inlaid with precious marble mosaic, and the interior is rich with rarest Persian tiling. Affection, expenditure, and art have striven their utmost to provide a regal sepulchral chamber.

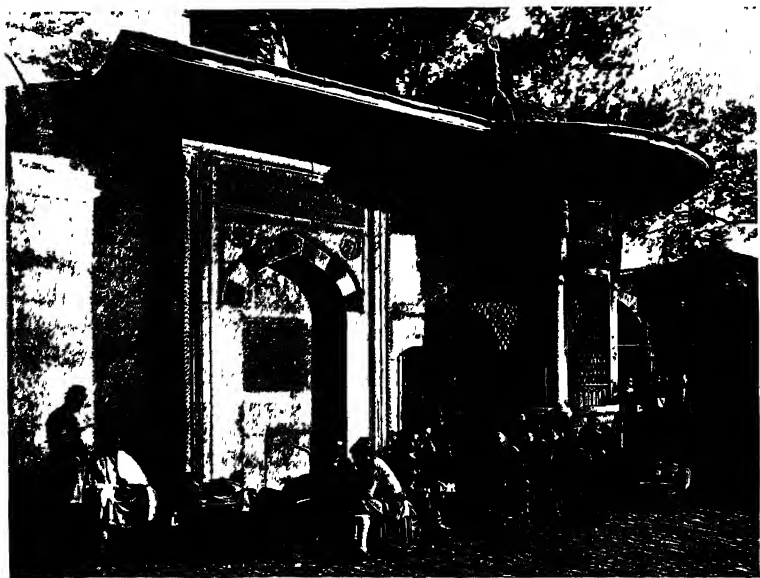
Three other turbehs in the same enclosure centre much of the history and tragedy of the epoch. In one sleeps Mihrima Sultana, daughter of Souleïman and Roxelana, as magnificent and haughty as her father, as bewitching as her mother. The second is the mausoleum of her husband, Roustem Pasha, Grand Vizir of Souleïman. He was a harsh but able minister, and had the rare experience of dying peacefully in his high office, undisturbed by the bowstring.

The third turbeh is that of Ibrahim Pasha, all-powerful Grand Vizir, brother-in-law and other self of Sultan Souleïman. The son of a Greek sailor, captured in boyhood and sold as a slave, he was given to the Sultan. His wonderful beauty and intelligence captivated his master, and he speedily became the real ruler of the Empire. Never has any other Ottoman subject enjoyed such unheard-of marks of favor. Through thirteen years his



THE TURBEH OF THE SHAHZADEH

ascendency never waned. Then an insignificant affair caused sudden umbrage. On the fifth of March, 1536, he went to the Seraglio as usual, and was received with accustomed honors. Early the next morning his lifeless body was found on the threshold of his chamber with a deep red mark around the neck. Then he was buried



FOUNTAIN OF THE SHAHZADEH

with the most respectful pomp, and this imposing monument raised over his remains. But for over a hundred years his bloodstains were left untouched on the walls of his room, that the fate of the favorite might serve as a terrible lesson to his successors.

The graceful outer fountain of the Shahzadeh is always the haunt of a dronish company, alike indifferent to the dramas of the past and the activities of the present.

THE MOSQUE OF DJEANGHIR

THE story of Djeanghir continues that domestic tragedy of which the Mosque of the Shahzadeh commemorates the beginning. When Mohammed, the son of Roxelana, passed away, the succession was apparently assured to Moustapha, the son of Roxelana's hated but dead Georgian rival. The virtues and prowess of Moustapha won him the devotion of the Janissaries and people. Even Souleïman himself would have hardly ventured to set aside his rights. The imperious Sultana saw her three surviving sons, Bayezid, Djeanghir, and Selim, irrevocably excluded from the throne. Moreover, Djeanghir, of deformed body and feeble constitution, but endowed with a brilliant mind, was passionately attached to Moustapha, and was on a constant watch to protect him from possible plots.

War broke out with Persia. Souleïman and Moustapha marched away at the head of the troops. Djeanghir remained infirm in the Seraglio. Opportunity, and the fierce maternal affection of Roxelana, prompted her to the commission of a horrible crime. By means of the Grand Vizir Roustem Pasha, the husband of her daughter Mihrima, she persuaded Souleïman that Moustapha was plotting against his life, and furnished the Sultan with forged proofs of the treason of his son. The prince, already condemned to death, but unsuspecting, on the sixth of October, 1553, was invited to an audience of honor. The Vizirs kissed his hand, and the Janissaries attended him to the imperial tent with acclamations. Entering, he found himself confronted by seven mutes. They threw themselves upon him, and, stifling his piteous cries, strangled him with the bowstring. As long as he lived the Janissaries

would have fought to protect his life. Now that he was dead, they submitted with indignation, but with the resignation of Orientals, to an accomplished fact. Soon afterwards Souleïman was convinced of his son's innocence. He punished severely all who had any hand in the crime except the instigator and chief criminal. Against her he could summon only a few weak reproaches.

The tidings came to Djeanghir as a death-blow. He fell into a profound melancholy. Despite all the efforts of the physicians, he expired some weeks later, praying he might be laid close to Moustapha, in the turbeh of Mourad II at Brousa. This entreaty was disregarded, and his remains were placed beside those of his own brother, Mohammed, in the turbeh at the Shahzadeh.

To his memory Souleïman built the Mosque of Djeanghir at Topkhaneh, high up on the European shore of the Bosphorus. Its situation is enchanting. The superb view from its terrace rivals in loveliness that enjoyed from the gardens of Yildiz Kiosk. The mosque is approached by a narrow street, which mounts almost precipitously from the water's edge. So sharp is the ascent that the Ottomans, once the best horsemen in the world, repeat with incredulity the story of a soldier, who, pursued by enemies, galloped to the top. The edifice was consumed by fire in 1764, and re-erected exactly as before. Totally thrown down by earthquake in the present century, it was in slow process of reconstruction through more than twenty years. It was entirely restored in its original form by the present Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II, and a third time consecrated on April 10, 1890.

Its lofty position and its whiteness, thrown into relief by a background of unpainted wooden houses, render it prominent to every passer-by upon the Bosphorus. Archi-

tecturally it awakens little interest. It only testifies to a tale of horror like that of Constantine the Great and his murdered son Crispus, or of Philip V and Don Carlos of Spain, or of Peter the Great and Alexis. Hideous bloodstains are the monopoly of no one dynasty or throne. All things are paralleled everywhere.

THE MOSQUE OF MIHRIMA SULTANA

MIHRIMA SULTANA, favorite daughter of Souleïman the Magnificent, was its founder. She employed her own resources, and also taxed the liberality of her generous father to defray the cost. The architect was the great Sinan. The mosque deservedly ranks among the most elegant and commanding of the Empire. Only one injunction did the fair founder lay upon her architect. She ordered that it should be so constructed that, when one was inside, he should feel as if he stood in the outer air. No command was ever better obeyed. To it is due the unusual wealth of windows, which in seven parallel and horizontal rows fill the arches of the sides, and even on the darkest day stream in a flood of light. From a distance the whole seems to consist of windows, with a minaret and a dome.

The plan of no mosque is more simple. In its simplicity it is sublime. Here, in the effort to apparently float a dome in the sky, though it be only seventy feet in diameter, there is something of the aspiration of Anthemios at Sancta Sophia. Here there is profuse employment of galleries and colonnades. Two of the larger granite columns, eleven feet in circumference, were brought from the ruined Church of Saint John the Baptist in the Heb-

domon. Inside there is little attempt at decoration or display.

The mosque stands on the highest point included in the territory of Stamboul. It occupies the site of the ancient Monastery of Saint George on the summit of the sixth hill. Soaring above the bed of the Lycus, and over-topping the great land wall of Theodosius, it forces attention from every direction to its own magnificence, and to the magnificence of its site.

It is more associated than any other Moslem sanctuary with the European wars of the Empire. Here the sultans always performed their devotions before setting out on military expeditions to the West; then, their prayers concluded, and the blessing of the imam received, they marched forth at the head of their armies through the neighboring Gate of Adrianople. The frightful earthquake of 1894 shattered the mosque and cast the gate, a heap of ruin, to the ground.

THE MOSQUE OF ROUSTEM PASHA

THE Mosque of Roustem Pasha is in every respect the direct opposite of that built by his wife, Mihrima Sultana. Hers is light and airy, magnificently simple, and planted on a commanding height. His is dark and shut in, ostentatious on the inside, and dropped into the cleft of a valley on the Golden Horn. The stern Vizir, who during his entire lifetime was never known to smile, was in character and ability inferior to his open-hearted, sunshiny wife. His mosque is in like degree inferior to hers.

With a thrifty blending of piety and enterprise rare in an Ottoman, the whole basement story was devoted to



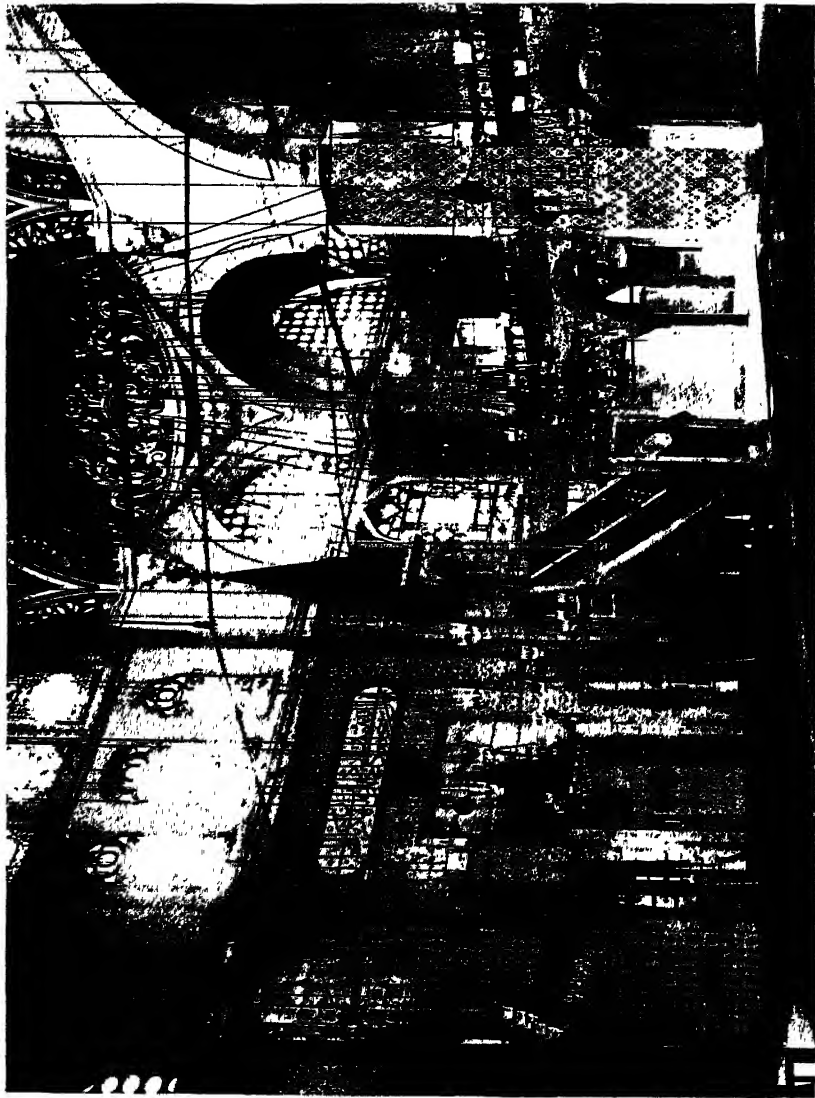
A COLONNADE AT THE MOSQUE OF ROUSTEM PASHA

magazines and shops, from the income of which the expenses of the mosque were to be defrayed. On the strong flat roof as on a floor, the mosque was built. It resembles a fortress rather than an ordinary place of prayer.

The accumulation of Persian tiles was a passion of Roustem Pasha. His immense and rare collection was his pride. Ottoman cynics hinted that he built this holy edifice as the only sure means to protect his tiles. Once affixed to a consecrated building, they were safe from confiscation or robbery. A few of no special value line the outer wall. The most precious and the most difficult to obtain sheathe the sides and the piers of the interior up to the base of the arches. Roustem was sagacious and far-sighted. Within five years of his death his tremendous fortune had disappeared, scattered in every direction under heaven like his eleven hundred camels, his two thousand nine hundred horses, and his seventeen hundred slaves; the mosque still guards the treasures of his heart unimpaired in its inviolable keeping.

THE MOSQUE OF THE HASSEKI, OR SULTANA

It was built by Souleiman the Magnificent in honor of his wife Roxelana. Its erection was kept a secret from the Sultana till it was completed. Then she was taken on a pleasure excursion in that direction, and it was presented to her by her devoted husband as a surprise. Columns always exercised a witchery on Roxelana. It is said that she loved to wander among them and touch them with her hands. So in this mosque sixty of various colors, shapes, sizes, and material had been brought together by her husband's forethought to delight her heart.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ROUSTEM PASHA

Her childish glee at her unexpected present, and the tender solicitude of the great Souleïman to gratify her fancy, light up with a human gleam the tragic history of their lives. During the following year Roxelana died.

In connection with the mosque are many charitable institutions. One of special excellence and efficiency is a hospital for women, open to all without distinction of race or creed. Near by are the turbeh of the wise and humane Grand Vizir Beïram Pasha and the dervish tekieh of which he was a member. His death in 1638, when on the march against the Persians, caused the morose Sultan Mourad IV to shed tears.

THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN SOULEÏMAN I

MANY an art connoisseur considers this the finest mosque which the Ottomans have erected. No other of their creation is equally costly, elaborate, and famous. As Trajan and Titus raised triumphal arches to perpetuate the memory of their exploits, so towards the conclusion of his reign this mosque was undertaken by Souleïman, not only as a thank-offering to God, but to eternize the recollection of his brilliant conquests. It specially commemorated the capture of Belgrade, of Rhodes from the Knights of Saint John, and of Bagdad, — three strongholds regarded as the northwestern, central, and eastern bulwarks of the Empire.

Begun in 1550, it was completed in 1556. Its materials were brought from Egypt, Asia, and Greece, though a large part were obtained from the Church of Saint Euphemia at Chalkedon, and from the ruins of the Hippodrome. No other mosque is adorned with so many columns which

once stood in classic temples and in Christian churches. The illustrious Sinan was its architect ; but in this, which should have been his greatest achievement, he was trammelled by the constant interference of the Sultan, and by the order to imitate Sancta Sophia.

It occupies a large territory on the brow of the third hill. The proximity of the palace of the Sheik-ul-Islam contributes to its ecclesiastical prominence. As the Mosque of Souleïman the Magnificent, the Sublime, contemporary and peer of Charles V, of Francis I, and of Henry VIII, it is the one most familiar to foreign tourists. One imam volunteers the estimate that it is annually visited by over one hundred thousand strangers from Europe and America ! Heavily endowed, its annual income from its possessions exceeds one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Over three hundred persons are constantly employed in its service.

Its outer effect is obscured by the forest of dependent philanthropic buildings from which it rises. Even its imposing dome seems lost in the multitude of smaller domes which it dominates. Hence from outside one cannot obtain a satisfactory conception of its magnificence and size.

The harem, or court, is of unusual proportions. Of recent years the central monumental door and the hardly inferior lateral doors are commonly kept closed, so it has an unfrequented, half-neglected look. Twenty-four columns of reddish granite and porphyry in a colonnade support the domes of the portico. Another dome, still higher, rises over the ornate fountain in the middle. All the pavement of the harem is of the whitest marble, except one slab of porphyry to which the interest of legend attaches. This slab, because of its unusual fineness, the

Sultan designed for a place of honor before the mihrab. A zealous Greek stone-cutter secretly carved the cross upon it, hoping that the mystic sign would convert the Moslem worshippers. The act having been discovered, the workman was beheaded, and it was so contrived that his head in falling struck the stone and bespattered it with his blood. The slab, defiled, and no longer fit for employment in the sanctuary, was placed here with the cross beneath, that all persons might unwittingly trample on the symbol of Christianity.

Four minarets stand, one at each corner of the harem. They differ in height — though all are lofty — and in their style of workmanship. The ten galleries of the minarets by their number are intended to indicate that Souleiman was the tenth sovereign of his dynasty, and that he was born in the first year of the tenth century of the Hegira.

The mosque is nearly square, two hundred and twenty-eight feet long and two hundred and nine feet wide. Its dome, ninety-six feet in diameter, surpasses every other in the city except that of Sancta Sophia. The tremendous lateral pressure has required the construction of the clumsy buttresses which disfigure the outside. Thirty-two windows, terminating in a pointed arch, pierce the cylinder of the dome. The arrangement of larger and smaller semi-domes, the ranges of triple windows with their noble arches, the superposed colonnaded porticos, the receding segmental vaults, are constant reminders of its grander prototype.

The interior is exquisite in the harmony of vast dimensions and appropriate coloring. The four massive piers, ninety feet in circumference, convey no impression of disproportion. The lateral arches are further supported at their base by two gigantic porphyry columns, four and a

half feet in diameter. Tradition states that they once stood in the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. On either side of the central space, included between the massive piers and the porphyry columns, and resembling a nave, are broad aisles, bounded by colonnades. Above are lateral galleries. The chamber of the Sultan, profusely carved, rests on eight columns of variegated marbles, — green, yellow, white, and red. The dome is tastefully frescoed, and surrounded by a wide belt of Saracenic carving.

A most delicate brown mosaic covers a large space around and above the mihrab. The same side is illumined by nine windows of stained glass. Two rose-windows of peculiar beauty are trophies from Persia. Over the pulpit four slender columns support the sounding-board, the fantastic pointed spire of which is studded with gold stars. The space to the right is shut off by a railing, and affords opportunity for study or devotion in retirement. Over the entire floor of the mosque are scattered the reading and praying stands of theological professors and students. Nowhere are the Koran-stands more daintily inwrought in mother-of-pearl. In the outer wall concealed stair-cases ascend to the galleries and roof.

Much of the mosque's fresh modern beauty is due to Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, by whom it was renovated within and without. Finding it difficult to remove the dust impact upon the walls, the varnish and paint were applied over it by the workmen. The result is seen in the wavy lines and indefinite shadings, which might be the consequence of deliberate art. The colors are subdued, and in admirable taste, — so arranged as to divide the whole into four horizontal sections. Highest of all is the roseate hue of the dome with frescoed columns between the windows; then light brown as far as the iron gallery and the

extremity of the main arches; next a grayish tint reaching as far as the great columns; and last a rich coffee color below.

The general view is distressingly blurred by a prodigious number of cords and wires suspended from the ceiling.

Despite the immensity, opulence, and real impressiveness of this fabric, which Souleïman deemed his masterpiece, its relative architectural rank is a matter of dispute. Its noblest features are those which make it resemble Sancta Sophia; wherein it has deviated from that incomparable model are its visible defects. Could Sinan have adhered more closely to his pattern, or have followed with greater freedom the inspiration of his own genius, this most ostentatious of Mussulman temples would have been more worthy of the architect and of the Sultan.

In the outer mosque-yard are two large slabs, used as horse-blocks, or whereon hamals can rest their loads. One is a simple piece of ordinary marble. The other, of rich porphyry and with broken carving, is the lid of an imperial sarcophagus.

In the graveyard at the rear of the mosque are the two turbehs in which the Sultan and Sultana have found rest: Souleïman, at the close of the longest, most tumultuous, most dramatic reign in Ottoman history; Roxelana, after vicissitudes of fortune and excitements of triumph and despair which make fiction tame. The turbeh of the Sultan is most elaborate. It is an octagon, the outside covered with dark marble mosaic, and surrounded by a broad frieze. The inner walls are inlaid with the rarest Persian tiles, made by Persian masters for this funeral chamber. The dome rests on marble and porphyry pillars, and is frescoed in intricate and vari-colored arabesques. The catafalque is covered with green cloth, richly embroidered,

and inscribed with passages from the Koran. Cashmere shawls, which Souleïman formerly wore, are folded above. The enormous white turban, with the double tufts of heron's feathers, at his head, is his own device. At his side are the scarcely humbler catafalques of Souleïman II and Achmet II. The turbeh contains several precious illuminated Korans. Another valued possession is a fac-



THE CATAFALQUE OF SULTAN SOULEÏMAN THE MAGNIFICENT

simile of the Kaaba and of the holy places of Mecca, with the procession of pilgrims represented marching from the sacred mountain Arafat.

The turbeh of Roxelana is likewise an octagon, but plain and unpretentious. She, who cared nothing for the semblance of power, but only for its reality, seems even in death disdainful of what is only show.

Among the thick and almost undistinguishable graves outside is that of the architect Sinan.

The dependent philanthropic structures are innumerable. They include a theological seminary, a hospital, a printing-house, a medical school, baths, and schools of inferior grade, a library, a poor-house, and densely populated cloisters of the clergy and students.

THE MOSQUE OF PIALI PASHA

It is situated far up the silent valley of Kassim Pasha, and near the desolate plain of the Okmeïdan. The currents of life have flowed away, and it is seldom visited and little known, even by the Ottomans. Seven years ago its utter ruin was imminent. It was restored in its early beauty by the present Sultan, and reconsecrated in April, 1890.

It was built in 1573 by Piali, Kapoudan Pasha of three Sultans, — Souleïman I, Selim II, and Mourad III, — under whom he conquered many islands, won numerous sea-fights, and gained glory and spoil for the Ottomans. The great sailor disdained professional architects, and drew his own plans. So the general design is somewhat original and unique. It was his pet purpose that the mosque should resemble a ship. Architectural necessities forced him in many details to conform to prevalent custom. The minaret, however, is planted, not as commonly at the side, but in the middle of the front, thereby to remind the admiral of his warship. It is entered, not from outside as elsewhere, but from the inside of the mosque. When the master-mason protested that no such arrangement had ever been seen, the Pasha swore roundly that in his mosque, at least, the muezzin should go up from the forecastle like a Moslem, and not scuttle from the gangway like a pirate.

In his last days he himself used to climb to the gallery and imagine himself afloat.

Nevertheless, the landsman recognizes little which suggests the sea. The front, nearly two hundred feet in length, is lined by a splendid portico of marble columns. The portico on the sides is supported by large square piers. "Have nothing like the Giaours," was the order of Piali. So, instead of a grand central dome, as at Sancta Sophia, here are six equal domes, resting on marble columns fifty-two feet high. High around the walls is an inscription in white colors, not painted by a calligraphist, but wrought in rich blue tiling. The minber, in its combination of blue, green, white, and red tiling, must rank among the most striking in the city. Opposite the minber, in a sort of inner porch, are six columns, covered from the days of Piali with thick green paint, but now cleansed and revealed as delicate rose marble and very antique.

The open space and venerable cemetery about the edifice are shaded by magnificent trees. Near the Pasha's beloved mosque is his simple octagonal turbeh. His favorite son sleeps at his side. Ten other children, who died in infancy, lie at his feet. Their catafalques are of marble, strangely shaped like sarcophagi. The immense and disproportioned turbans are also of marble, as are the round tassel-less caps above the graves of his daughters.

THE MOSQUE OF KILIDJ ALI PASHA

THIS is a frowning, stately pile, suggestive in every line of strength, but nowhere of grace. Built at Topkhaneh, along the noisiest, dustiest street on the Bosphorus, it has become blackened and grimed. Yet the dark hue

cast over it by the centuries seems only part of its sullen self.

It was built in 1580 by Kilidj Ali, the Kapoudan Pasha, according to tradition a Frenchman converted to Islam. The rough sailor was no courtier, and had a free tongue. Often, when on shore, he jeered at the effeminacy of landsmen, and did not always spare his dread master, Mourad III. So, when he asked of the Sultan for a place whereon to build a mosque, the Sultan replied, "Since the sea is so much better than the land, put it anywhere on the water." At once the Pasha chose the shallow bay then at the foot of Salih Bazar, drove in piles, filled it up with stones and earth, and laid the foundations thereon.

After its completion people were afraid to enter, saying, "The mosque is sure to sink back into the sea." Then the architect fitted long, slender, revolving cylinders of reddish-yellow marble into sockets on each side of the main entrance. "As long as these cylinders turn in their places," said he, "it will be evident that the mosque has not settled a hair's breadth, and you can go in." There is even yet no danger in entering, for they still turn!

The Ottomans have a tradition that the bay was filled, the foundations laid, and the wall raised to the base of the lower windows in a single night. Mourad III, looking across from the Seraglio in the morning, was astonished, and cried, "It is the work of the djins," the genii of the Arabian Nights. "Nay," replied the Kapoudan Pasha, "all this has been done by your Majesty's prisoners of war. So many have been your victories, and so countless are your captured slaves, that far greater things than this can be accomplished in even less an amount of time."



THE MOSQUE OF KILDJ ALI PASHA

“The mosque as by magic upsprang,
In its symmetry peerless and grand;
And the praise and the fame of it rang
Through the length of the land.”

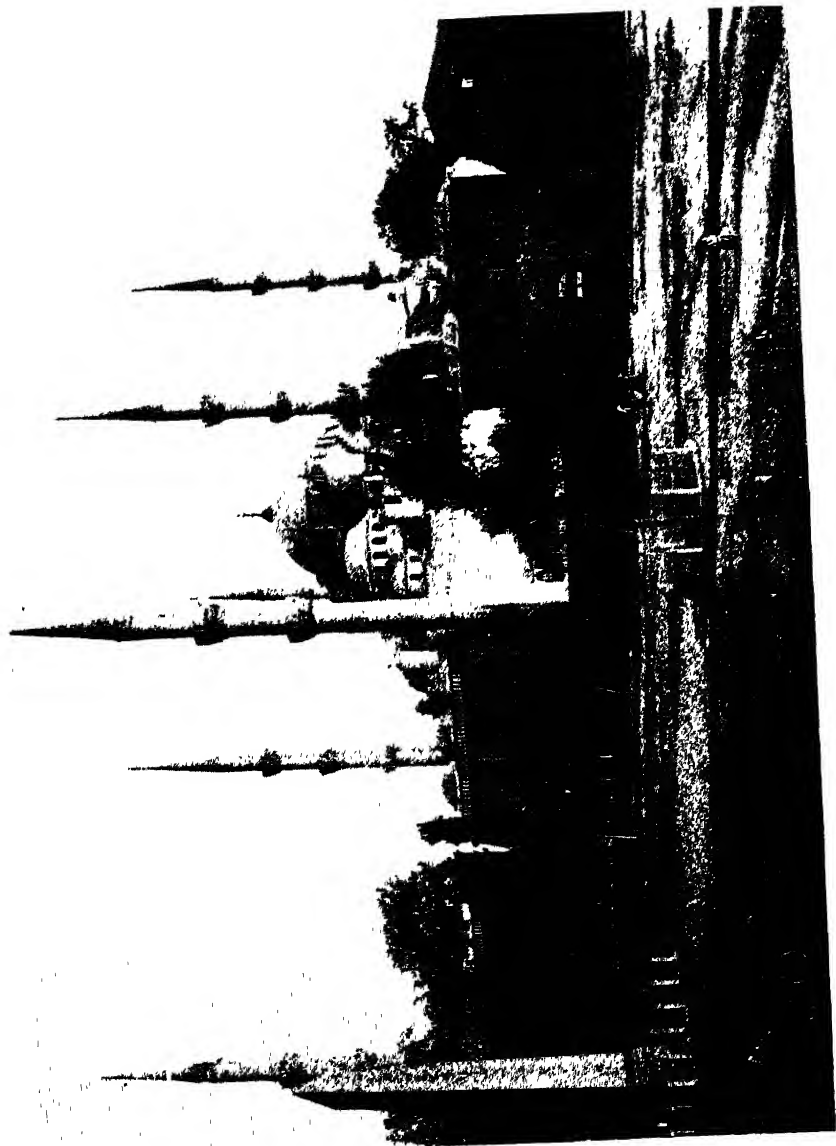
The mosque consists of dome, buttresses, and walls. The upper windows are hardly less opaque, — tiny circular panes set in thick cement, and never cleaned. The heavy piers and numerous columns, and the outer buildings raised thick around, render the interior so gloomy that one almost gropes his way. In front, outside the porch, are the crowded benches of engravers, letter-writers, and healers of rheumatism and neuralgia. The latter prescribe no drugs, but attempt cures only by hand-passages in the air.

The small cemetery in the rear contains the tomb of Atesh Mehmet Pasha, an Ottoman admiral who fought and died on the allied Anglo-Franco-Turkish fleet during the Crimean War. Quaint allegorical and naval ornaments adorn his monument.

The turbeh of Kilidj Ali Pasha is plain and sombre, like his mosque. Nevertheless, it possesses a bewildering opulence of precious tiles. His epitaph is Oriental and apt. “His cord of life was relaxed by age, and he himself was bent like his bow. So he embarked in the wooden skiff of his coffin, and rests already beneath the soil, which during his lifetime he almost never trod.”

THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMET I

No other mosque, except that of Sultan Mohammed II occupies so immense an area. The area of no other extends over such historic spots. It includes part of the



territory of the Augustæum, chief of Byzantine forums; of the Great Palace of Constantine, abode of Byzantine royalty; and of the Hippodrome, place of reunion of the Byzantine people. It is strange that, among the seven sultans who reigned before Achmet I in Constantinople, none recognized the superb prominence of this site. It may be doubted if any other mosque built by an Ottoman sovereign is visible for so great a distance from so many points of view. Sancta Sophia and the Mosque of Achmet stand side by side, — the one the highest achievement of Christian, and the other a masterpiece of Mussulman art. From afar upon the Marmora, or from the European and Asiatic hills, their sky-resembling domes and sky-reaching minarets commingle, even as the central truths of Christianity and the central truths of Islam, stripped of the deformities built around them by human ignorance and fanaticism, blend in one.

The mosque outranks in sanctity every other in Europe save that of Eyoub. Its size, and the immensity of the open space around, have made it specially adapted to the celebration of the great religious and civil ceremonies of the Ottomans. It alone possesses six minarets, — a number at the time of its erection equalled only by El Haram, which surrounds the Kaaba. The Sherif of Mecca was indignant that even an Ottoman sultan, though Caliph, should presume to honor another mosque with as many minarets as stood in the most venerable sanctuary of Arabia. He protested in glowing terms against the apparent sacrilege. The Sultan, convinced by his remonstrances, offered to add a seventh minaret to the Kaaba. This he forthwith did, and the Sherif was content.

Achmet I, the first sultan to ascend the throne before the age of manhood, had succeeded his father, Mohammed

III, in 1603, at the age of fourteen. Three years later was signed the Treaty of Sitvatorok, the first disastrous treaty which the Ottomans ever concluded, the first official acknowledgment to themselves and to the world of their military decline. The young Sultan, though voluptuous and enamored of the soft allurements of the Seraglio, was serious and devout. To propitiate Allah and win back divine favor, he determined on the erection of such a mosque as by its size, splendor, and cost, should eclipse the most notable creations of his predecessors. With an enthusiasm like that of Justinian at Sancta Sophia, he came on foot every Friday to toil with the workmen, and at evening paid them their wages with his own hand. A large part of the materials was brought from Alexandria Troas.

When Achmet saw his mosque complete, his ambition was satisfied. More original and less ornate than that of Sultan Souleïman, it is the most impressive and harmonious which any Ottoman sultan has constructed. „One traveller calls it “the masterpiece of Asiatic art; the embodiment of its gorgeous poetry.” Lechevalier exclaims, “It is the most beautiful mosque existent in the East.” It is itself vastness and simplicity combined. No single outer or inner detail seizes the eye by its undue prominence, but all the various features combine in an impression of majestic symmetry and completeness.

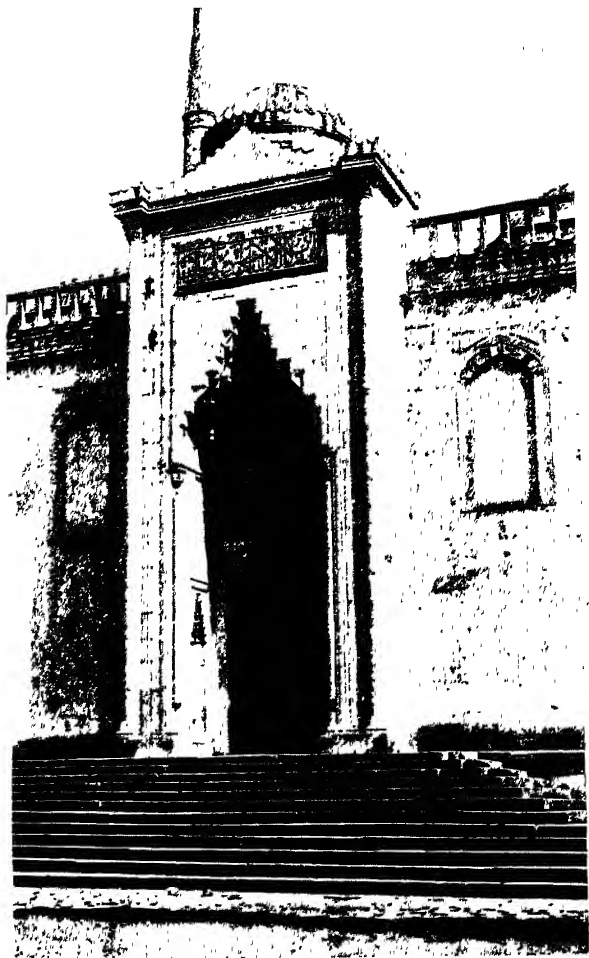
One enters by the wrought brazen doors, which have captivated many a fancy. The interior, two hundred and thirty-six feet long and two hundred and nine feet wide, is an undisguised Greek cross. Four immense round pillars, white and fluted, twenty-four yards in circumference, uphold the four great arches, above which spreads the dome. In the prevailing plainness and absence of mural

ornament, except the rich coloring of the deep blue tiling, the whole appears austere and almost cold. Nor is it so brilliantly lighted as many of the mosques.

Concealed in the gilded mihrab is a bit of the famous black stone sent from the Kaaba to Sultan Achmet by the Sherif of Mecca.

No other mosque possesses a harem equally spacious and elegant. Its thirty domes are supported by a colonnade wherein dozens of marble and granite columns vie in beauty, rarity, and size. In the centre is the hexagonal fountain,—an architectural gem, but now disused and dry. In their height and grace the six minarets are worthy of their position.

The mosque has been the scene of innumerable state and church observances and solemnities, and of momentous events in the history of the Ottomans; but it never presented a more thrilling and dramatic sight than when, in 1826, the sacred flag of Islam was planted at the top of the narrow pulpit. That day was the crisis in the life of Mahmoud II, the Great, the Reformer. The very existence of the Empire was at stake. From the pulpit steps Assad Effendi, the national historiographer, read the fetva, denouncing the crimes of the Janissaries and ordering the extinction of the corps. Under the pressure of overwhelming excitement, so loudly and so clearly did he read that, as he himself informs us, he thought "his voice could be heard even by the inhabitants of the other world!" The Sultan called upon the faithful to rise at the voice of their religion and country. Many were timorous and faint-hearted, and remained inactive all day long, as says the Ottoman historian, "devoured with anguish, their backs planted against the wall of stupefaction." The great majority of the patriotic and law-abiding rallied to the mosque around



PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE OF THE MOSQUE OF
SULTAN ACHMET I

their Padishah and the flag of their faith. Yet the opposing forces seemed almost equally balanced. Nevertheless, at night the victory was complete. Six thousand conspirators had been slain or burned in their barracks. In a ghastly pile in front of the mosque were heaped upon one another more than two hundred corpses of the ring-leaders of the rebellion. From the enormous sycamore near the central door of the harem, still called the "tree of groans," dead men hung "like the black fruit of a tree in hell."

In grateful contrast to the horror of those days is the spectacle now annually presented in the mosque-yard during the days of public rejoicing called the Great and the Little Bairam. Thousands of children in holiday attire and in the democracy of childhood have possession of the whole extent. Every means and manner of delighting children's hearts is provided. Such a picnic is rarely seen in any country. The universal merriment seems all the more pronounced in its striking contrast with the habitual gravity and sobriety of the older Mussulmans. Constantinople affords no more refreshing and humanizing sight than is afforded at such seasons.

East of the mosque is a large school for Ottoman young ladies of the higher classes. It enjoys the special patronage of the government, and is held in deserved esteem by the people.

The unassuming square turbeh of Achmet I is situated at the northwest extremity of the enclosure, near the Atmeïdan. United at last in death, near each other lie the Sultan and his beloved Machpeïker, who survived her husband through thirty-four eventful years. The same turbeh preserves the remains of the unfortunate Osman II and of the terrible Mourad IV ; also of Bayezid, the son of

Achmet and Machpeïker, whose melancholy life-story is rescued from oblivion by the greatest of French tragedians in his "Bajazet." Carefully guarded in the same mausoleum are some of the robes in which the Sultan labored at the construction of his mosque. ' .

A little to the northeast, nearer Sancta Sophia and the Seraglio, is the famous Fountain of Sultan Achmet. This,



FOUNTAIN OF SULTAN ACHMET I

though the masterpiece of the many public fountains scattered over the city, is typical of them all. On it is seen to perfection that "unrivalled decoration of plane surfaces which forms the chief glory of Mohammedan art." A peculiar skill or dexterity is displayed in the involved composition of the inscriptions, and in each having a subtle and hidden as well as apparent meaning. For example, in one line there is such ingenious contrivance of charac-

ters, that, by adding the numerical value of successive letters, one finds the year when the fountain was completed. Sultan Achmet was an adept in this sort of cleverness, and devoted many hours to its exercise.

THE NEW MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN'S MOTHER, YENI
VALIDEH DJAMI, AT BALOUK BAZAR

SITUATED in a square on the farther side of the street, directly opposite the Stamboul end of the lower bridge, it is the first mosque to impress the stranger as he crosses the Golden Horn from Galata. Partly from the tenacity of first impressions, foreigners have bestowed upon it unstinted praise. The French ambassador Count Choiseul Gouffier speaks of it as "the most elegant mosque which exists at Constantinople." The travelled Banduri calls it "the most charming and best-executed of all the mosques at Constantinople." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, as travelled but no less enthusiastic, exclaims, "The most prodigious, and I think the most imposing, structure I ever saw." The beautiful English lady looked upon it almost two hundred years ago, hardly more than half a century after its completion, before time and dust and smoke had sullied and blackened its snowy form. Consisting entirely of white marble, not then as now surrounded and obscured by a mass of dingy buildings, rising almost directly from the water's margin, it may well have dawned on her appreciative eyes as a vision of delight.

It is indeed an artistic and noble pile, a worthy example of the grandest sanctuaries raised by devout and opulent Ottomans to the glory of God. It rests on its high walls like an architectural pyramid with a dome for its apex,

and with its sides receding and rolling downwards in a cascade of other domes, semi-domes, pinnacles, and dozens of turrets. As looked down upon from a height above, it resembles a prodigious Florentine mosaic. The polygonal minarets, audaciously slender, high, and tapering, each with three lace-like galleries, are remarkable for their daring and elegance.

Resemblance to a cross, characterizing the interior of most of the larger mosques, is here designedly obviated by the distance from one another of the piers which support the dome. Opposite, on the farther piers, are suspended two great green cloths, covered with inscriptions from the Koran, and greatly revered as having once hung in the Kaaba of Mecca. Nowhere is the marble pulpit more daintily carved. Nowhere is the blue tiling richer, deeper, or more profuse. Two windows of stained glass are dazzlingly fine. Others have the appearance of great opals. But the interior is dimly lighted. Despite its real beauty, it appears dark and dreary.

The scores of columns which sustain the galleries within were brought from the plain of Troy, and may have once been set up in temples named by Homer. One column, of such peculiar rose as is rarely seen, was brought as a trophy from Crete, in 1645, by the victorious Kapoudan Pasha Yousouf. This pasha was counted the handsomest man of his time. His beauty and the roseate marble could not save him; or, rather, they caused his death. A jealous rival accused him of having brought a worthless colored stone to the Sultan, while keeping a column of solid gold for himself. The luckless admiral was speedily deposed from office, and shortly sent to execution.

The graceful harem is now entirely disused. The doors are locked, and the windows closed with boards. On Mon-

day the locality is always animated by the presence of a busy crowd. Then the broad steps of the harem are spread with many sorts of merchandise, and the whole area of the *mosqué-yard* that day is given up to the tents and stalls of an Oriental bazaar.

The mosque was begun in 1615 by Machpeïker Sultana. Its construction was effected by all the vicissitudes in the polygamous life of the Seraglio, and by a bitter life-and-death struggle between two women. Machpeïker, the Moon-faced, was the daughter of a Greek priest. She became the favorite wife of Achmet I, and speedily, by the force of her character and intelligence, exercised a potent influence in public affairs. In 1617 her husband, Achmet, died, and his brother, Moustapha I, succeeded. Throughout his reign and that of Osman II she endured close confinement in the Seraglio. Meanwhile the mosque which she had undertaken remained untouched.

With the accession of her son, Mourad IV, in 1623, she emerged from her seclusion, and until his death, seventeen years later, was the real ruler of the state. Other cares occupied her attention, and little was done to the mosque. With the ascent to the throne of her son Ibrahim her troubles began. His favorite wife, Tarkhann Sultana, was her deadly foe; but, superior in ability, and in her rank of Valideh, Mother of the Sultan, Machpeïker maintained her ascendancy. On his deposition in 1648, Mohammed IV, a boy seven years old, the grandson of Machpeïker, the son of Tarkhann, became Sultan. No relationship is more exalted among the Ottomans than that of a sultan's mother. The influence of any other tie, however intimate and direct, pales before it. Nevertheless, strong in the devotion of the Janissaries and the clergy, Machpeïker made a desperate fight to still govern

the Empire, of which she had been the master spirit under three reigns. The guards and pages of the Seraglio, and the majority of the people, were adherents of Tarkhann. Never was a contest more relentless, more envenomed, and more insidious, than between the two sultanas. Suddenly, in 1651, the guards of the Seraglio revolted. They were at once joined by the pages. Hearing their tumultuous cries, Machpeiker went out to meet them, thinking the disturbance was made by her faithful but turbulent partisans, the Janissaries. Too late discovering her error, she hid in a secret closet in the farthest recesses of the women's apartments. Before her friends could come to her rescue, the mutineers found out her retreat, dragged her forth, and strangled her with heavy curtain-cords, which they tore from the walls.

Tarkhann had apparently no hand in the murder, but thenceforth she ruled supreme. The mosque, still unfinished, was destroyed by fire not many months afterwards. The victorious Valideh commenced its re-erection from the foundation-stone. She herself presided at its inauguration in 1663, forty-eight years after it was begun. In the midst of public rejoicings she distributed purses and robes of honor among the grandees of the court.

A long narrow covered passage, winding like a labyrinth, its sides lined with precious Persian tiles and mazy mosaics, its many doors inlaid with mother-of-pearl, conducts to the latticed chamber of the Sultan in the mosque. Thither Tarkhann Sultana led her son; and there, separated from each other only by a curtain, still hanging in its place, together they offered prayer.

Behind the mosque is a square turbeh of most plain exterior. It is the largest in the city, and most densely populated by members of the reigning family. Above

risers a dome, over sixty feet in diameter, and below are fifty-six catafalques of sultans, sultanas, and their children. Nowhere else in Constantinople are so many Ottoman sovereigns brought together. Nowhere else are so many ended ambitions, triumphs, and disappointments, side by side. In the centre, surrounded by the highest railing, and dominating all the other dead, is the catafalque of Tarkhann Sultana, raised over her only two years after the consecration of the mosque. Thirty years after his mother's death, in accordance with his dying command, the remains of Mohammed IV were placed beside her. To the same already crowded mausoleum were successively brought the coffins of Moustapha II, Achmet III, Mahmoud I, and Osman III. The turbeh contains many Korans copied by their hands. Most prized of all is one the work of Tarkhann Sultana. Near the door is a continuous row of tiny catafalques, raised over the infant children of five sultans.

THE MOSQUE NOURI OSMANIEH

MAHMOUD I in 1746 resolved to erect a mosque which should resemble nothing in existence. Not grandeur or beauty, but absolute originality was his aim. Hence he sent his architects over Asia and Europe, not in search of suggestions or perfect models, but simply that, having thus seen all, they should know how to avoid whatever the world had seen. In 1748 he himself laid the corner stone. He died before his undertaking was finished. Could he have stood beside his brother and successor, Osman III, at its consecration in 1754, the disappointed Sultan would have realized that in mosque-building there

is nothing new under the sun. The peculiarity in the shape of its five-sided harem, in the arrangement of the eight revered names of Islam high up along the inner wall, and in the loftiness of its spacious mihrab, is the sole claim to originality which the mosque can show. Even these features, though uncommon, may be found elsewhere.

Nevertheless, while it cannot claim a monopoly of any architectural detail, it does possess a marked loveliness of its own.

Its dominant structural idea is of the simplest; a hemispherical dome, over ninety feet in diameter, is placed directly upon the walls, each wall consisting of a single arch. It is the boast of its imams that not a particle of brick or common stone was anywhere employed, even in the foundations, and that it consists only of the purest white marble. In the brief century and a half of its existence the shining surface has taken on a universal tint of gray, and the outer appearance hardly hints at the material of which it is composed.

Its Turkish name signifies the Light of Osman.

In the outer yard is a splendid porphyry sarcophagus, almost nine feet long, which probably once had a place in the heroon of the Byzantine emperors. It is cut from a single block, is rectangular and plain, and has no lid.

THE TULIP MOSQUE, LALELI DJAMI

LALELI DJAMI is an imperial mosque, once the pride of Moustapha III, who devoted four years and over two million dollars to its erection. Now it is mournful and pathetic through carelessness and neglect. The ponderous green curtains which shut the harem from the portico of



THE MOSQUE NOURI OSMANIEH

the mosque hang in rags and tatters. Countless panes are broken in the windows. Dust, which no man regards, spreads its mantle everywhere. Yet, despite the universal air of dilapidation and decay, the interior is not destitute of charm, with its maze of columns, various in size and color. Three of the finest were brought from the ruins of the Byzantine Palace of Boucoleon. Two came from the likewise prostrate Palace of Theodosius in the Theodosian Forum.

The mosque was completed in 1763.

A turbeh in the enclosure rises over the catafalques of Moustapha III and of his son Selim III. Both these sovereigns were enlightened and energetic princes, striving to improve the condition of their people and to reform and resuscitate the state. Neither was strong enough for the task he had undertaken. Each carried on most disastrous wars with Russia. The first died in 1774, in a moment of victory, as he was departing to take command of his armies on the Danube. The second was dethroned by the Janissaries in 1807. One year later his partisans were victorious, and proclaimed his restoration to the throne. Breaking into the Seraglio to bear him forth in triumph, his dead body was thrown among them in mockery of their success. He had been strangled as the last act of the just deposed and vengeful Moustapha IV. Thence he was brought in a tumultuous funeral procession, the whole city in his train of mourners to be laid in this turbeh of his father.

THE MOSQUE OF THE HOLY MANTLE, HIRKAÏ
SHERIF DJAMI

THIS nineteenth century structure is situated on an artificial terrace built high on the southern slope of the fifth hill. In its general appearance and inner furnishings it resembles no other mosque in the capital. It is a diminutive octagon, about forty feet in diameter, surmounted by a dome of the same span. A handsome variegated brownish stone, highly polished, is everywhere employed in its decoration and furniture. On the right is a rare realistic picture of the Kaaba and of the sacred places of Mecca. A spacious room over the main entrance contains a large model of the Prophet's tomb and of the five-minareted Mosque of Medina.

This mosque was erected in 1851 by the pious Besma Sultana, wife of Mahmoud II, and grandmother of the present Sultan. She desired to provide a receptacle of absolute safety for a sacred mantle of the Prophet, revered by the Mussulmans as one of the most precious relics of Islam. This mantle is made of thickly woven camel's-hair cloth. The Prophet presented it shortly before his death to his faithful friend and disciple, Beïs-ul Aremin. Since then, down to the present day, its guardianship has been a hereditary trust, vested in the oldest of Beïs-ul Aremin's descendants. It remained at Medina until 1609, when, at the urgent solicitation of Achmet I, its custodians brought it to Stamboul. Like the other sacred mantle, now preserved in the Seraglio, it was always kept in forty coverings and made secure in a stone chamber. Since the completion of the mosque, it is stored according to the imam, in a secret niche near the mihrab, just as the Iron Crown of

the Lombards is watched over by the Italians in a like niche in the Cathedral of Monza. No non-Moslem may profane it with his eyes, but it is shown to the faithful during the last fifteen days of the feast of Ramazan.

THE NEW MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN'S MOTHER, YENI
VALIDEH DJAMI, AT AK SERAÏ

THIS is one of the fairest structures in the capital. It is perhaps too much to call it, as does a Gallicized Eastern critic, "the masterpiece of the Ottoman renaissance." Still, within and without it differs from every other mosque, and is equalled by few in its impression of airiness and light. It is a diminutive edifice, — the main sanctuary hardly more than fifty feet square, and the tiny dome little over thirty feet in diameter. While essentially modern, being erected in 1870, much of its style and decoration is partly Moorish, partly Saracenic. Between the upper and lower windows a broad green band, covered with citations from the Koran, encircles the walls. The gilt letters are not written, but carved in bas-relief. The lavish polychrome tints are not usual, nor altogether pleasing. The olive lamps of the older mosques are here replaced by candelabra from Paris, glittering with cut glass and loaded with wax candles. The green silk curtains screening the foot of the marble pulpit are embroidered in an endless maze of needlework of gold.

The mosque possesses all the main features of vaster Mussulman temples, — vestibules, chapelled alcove, gallery, and a Sultan's chamber. At first there was but a single minaret, though the rank of the foundress demanded two. The story told by the common people illustrates the char-

acter of the Valideh. Crippled in funds, she was told by the architect that she could easily erect two if she would renounce her design of building a fountain, or economize on that already begun. "No," she replied. "One minaret is enough to call to prayer. Another would only glorify me. The people need a fountain." Her son,



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VALIDEH

Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, came to her help, and the mosque has its appropriate number.

The Valideh had risen to her exalted station like a Cinderella from the ashes. At first she was employed in the menial offices of the palace kitchen. One day the listless eye of Mahmoud II fell upon her as she carried a heavy burden across the palace court. Something in her face

and bearing fired his fancy. He ordered that the young girl, without changing her attire, should be taken to his apartment. She became the mother of his son Abd-ul Aziz. Later, from 1861 to 1876, while her son sat upon the throne, she was the most influential figure in the state. She never forgot the lowliness of her origin, nor that she sprang from the people. Fanatical, but kindly and unselfish, she was adored by the humbler classes. She survived the fall of her son, though herself passing from the political stage. When she died, eight years afterwards, the present Sultan honored her virtues with a magnificent funeral, and the entire city mourned her.

She reposes in a white marble turbeh opposite her mosque. It is surrounded by a garden, full of the flowers which the Valideh loved. Her splendid catafalque is covered by a richly wrought black velvet pall. Near her lie her chief lady-in-waiting and some of her descendants. The turbeh is a hallowed place, cherishing in its keeping the remains of one of the best women of the century.

THE MOSQUE OF DJERRAH MOHAMMED PASHA

WOULD the foreigner realize the Oriental charm which attaches to a Turkish mosque founded in some enchanting spot by bygone opulence, and then half-abandoned to neglect and age—a mosque under whose wide dome crowds no longer gather, and whose leafy yard is given over to the luxury of isolation—a mosque where the quiet is almost eloquent, and the few *habitués* dress and move like spectres of the past? Let him on some perfect day in May or June plunge into the heart of Mussulman Stamboul, at Ak Seraï, and, where the narrow thoroughfare

divides, let him follow that which climbs, apparently purposeless, towards the southwest.

Soon he reaches, on the left, a spot thickly planted with the antique tombstones of generations ago. The cypresses and plane-trees are monumental and colossal. The apathetic Moslem priests who flit among the decaying cloisters on the southern side of the enclosure serve to make the silence and the solitude seem more intense. In the centre is the many-domed Mosque of Djerrah Pasha, slanting like a gravestone, and surrounded by its many-columned porch. The whole northern side is lumbered with timber and useless rubbish piled up against the windows, no man knows when, and left undisturbed through lethargy. Architectural beauty never was a feature of the mosque. From listlessness and poverty, its officers are indifferent to its progressive dilapidation. Nevertheless the combined whole of the crumbling building and its hoary graveyard have been touched by Nature, like the basket which Kallimachos placed on the grave of the Corinthian virgin. A scene more beautiful and an atmosphere more poetic than art could imagine or devise is the result.

This mosque was founded towards the close of the sixteenth century by Djerrah Mohammed Pasha, a man originally a barber, but who by his astuteness and ability rose to be Grand Vizir.

THE CELLAR MOSQUE, MAHSEN DJAMI

THIS mosque is subterranean. One descends several steps from the boisterous, greasy, narrow street near the Galata custom-house, passes through a double iron gate,

painted the brightest green, and reaches an underground chamber, eleven feet high, about one hundred and fifty feet long and two-thirds as broad. The vaulted roof is upheld by fifty-four piers, arranged in half a dozen rows. The cold, darksome place is apparently a mediæval cellar, once utilized as a magazine.

Many Ottomans claim for it a far more distinguished history. They assert that it is the most ancient mosque in Europe, and that it was built in the very century when, at the western end of the Mediterranean, the Moor Tarik crossed to Gibraltar to spread the light of Islam in Spain.

In 718 the Arabs, in tremendous force, a second time attacked Constantinople, in a siege lasting eighteen months. The city defended itself with its old-time heroism, and all the attempts of the assailants were in vain. At last they were forced to a most disastrous retreat. Before abandoning the siege they were persuaded by Bin Sheïret, one of their leaders, to prepare these solid vaults, and to there deposit the bodies of their slain comrades and all the valuable articles which they could not carry away. Then they spread the earth above, and committed the whole to God. Afterwards, when the Greeks trod the ground, they had no suspicion of what lay beneath.

In the reign of Sultan Ibrahim, during a time of national discouragement, early in the seventeenth century, the Sheik Mouradzadeh was granted one of those seasonable visions or dreams so often and so opportunely vouchsafed the children of the East. An angel indicated to him the spot where the remains and the treasures of the dead Arab warriors were stored. Excavation confirmed the veracity of the celestial informant. The disinterred bones were placed in another mausoleum. Over the vaults the Grand Vizir, Kara Moustapha Pasha, a man of Hungarian

origin, but converted to Islam, raised the present unpretending wooden structure.

The Mussulmans now regard the spot with profound veneration.

THE MOSQUE OF DAOUD PASHA

THIS Mosque, now desolate, on the southern slope of the seventh hill, has the distinction of being the first edifice erected by the Ottomans in Stamboul. Its existence antedates their capture of the city by almost sixty years. It also awakens peculiar interest, as affording an example of the privileges commonly granted by the Byzantines to foreigners and continued by their successors, the Ottomans, under the name of capitulations.¹

Before the close of the fourteenth century several Ottomans had become domiciled in Constantinople for the purpose of trade. Sultan Bayezid I requested the Emperor Manuel Palaiologos that they should be allowed to build a mosque, and to be judged, not by Byzantine magistrates, but by their own kadi. There was nothing insolent or unusual in this request. Nevertheless, it has been often misrepresented as the encroachment of an arrogant sultan, eager for a *casus belli*, on a feeble and defenceless emperor.

Foreigners resident in Constantinople were under their own laws and amenable to their own magistrates. Such, for example, was the case with the Venetians, the Amalfians, the Genoese, and the Pisans. This arrangement was an advantage to the Byzantine authorities and a convenience to the foreigner. Sultan Bayezid simply made the demand that no distinction should be made against his

¹ See a valuable discussion of this topic in Pears' "Fall of Constantinople, or the Story of the Fourth Crusade."

subjects, but that they should be upon the same footing as the subjects of other foreign states. There was no reason why Manuel should say nay.

The Ottomans, on their subsequent arrival as conquerors, found this system of concessions or capitulations in existence. It has survived the Byzantine Empire, for it was adopted by the new rulers, and has been perpetuated by them to this day. Its most formal embodiment was in the capitulations granted the French under Francis I in 1536. Every American resident of the capital, or any part of the Empire, at this hour, is the beneficiary of that system in consequence of which the Mosque of Daoud Pasha was erected, and its frequenters were submitted to their own tribunals.

Architecturally the mosque presents nothing of interest. It is square, crowned by a dome so subtended as apparently to repose on an octagon. The whole interior is filthy and repulsive through neglect and abandonment. The last worshipper must have made his prayer long ago. The fountain before the main entrance is a ruin. Numerous granite columns lie prostrate in front, the largest of which is nearly three and a half feet in diameter. In the rear is a most romantic cemetery. Its magnificent trees were planted and some of its broken tombstones fitted in their sockets before the fifteenth century began.

VARIOUS OTHER MOSQUES

THERE are many other mosques in the capital which have some special charm in their structure, associations, or site.

Those erected by sovereigns of the last century are marked by an elaboration of finish and profusion of orna-

ment not found in the earlier edifices. The Mosque of Mahmoud II, at Top Khaneh, commemorates the destruction of the Janissaries in 1826, and is surnamed Nousretieh, the Victorious. Its fluted minarets are the most slender in the city. The Mosque of the Valideh, mother of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, at Dolma Baghtcheh, and of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid at Ortakeui, are of the same pleasing type.

The Mosque of Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II, near his palace of Yildiz Kiosk, is a fairy-like gem.

In heavy contrast with these recent ethereal creations are the substantial mosques of Mahmoud Pasha, north of the Nouri Osmanieh, and of Mourad Pasha at Ak Serai. The founder of the first was the son of a Greek priest and of a Servian woman, was captured from a monastery and circumcised, and became Grand Vizir and brother-in-law to Mohammed II. He was famed for his courtly manners and his love of learned men. He welcomed the latter weekly to his table, when they were served with pellets of gold mingled with their food. These pellets they were to carry away. His outspoken frankness cost him his life. He was bowstrung in 1474, and is revered by the Ottomans as a martyr. At the height of his power he built this lordly mosque on the site of a nameless Greek church, commonly called by the Ottomans the Church of the Bell. It is surmounted, not by one, but by two equal domes. It contains a peculiar picture of the sacred edifices of Mecca. Mourad Pasha, Grand Vizir of Achmet I, was surnamed the Well-digger from the pits which he dug and into which he cast his prisoners alive, and the Sword of the State because of his victories over rebels and Persians. The tireless old man died in 1611, at the age of ninety, in Persia, whither he had marched at the head of the army.

His body was embalmed and brought for burial to his mosque. It is a splendid and venerable pile, with a spacious court and enormous trees.

Orta Djami, the Mosque of the Regiment, is not so much a present reality, but suggests a past horror. It now designates a shapeless and extensive mass of ruins in the Etmeïdan, which no man has cleared away, on which no man would consent to build, but which nature has clothed with verdure and made beautiful. Orta Djami was the Mosque of the Janissaries. In it they concocted those disorders and crimes which they always sought to justify in the name of religion. It was levelled to the ground on the day when that ferocious soldiery were destroyed in 1826, and the spot where it stood is still counted accursed.

The Mosque of Atik Ali Pasha is situated near the Column of Constantine, and is built entirely from the *débris* of Constantine's Forum. Few edifices in Constantinople reveal so plainly the material of which they are composed. The irregular paving of its portico in marble blocks of every color and size, the marble and granite columns of its colonnade, and here and there stones recognizable in the general mass, tell unmistakably the tale of its origin.

The Mosque of the Laborers' Gate, Azab Kapou Djami, close to the northern end of the upper bridge, serves as a milestone or guidepost to indicate the extreme western end of mediæval Italian Galata. Irregular black heaps of masonry in the vicinity are among the few vestiges of the fortifications within which the Genoese deemed themselves secure against the Byzantines.

The Mosque of the Quarter, Mahalleh Djami, near the Column of Constantine, is considered the most diminutive Mussulman house of worship in Constantinople. It is a tiny, toy-like octagon, with minaret, gallery, and

arches complete, but is itself less than twelve feet in diameter.

The Twisted Mosque, Bourmali Mesdjid, is remarkable for its minaret, which resembles no other. Throughout its entire length it has the appearance of twenty-four coils twisted around one another.

The Mosque of Ab-ul Vefa, near the Aqueduct of Valens, was built by Mohammed II in honor of his friend, Ab-ul Vefa, a famous musician and poet. Its plainness and inferior size are due to the wish of the poet, who was a man of primitive and frugal tastes. No honors or wealth could affect his independence and simplicity. He was dearly loved by the Conqueror, on whom his music had the same soothing influence as that of David on Saul. Often the Sultan came without ceremony to his house. Several times, it is said, Ab-ul Vefa refused to admit him, sending word that he was writing poetry and could not be disturbed. Thereupon the fierce Conqueror would laugh, and go away with a jest.

The Mosque of Aivaz Effendi has no architectural claim to mention, though it is agreeable and attractive; but a large interest attaches to its historic situation. It occupies part of the site of the Byzantine Palace of the Blachernai. Its yard, on the same level as the top of the land wall to which it reaches, is directly over the imperial Prisons of Anemas. Through an iron grating near the mosque the refuse of the vicinity is thrown into the mediæval dungeons. As one stands in the enclosure seventy feet above the ground below, he gazes out over the summit of the land wall upon a most memorable locality. Directly opposite the gate by which he enters the yard is one of the three famous plane-trees of Constantinople. Its branches waved during the siege in 1453, and already its

age was reckoned by centuries. The hollow trunk was a long time used as a chamber, but has recently been closed. In the slow progress of many years it has moulded itself around the quaint hexagonal fountain at its side.

Into many of the minor mosques no thrilling history has entered, and some have been little touched by art. Yet there is hardly one in which we might not delightedly linger, and of which something peculiar to itself might not be said.

THE TURBEH OF SULTAN MAHMOUD II THE GREAT

THIS mausoleum surpasses in size and beauty every other in the city. It is situated near the Column of Constantine, in the very centre of the life of Stamboul. It is an octagon of pure white marble. The catafalque of the great Sultan is in the middle, surrounded by a railing in silver gilt. The antique turban with its involved folds is replaced by the black tasselled crimson fez which Mahmoud introduced as the national head-dress. A high tuft of heron's feathers is attached by a cluster of diamonds. The black velvet pall, wrought in needle-work of gold, is unequalled in costliness and richness. On the right is the catafalque of the Valideh Sultana, mother of his son, Sultan Abd-ul Medjid; on the left, that of his son, Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, likewise covered by a black velvet pall.



TURBEH OF SULTAN MAHMOUD II THE GREAT

XII

THE SERAGLIO



WHAT other Eastern name awakens such lurid yet confused ideas, such *mélange* of imagination and history, as does the word Seraglio? It vibrates with every possible echo of human experience and passion. To the Western mind it comprehends

all the ranges from an earthly paradise to a gehenna.

The term has entered English through the medium of the Italian, and is derived from the Persian word “seraï,” which means a palace. Every place honored by the residence of the Sultan is still called “seraï;” but to the poet, the historian, the traveller, there is only one Seraglio in the world.

It is situated on the first, or most eastern, of the seven hills. It looks out upon the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, and the Marmora, and commands a glorious view up the European and Asiatic shores. It is rounded by every incoming steamer that casts its anchor in the harbor of the capital. Much of the site of ancient Byzantium lies under its northern slope, and its southern sweep partly includes the pleasure-grounds of the Great Palace of Constantine. So the Seraglio of the sultans rivets together the pre-Christian classic and the Christian mediæval cities, and rides triumphant above them both.

Its scattered, disconnected buildings are islanded amid a luxuriant mass of trees, "o'ertopped by cypresses dark green and tall," which descend in terraces almost to the water's edge. The incurving roofs and rounded domes and sharpened spires are all sheathed in lead, as that metal, like a royal flag, suggests to an Eastern mind the abode of majesty. Most strenuous have been the Ottomans for this outward indication of rank. One dethroned sultan bitterly protested when his keepers hastily confined him in a building covered by earthen tiles. The unanswerable justice of his complaints was recognized. Forthwith he was removed to another prison, whose leaden roof was considered more in keeping with the dignity of the dis-crowned monarch.

The term Seraglio comprehends both the structures raised by the sultans and the vast enclosed territory by which they are surrounded. The grounds are of irregular shape, with a circumference of over two miles, the length being nearly twice the breadth. The whole extent consists of two distinct and distinctly separated portions, the outer and the inner. The outer comprises more than nine-tenths of the total area, and completely surrounds the second or inner portion.

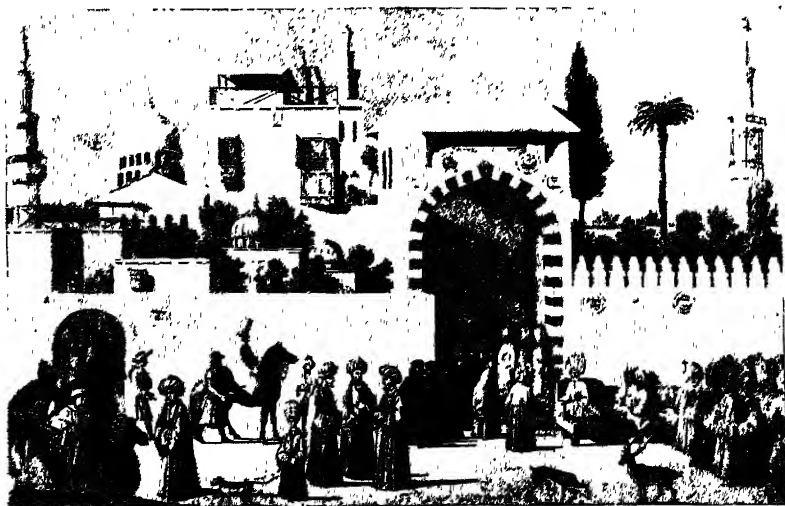
All the approaches are still guarded by a suspicious soldiery, but every person is free to pass through the gates of the outer wall, and wander where he pleases along its outer circuit. Nevertheless, if he lingers to gaze at the high white walls which surround the inner enclosure, the sanctum sanctorum of the sultans, or stands for a moment lost in revery, there breaks upon his ear the harsh, insolent shout of some omnipresent sentinel, "Yasak! yasak!" (It is forbidden! it is forbidden!) and the loiterer must move on.

Once it was deemed sacrilege, worse than treason, even from a distance to turn one's eye in this direction. In 1634 a Venetian was hanged, and his possessions confiscated, because from the window of his house he had looked towards it through a glass. For this crime of their co-religionist, hundreds of Italians, Frenchmen, and Englishmen were thrown into prison, and from Sir Peter Wych, the English ambassador, was roughly taken away the sword wherewith the English king had dubbed him knight. The arm of England was shorter then than now, and no reparation was ever made for the insult.

Along the water the Seraglio was defended by the wall and towers of Constantine and Theophilus, of which a small portion still exists. These fortifications curved with the shore from the Gate of Eugenios (a senator who came with Constantine from Rome), on the Golden Horn, to the wicket gate of Michael the Protovestiary, on the Marmora. Under the Ottomans the former became Yali Kiosk Kapou, and the latter Balouk Khaneh Kapou. Between the two, for protection on the western or landward side, was built the irregular crenellated wall of stone, with square projecting towers, which remains in almost perfect preservation. Despite the great authority of Paspatis, who believed that this western wall was constructed by Michael VIII in 1261, on the restoration of the Byzantine Empire, I judge it the creation of Mohammed the Conqueror. The Byzantine emperors in the thirteenth century had no possible motive for its erection, and it is of Ottoman rather than of Byzantine workmanship.

During fifteen years after the Conquest, Sultan Mohammed continued to inhabit the enormous palace which he reared on the site of the Theodosian Forum and of the Capitolium, and around which he enclosed an ample

domain nearly two miles in circuit. Not till 1468 did the charms of this spot attract his eye. Then he commenced the erection of a palace, where, with a portion of his household, he passed the summer months. Likewise did his son and grandson, Bayezid II and Selim I. This was vastly enlarged by Souleïman I, who removed his whole household hither and made it his habitual residence.



RECEPTION OF A VENETIAN AMBASSADOR IN 1500

The earlier discarded structure in the heart of the city became known as the Old or Eski Seraï, and was finally appropriated to the families of deceased sultans. For more than three centuries this, the New or Yeni Seraï, the Seraglio of Ottoman history, was the heart and centre of the state. Twenty-one successive sultans here more than anywhere else wrought out their destiny and the destiny of their Empire. On his accession, in 1839, Sultan Abd-ul Medjid bade it farewell, and withdrew to his palaces

on the Bosphorus. It has been the habitation of no sultan since. During the last two generations the heirs of Osman have been almost strangers to its grass-grown courts, seldom passing its gates, save when compelled by some traditional and formal ceremony, and then hurrying away as if eager to be gone.

Often the locality was ravaged by fire, the last time in 1865. Then more than eight thousand houses in Stamboul were destroyed, and many of the edifices of the Seraglio. However, those escaped uninjured which were comprehended in the enclosure of the inner wall.

Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, eager to bring his capital into closer relations with Western Europe, and realizing that the railway terminus should be on the Golden Horn, permitted the track to be laid in the Seraglio. It follows the trend of the shore, parallel and close to the seaward wall, and in a great semi-circular sweep traverses the once impenetrable enclosure.

Nevertheless, despite time, abandonment, fire, and innovation, much of the real residence remains, and all of its legend and mystery. The four gates on the landward side, — Demir Kapou, the Iron Gate; Soouk Tcheshmeh Kapou, the Gate of the Cold Fountain; Bab-i-Humayoun; Giul Khaneh Kapou, the Gate of the Rose Palace, — are existent realities. So, too, built on the outside against the outer wall, is Alai Kiosk, from whose latticed windows listless sultans used to glance at the passing crowds, or look down at public executions below.

The outer Seraglio is crossed by avenues of cypresses and plane-trees, is partly devoted to vegetable gardens, and suffers constant encroachment towards its semi-circular rim by the exigencies of the railway. Very little is left of its many fantastic and sumptuous palaces. Sebetdjilar

Kiosk still exists close to the Golden Horn, blackened and indescribably dirty, affording hardly a hint of its former daintiness and importance. Here the Sultan gave audience to the Kapoudan Pasha before departure of the fleet on some naval expedition. The great war vessels were



ALAI KIOSK

drawn up near the shore for his inspection, and from the decks the sailors might behold their sovereign rise from a silver throne and bestow upon them the blessing of the Caliph. Adjacent was the larger and more famous Yali Kiosk, erected in 1589 by Sinan Pasha, the Grand Vizir. This was a white marble octagon, adorned with fifty white

marble columns. Not a vestige is left. It has disappeared as utterly as the once neighboring Tower of Eugenios, thrown down in 1817, or as the Monastery of the Mangana, which stood close by, which Constantine X erected, and in which he found a tomb. Caique Khaneh, on the Golden Horn, contains a few long-since disused caiques, which once served sultans long since dead; also a quaint Italian galley, the trophy of some victory at sea. Remains exist of Indjili Kiosk, built by Selim II, but nothing of Mermer Kiosk, both of which overhung the water.

Giul Khaneh Kiosk, outside the southern corner of the inner wall, possesses little beauty, but was the scene of a notable event. Here in 1839 Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, seeking to tread in the footsteps of his father the great Mahmoud, issued his Hatti Sherif, or Sacred Proclamation, a comprehensive scheme of national reform. This state paper declared that the decline of the Empire during the preceding one hundred and fifty years was due to disregard of justice and law; that hence, relying on the assistance of the Almighty and the intercessions of the Prophet, the Sultan sought by new institutions to bestow upon his provinces the benefits of a good administration. It guaranteed security of life, honor, and property to all; a uniform and just system of taxation, and uniformity in conscription and military service. Ottoman history presents no other event of like political significance. In none other had the nation in its representative capacity so shared.

The solemn impressiveness of this imperial utterance was enhanced by every possible detail. The ambassadors of the European powers were all present in their official uniforms. So were the Patriarchs of the Greek, Armenian,

and Armeno-Catholic churches, and the Grand Rabbi, attended by their clergy and attired in their pontifical robes; also deputations of the bankers and of the various guilds of the capital, together with the chiefs of the national administration and their higher subordinates. The body of the Oulema, the judges and mollahs, occupied seats in the centre. The Sheik-ul-Islam and the seven marshals by the sanction of their presence voiced the approval of the Church and Army. The Proclamation was read by Reshid Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs. It concluded with a prayer and an imprecation: "In the performance of this, may God Most High have us all in His holy and worthy keeping; whoever violates this, may he be the object of the divine curse and forever deprived of every blessing." Then the Sheik-ul-Islam pronounced a prayer, and the entire assembly, Moslem, Christian, and Jew, native and foreigner, answered "Ameen." Salvos from all the artillery in the capital announced the conclusion of the ceremony and the introduction of a new political day.

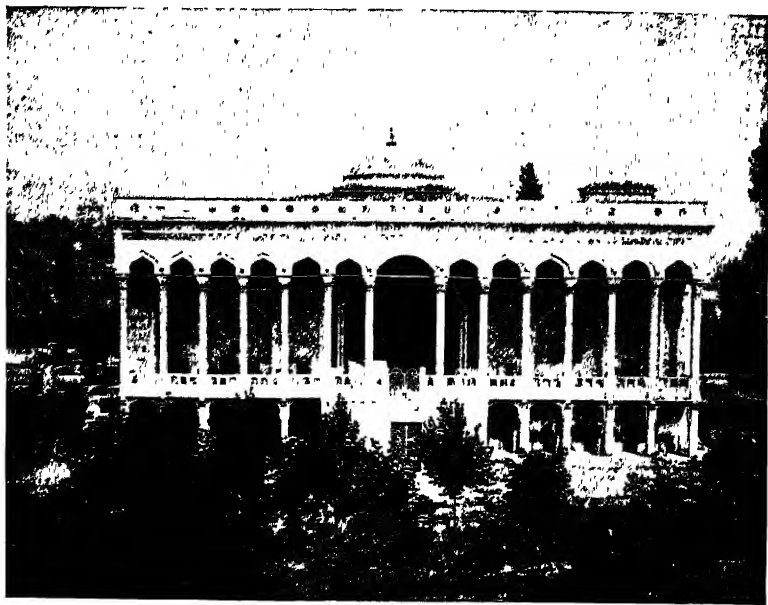
Though, because of national inertia and Mussulman prejudice, there has been reaped so small an apparent harvest, it may be doubted if any rescript of an absolute monarch was ever composed with a higher purpose or more honest ambition.

Tchinili Kiosk, the Tile Palace, stands under the shelter of the northern inner wall. There is no other still existing Ottoman edifice in Stamboul, erected after the Conquest, which is equally old. By the strange irony of fate it has become the Museum of Antiquities.

Many other buildings situated here and there in this outer enclosure are now devoted to popular and national rather than to autocratic purposes. Such are the imperial

medical schools, military and civil; an imperial hospital, a military school, infantry and cavalry barracks, and government bakeries.

Thus far, although within the charmed precincts, we have been wandering merely through the outskirts, hardly casting furtive glances towards the barred and fast-closed

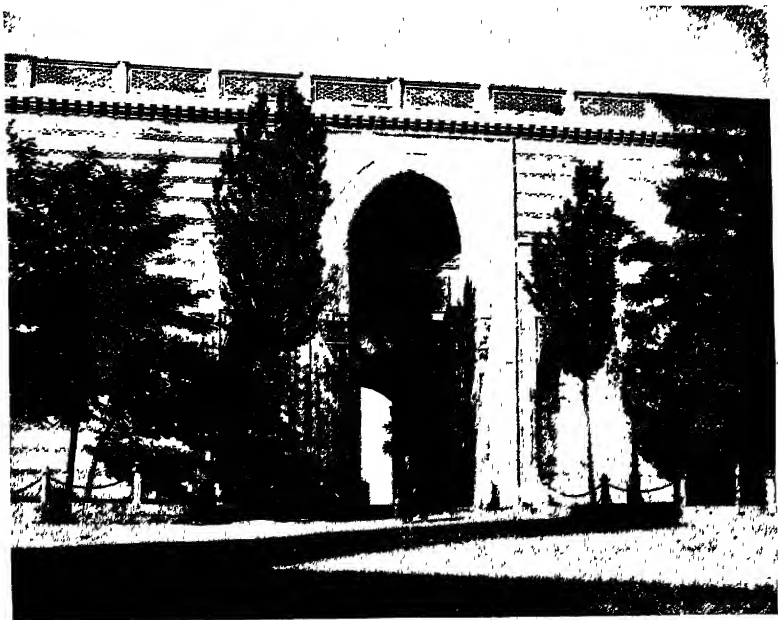


TCHINILI KIOSK

doors and windows of the inner, the real Seraglio, whose threshold it remains for us to cross.

The "Sacred Residence," the "Celestial Abode," the "Ineffable Coronation of Destiny," is preceded by an irregular, uneven plain, shut in by bare white walls, described in Oriental metaphor as "so lofty that the aërial voyagers dare not wing their flight above the dizzy battle-

ments, so thick that human imagination cannot conceive their span." Their width and loftiness dwindle, on approach, to far tamer dimensions, as does so often Eastern hyperbole when confronted by the cold touch of Western fact. A transverse wall divides this plain into two courts of unequal size.



THE BAB-I-HUMAYOUN

The outer court is entered from the street by the Bab-i-Humayoun, the High or Imperial Gate, whose resonant title is justified less by its appearance than by the fact that through it the sultans used to issue and return "in all the Asian pomp of Ottoman parade." It is built of marble, and designed to represent a triumphal arch. On either side are the mitred niches wherein the

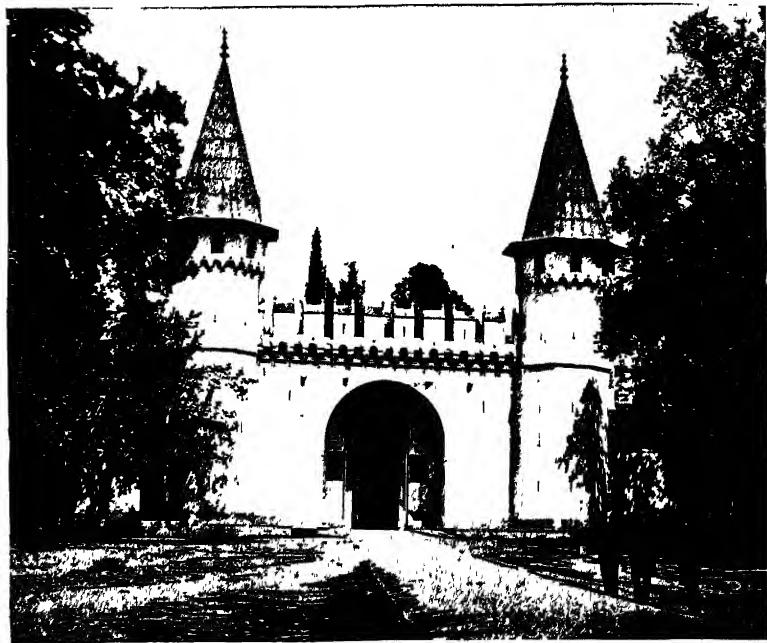
heads of grand vizirs were more than once exposed in silver plates. Above is the small square chamber where Mahmoud II, in 1826, waited anxiously all day long for tidings of the last battle against the Janissaries. Directly over the entrance is the inscription, placed there in 1478 by Mohammed II, "God shall make eternal the glory of its builder; God shall strengthen his work; God shall support his foundations." So massive is the portal that its outer and inner doors are fifteen yards apart. Formerly fifty full-armed kapoudjis, or keepers, stood here constantly on watch night and day.

The court still bears its former ill-omened name of "Court of the Janissaries." No other memory so hangs over it as does theirs. Here in the rare days of civic peace they were drawn up in serried ranks to acclaim or follow their sovereign. Hither they many times rushed like madmen, beating their kettles, battering the walls, and with infuriate cries demanding largess, or increase of pay, or the heads of vizirs and mouphtis, or the deposition of a sultan. On the left is the Church of Saint Irene and the Mint. Prominent in the foreground is the enormous Plane-tree of the Janissaries, which eight men standing in a circle cannot belt with their extended arms, in whose hollow trunk families have lived, and from the gibbet of whose tremendous arms hundreds of corpses have hung.

One passes hence to the inner court through Orta Kapou, the Middle Gate, sometimes called Bab-el-Selam, the Gate of Peace. It likewise was formerly guarded by fifty kapoudjis, and is still flanked at a distance by its cone-like towers. Only the Sultan may enter it on horseback. Above is inscribed the Mussulman creed, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God." The inner and outer doors of Orta Kapou are

thirty-five feet apart. In the rooms between are arms and standards.

The room on the left was that of the executioner. Here condemned vizirs and pashas were beheaded after being drowned in the cistern below. The mangled trunk



ORTA KAPOU

was cast upon the ground in the Court of the Janissaries, and the dissevered head, with a written statement of the crime imputed, was placed at the Bab-i-Humayoun. Afterwards it became the perquisite of the headsman, from whom it was often ransomed at an exorbitant price by the kindred or friends of the dead.

The room on the right was the waiting-place of foreign

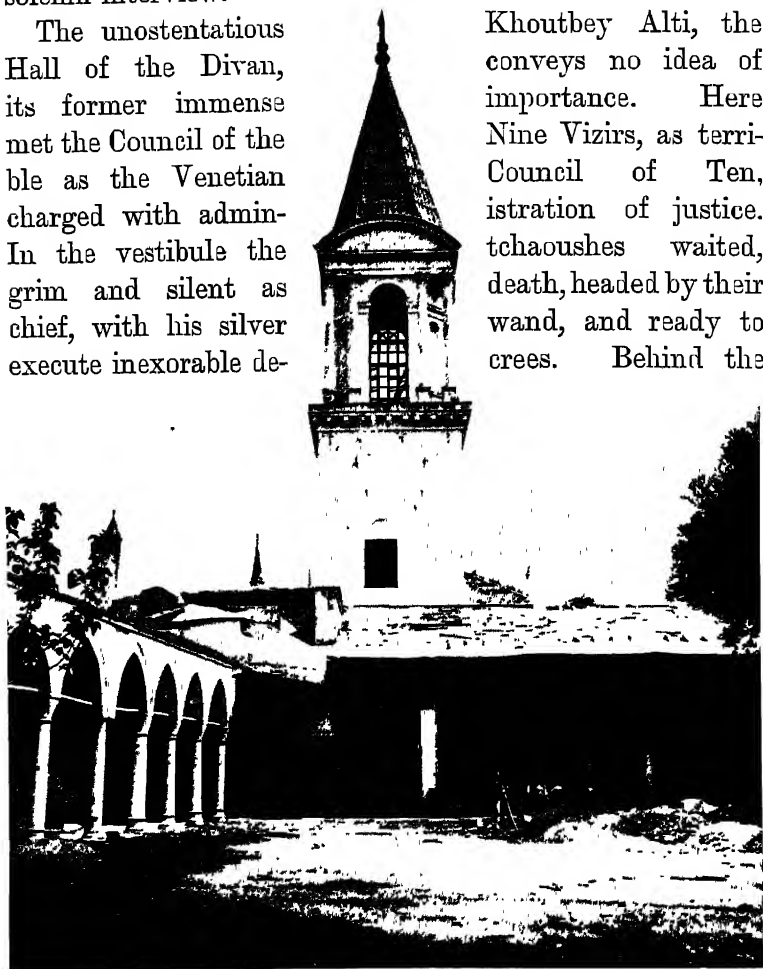
ambassadors. Sometimes they remained there seven or eight tedious hours, until the Sultan deigned to receive them. Their sycophancy, their rivalry with one another in affectation of friendship for the Ottomans, often merited the contempt with which they were commonly regarded. Whenever a victory was gained over some Christian nation, the representatives of other Christian powers were wont to ask permission to hasten hither that they might congratulate the Ottomans on their success, and assure them of their own delight. When at last the Sultan was nearly ready to receive the anxious envoy, the announcement was usually made in the insolent order, "Let the dogs be fed and clothed!" Then the ambassador passed through the gate and across the inner court to the Hall of the Divan on the left, still surmounted by its belfry-like tower, where he had the honor of dining with the Grand Vizir. For his suite old leathern carpets were spread upon the ground inside the colonnade, and there they made what cheer they could "with scanty dishes."

Towards the right were drawn up several thousand Janissaries. On the ambassador's appearance great kettles of rice were placed before the soldiery, at which they "darted like arrows," — a peculiar custom, introduced to impress the foreigner with the appetite and ferocity of the corps. Sometimes they ate sullenly, or not at all. Then the nation trembled. When the ambassador's repast was finished, he received the caftans, or robes of honor, furnished to him and his retinue by the Sultan. The number varied according to the esteem in which the country represented was held. By custom there were twenty-four caftans for France, sixteen for England, twelve for Venice, and the same number for Holland. Then the envoy

was ceremoniously and most courteously conducted to his solemn interview.

The unostentatious Hall of the Divan, its former immense met the Council of the ble as the Venetian charged with admin- In the vestibule the grim and silent as chief, with his silver execute inexorable de-

Khoutbey Alti, the conveys no idea of importance. Here Nine Vizirs, as terri- Council of Ten, istration of justice. tchaoushes waited, death, headed by their wand, and ready to crees. Behind the



HALL OF THE DIVAN

lattice window, unseen, like deity, the Sultan sat and listened to the discussions of his ministers.

On the extreme right were seen the nine kitchens of

the Seraglio. The first was devoted to the Sultan's table; the second, to that of "the Princess the best beloved," that is, the Sultan's mother, and of the chief sultanas; the third, of the other sultanas; the fourth, of the chief of the black eunuchs and of the other eunuchs; the fifth, of the captain of the gate and his subordinates; the sixth, of the ministers of the divan; the seventh, of the itchoglans or pages; the eighth, of the humbler attendants of the Seraglio; the ninth, of all connected with the divan ex-



BAB-I-SAEDET

cept the ministers. No beef — a flesh deemed impure — might enter these kitchens, but daily five hundred sheep were there roasted whole.

The Bab-i-Saadet, the Gate of Felicity, admits to the Seraglio proper. Under this gate always first took place the announcement of a new reign. Formerly whoever passed was obliged to kiss the threshold.

Bewildered by anticipation of unfolding mystery, and by the rushing medley of association, the stranger involuntarily pauses as he approaches its opening doors. The blood is stirred at the thought of a vaster throng of beauties than have entered through any other doors on earth.

As Abishag was sought for David throughout all the coasts of Israel, so hundreds, thousands, of other maidens as fair were sought among the subjects and the captives of an empire for the lord of the Seraglio. With eyes bright as stars, with breath like the flowers of spring, with arms white as the houris, with airy step that left no footprint upon the ground, through more than three hundred successive years they were ceaselessly entering here.

During three and a half centuries there was not a sultan, from Mohammed II the Conqueror to Mahmoud II the Reformer, for whose magnificent passing this portal has not almost daily opened wide. Sometimes, while the Sultan trembled within, the Janissaries have thundered at its brazen panels until their bloody hunger was appeased by the corpses of the noblest in the state cast at their feet. Sometimes the monarch showed himself their master. In 1632, when a sedition was at its height, and the court was packed with infuriate rebels, and vociferous shouts announced his deposition, Mourad IV ordered the gate thrown open, and walked calmly and alone towards the mob. The raging multitude shrank in terror from the glance of that young man of twenty-two. He quelled the tumult by his audacity, and returned unhindered, a bloodless conqueror.

Twice in the present century, in a single year, the doors were unlocked for the ignominious exit of a dead sultan. Baïrackdar, the terrible Pasha of Rustchuk, in 1808 had roused the whole nation and proclaimed the restoration of the enlightened Selim III, who had been deposed by Moustapha IV twelve months before. In triumph he approached the still closed Bab-i-Seadet and demanded his master, who in the recesses of the Seraglio was ignorant of the revolution accomplished in his behalf. The guards

inside were still faithful to Moustapha. The deposed Sultan ordered Selim bowstrung; then he cast the remains through the door with the message, "Give the Pasha of Rustchuk Selim, whom he seeks!" Bairackdar in agony threw himself upon the body of his Sultan and kissed his hands and feet, sobbing like a child. The kapoudan pasha roused him from his grief. "It is useless to weep like a woman," he said; "let us save Prince Mahmoud before he, too, is destroyed." Moustapha was seized, but Mahmoud could nowhere be found. His nurse had hidden him under a pile of disused mats and carpets, exacting the solemn promise that he would not come out till she called him. For a long time she dared not reveal his hiding-place; but at last she was convinced of his safety, and shouted, "Come forth, my lion." Mahmoud emerged from his concealment to ascend the throne, which he filled grandly for thirty-one years.



SULTAN SELIM III

A few weeks later there was another successful revolution, this time in favor of Moustapha, and the deposition of Mahmoud was announced. Mahmoud commanded that Moustapha should be put to death. Again the gate was opened, and again an imperial corpse was borne through it to victorious rebels. Then Mahmoud calmly presented

himself to the rage of the insurgents. He, a youth of nineteen, was the sole male survivor of the dynasty of Osman. Were he slain, their reigning family would be extinct. They kissed the ground before their only possible padishah, and withdrew. Thus ended the last tragedy the gate has seen.

One passes under the broad, overhanging arch, and the Seraglio is before him. No scene could be more calm and peaceful. The horrors have vanished like the full-eyed beauties! The stranger marvels, in the innocent tranquillity, if this be the very spot of which such direful tales are told.

High-wrought fancy imagines that all the achievements of Eastern art are gathered here; but one looks in vain for something impressive or stately. There is here no Alhambra or Palace of Versailles or Kremlin. The Serai of Dolma Baghtcheh or Beylerbey is more bewildering and entrancing than any single structure which the Seraglio contains. Here there was never any single great, continuous, overshadowing pile, or even a symmetric grouping of minor buildings around some greater centre. Here there were clustered palaces, pavilions, mosques, baths, fountains, every mushroom fabric of architectural fancy springing up in endless, planless variety, each regardless of all the rest, and yet all somehow combining in a realization of wonders. The inner Seraglio was a sea of ostentation and caprice, into which flowed like water the booty of campaigns, the tribute of vassal kingdoms, and the resources of the state, all swept headlong hither by the hand of absolute power. Gilded pagodas, bejeweled kiosks, every materialized conception of odalisks and sultanas were tossed like bubbles upon the surface of that sea, without thought of permanence or of the future. Everything

seems permeated by the spirit of Selim II, who, surrounded by his musicians and dancing-girls, exclaimed: "I think only of the pleasure of to-day. What shall be after me does not cause me a thought." So there was always here ornamentation the most profuse, mosaic and inlaid work the most minute, faience the richest, arabesques the most

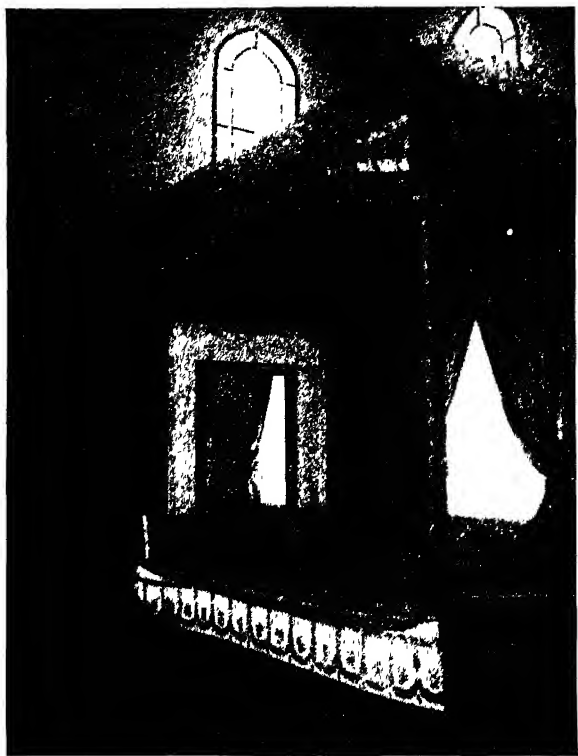


ARZ ODASSI

involved, rare and costly woods with dainty chisellings, embroideries that seemed like dreams, every accessory of minor art to bedeck the small. There is no building here worthy of the greatness of the Ottomans. There is nothing which by its massiveness and monumental grandeur will vindicate to coming ages the power of the sultans.

The Arz Odassi, the Chamber of Supplication, or the Throne Room, is an elegant pavilion, surrounded by a

colonnade. It is situated directly opposite the Bab-i-Seadet. The Sultan used to sit in Oriental fashion, at the farthest corner of a prodigiously large couch, while he received the homage of his officers, and granted audience



THE THRONE

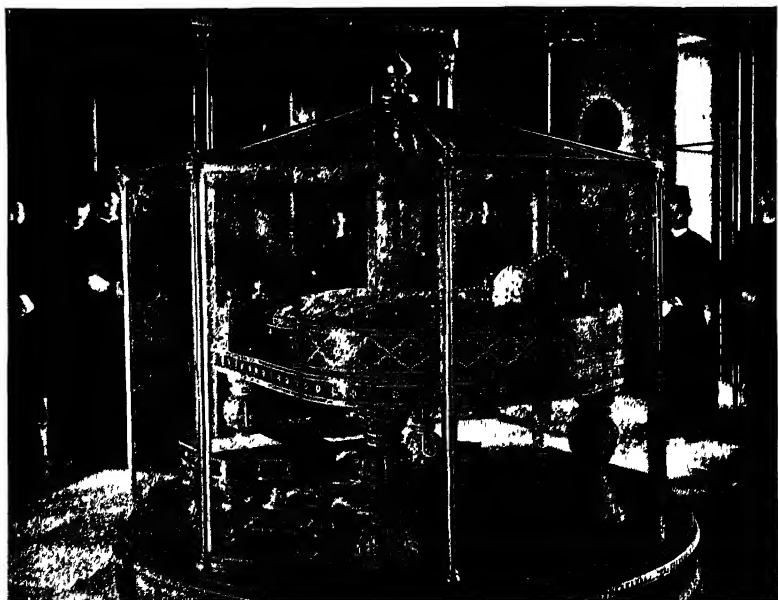
to foreign envoys. This couch had eight coverings, of varying degrees of magnificence, though all were wrought with gold embroidery and precious stones. At each reception the covering was chosen according to the greatness of the country represented, or the favor in which its envoy

was held. In this room, in 1525, the ambassador of Ferdinand, King of Bohemia and brother of Charles V, sued Souleiman I for peace, and the ambassador of France entreated him to rescue Francis I, then a prisoner of Charles V in Spain. Here, in 1568, Harebone, ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, besought Mourad III to assist the English against the gathering armada of Philip II.

By its name the Treasure House, or Hazneh, suggests a blinding array of diamonds of Golconda, and of all priceless things in the untold opulence of the East; but in neither quantity nor value do its accumulated treasures correspond to the pictures of imagination. I have visited the Hazneh many times, and I can but wonder at the enthusiasm of a distinguished author, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, who exclaims, "Nothing to be compared to its splendor exists in any European capital." Generations ago such a comparison would have been just. At the death of Mourad IV, in 1640, in a single room were counted four thousand sacks, each containing fifteen thousand gold ducats. The prodigious sum amounted to three hundred and sixty million francs, or over seventy million dollars. The other rooms were stored with jewels and every form of wealth in like almost inconceivable, almost incredible proportion. No wonder that the seal of the Sultan bore the humble, haughty words, "The aid of God has been with his servant Mourad." No wonder that Baron Tavernier, who saw it all in its dazzling affluence two hundred and fifty years ago, compared the Treasure House to the Caspian Sea, into which the vastest rivers flowed, and from which none departed.

Here, however, the thing that has been is not the thing that is. One still beholds quantities of precious stones, elaborate harness mounted in gold, saddle-cloths wrought

with pearls, marvellously fashioned clocks, splendid porcelains, gold and silver chased arms and armor, cups encrusted with diamonds, and a maze of objects of rare and perfect make to gratify every wildly extravagant whim. Yet, when all is seen, the impression left behind is one of blurred confusion and disappointment, rather than of admiration and surprise.



THE PERSIAN THRONE

Four main rooms open upon one another. The most remarkable possession of the first is a Persian throne of beaten gold, into which handfuls of rubies, emeralds, and pearls have been wrought in mosaic. This trophy of Ottoman valor was captured in 1514 by Selim I from Ismail, the Shah of Persia. On a shelf close by is an emerald which the Ottomans boast is the largest in the

world. It is this which, in his latest romance, General Wallace pictures the Prince of India bringing from the grave of Hiram, King of Tyre, on whom Solomon had bestowed it, and laying at the feet of the last Constantine, in effectual ransom for the lost daughter of his soul, his Gul Bahar. The gallery contains a throne of Achmet I. Much of the armor contained in the gallery has been worn by heroic sultans on the field of battle.

A large glass case in the second room contains many rare gold coins, and is surmounted by a gilt copy of Trajan's Column. The portraits of twenty-eight successive sultans are grouped on the wall in a single frame. In the gallery, in glass cases on wooden frames, are arranged in chronologic order the gala robes of each sultan from Mohammed II to Mahmoud II. The fez and Cossack costume of the latter contrasts strangely with the flowing, graceful attire of his predecessors. The turbans, adorned by the heron's feather, are such as each sultan devised for himself and wore during life; the daggers are the very same they wore at their sides. The jewelled clasps of Sultans Ibrahim and Souleïman II, and the emerald hilt of Selim I, are the most remarkable.

The third room possesses numerous objects of minor interest. Additional treasures are kept in a fourth chamber, still called the Chamber of Roustem, in memory of that thrifty Grand Vizir of Souleïman I.

Since 1680 the Hazneh may be opened only by the Hazneh Kiaya, always a eunuch, second in rank to the Kizlar Aghassi, the chief of the black eunuchs. Each day he must visit it for inspection, and on departure must seal the outer door with a signet which bears the device, "Submission to the Creator." Whenever he dies, or is deposed from office, a careful enumeration, often lasting

several months, must be made of the contents of the Treasure House.

The Library is contained in a small kiosk built by Moustapha III. It consists of a single cruciform room. Over the covered porch are the words, "Enter in peace." Opposite the entrance one is confronted with the inscription, most appropriate to every student and every age, "Study with diligence, my beloved, and say, 'O Lord, increase my knowledge.'" On each side are the alcoves where the books are placed. The Library comprises about five thousand manuscripts, mainly in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish. The greater part were collected by Mahmoud I, Osman III, and Moustapha III. They embrace all departments, being the most diversified Ottoman collection in the capital. Some are magnificently illustrated. The older library of the sultans was destroyed by fire towards the close of the sixteenth century.

His Excellency Hamdi Bey, director of the Imperial Museum, informs me that during certain excavations near the Library in 1848, the enormous lid of a sarcophagus was discovered, around which the roots of a still standing plane-tree had so wound that its removal would require the cutting of the roots and probably kill the tree. Consequently the lid was carefully covered over, and an inscription stating the fact was placed near by. So centuries hence, when the now stately plane-tree yields to natural decay, the archeological treasure, at present held in its tenacious keeping, will be given back to the world.

The most elegant building in the Seraglio is the Kiosk of Mourad IV, or of Bagdad. When the Sultan captured that city from the Persians in 1638, he saw there a kiosk which he declared to be the most beautiful in existence. On his return, he endeavored to erect its exact copy. It

charms by exquisite unity of design, by perfect blending of what is choicest in Persian and Ottoman architecture, by combination of colors and unique decoration. Here is preserved the private library of the sultans. Here, too, were formerly kept the seventeen famous codices captured from the library of King Mathias Corvinus at Buda in 1526,



THE KIOSK OF BAGDAD

and presented in 1877, by the present Sultan, to the Hungarians, the kinsmen in blood of the Ottomans, and their devoted political allies.

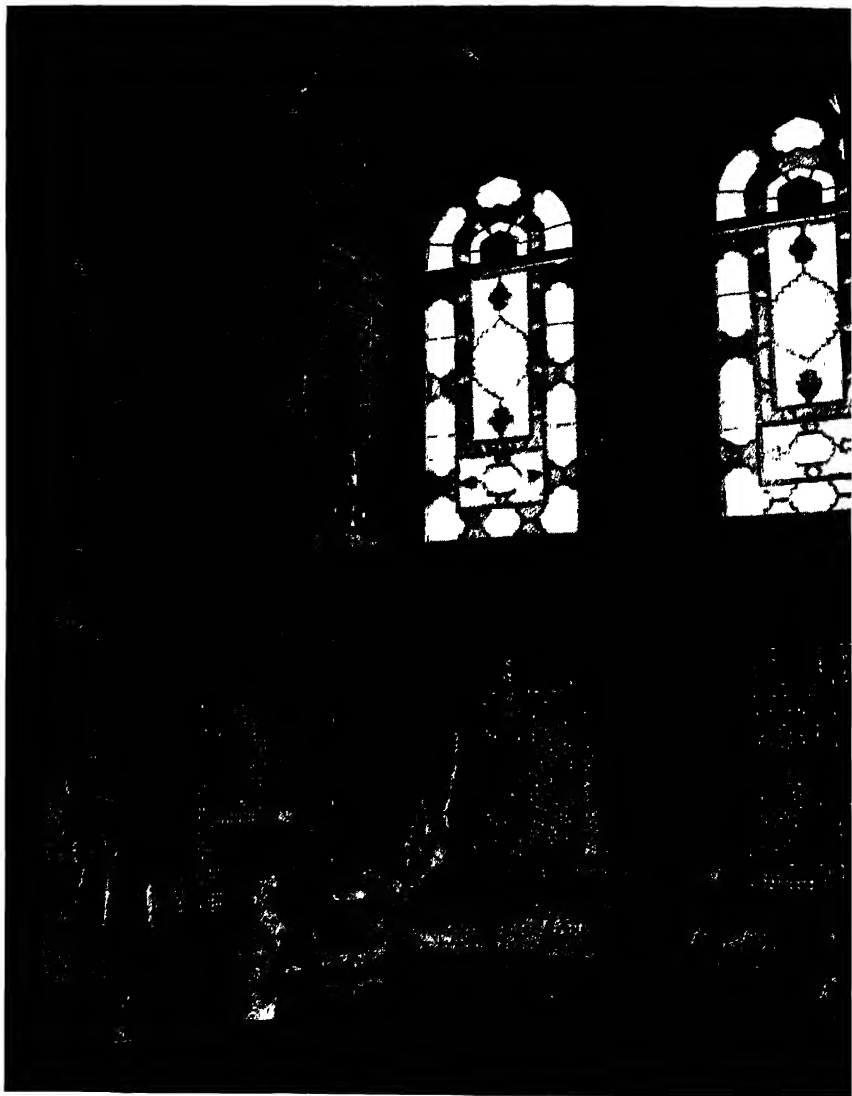
It is commonly believed in Europe, and even among the Greeks of Constantinople, that somewhere in the Seraglio, and most likely in the libraries or the Treasure House, are concealed many ancient and mediæval manuscripts and

Christian relics, and works of Byzantine art. It is thought that in the lapse of time these objects have been forgotten.

Every Greek priest at the capital knows the story of the old chest in the Treasure House, in which in 1680 was found a box containing a still smaller box of solid gold. In the latter was a skeleton hand, on which was written, "The hand which baptized Jesus," and on the thumb, "The Lamb of God." Undoubtedly this was the relic revered by the Byzantines as the hand of John the Baptist, the very same that was once religiously kept in the Monastery of Saint John the Forerunner at the Petrion, on the Golden Horn, and the outer casket of which was engraved by the art and devotion of Anna Komnena. Yet two hundred years after the sack of the city it was thus found in the Seraglio. Souleïman II gave it as a most precious gift to the Knights of Malta. In 1797 their order was abolished, when the hand was sent to the Czar Paul, their tutelary defender. It is now one of the most esteemed possessions of a church at Saint Petersburg.

Whenever this tale is told among the common people, imagination is whetted at the thought of innumerable other valued and unknown objects waiting to be revealed in the Seraglio. But the discovery of the golden box took place during the first careful inspection ever made of the contents of the Treasure House. Like careful examination has been repeated many times. Probably no manuscript — Greek, Latin, Hebrew — has eluded the diligent investigation of foreign scholars, whom the Ottoman government has permitted more than once to make researches.

The Kiosk of Sultan Medjid is beautiful in itself, and surpassingly beautiful in its situation. There the stranger



INTERIOR OF THE KIOSK OF BAGDAD

becomes a guest. As he sips coffee of aromatic fragrance, and tastes conserve of roses, and feasts his soul with the entrancing view upon the sea and strait and distant hills, in the enjoyment of the moment he half forgets his disappointment that, except the Throne Room, Treasure House, Library, Kiosk of Bagdad, and this ethereal pavilion, all the edifices of the inner Seraglio are closed to his feet and eyes.

The Kafess, or Cage, which it is forbidden to approach, is a two-storied building, without windows in the lower story. It is said to comprise twelve magnificent apartments, all exactly similar to each other, and all furnished in the extreme of luxury. Yet there is no loathsome dungeon on earth more justly dreaded, and of which more hideous horrors can be told.

Its erection indicates an advancing humane sentiment. Yet it served a purpose hardly less inhuman than the barbarous custom it was designed to supersede. Till the time of Achmet I in 1603, it was customary, on accession of a sultan, to put to death the other surviving male members of the reigning family. The ostensible object was to prevent possible revolutions and civil war. The practice was justified by the text from the Koran, "Rebellion is worse than executions," ingeniously perverted from its original sense, just as Christian fanatics have defended the most fiendish acts by impious exegesis of passages from the Bible. Under the milder sway of Sultan Achmet, it was determined that his brother Moustapha should not be slain, but should be shut up in strictest seclusion in this Kafess. The subsequent Ottoman princes were thus confined. Not a whisper was permitted to reach the inmates from the outer world. Nor was there any hour perfect peace; for a violent death was always threatening,

and each day's tranquillity was overshadowed by the possibilities of the morrow. Attended only by eunuchs, who were also mutes, and by odalisks, whose inability to become mothers was certified by the court physicians, no prince could tell whether he was

“to fill a bowstring or the throne;
One or the other, but which of the two
Could yet be known unto the Fates alone.”

The larger number led a torpid, vegetable existence, until they ceased to be. Their life was hardly animal, for they could not set foot upon the ground, or stand in the full light of day.

A few successively emerged to become sultans and caliphs. Such incarceration told its tale in a death-like pallor of the face, as on Edmond Dantes in the Château d'If, and sometimes in an ignorance of the world and a sluggishness of the mind that was almost idiocy. Osman III was a prisoner there more than half a century, and Achmet II only seven years less. Souleïman II devoted thirty-nine years of confinement to copying the Koran and to prayer. Through his brief after-reign of thirty-three months he was regarded as a saint. Selim III dreamed his fifteen years away in aspiration to rule worthily and to regenerate the nation, if his time should ever come. Twenty-six years in the Kafess left Mahmoud I generous and brave, and his later reign of almost equal length was a golden era in Ottoman history.

Osman II, in 1622, was the last sultan put to death on deposition. Instead, each overthrown monarch walked the melancholy path which ended here. Moustapha I, Ibrahim, Moustapha II, Achmet II, Selim III, Moustapha IV, through youth and early manhood trembled here,

then went forth to the throne, were in turn deposed, and came back to linger a few days or months or years, and then to die. Save Moustapha I, none was recalled to power; he only for fifteen months. A third time the heavy door of the Kafess closed upon him, and shortly afterwards he was bowstrung.

None other summed up more of indifference, hope, and agony in sojourn within its walls than did Ibrahim. Shut



SULTAN IBRAHIM

up a child two years old, he survived the reigns of Moustapha I, Osman II, and Mourad IV. Then Mourad died, and the attendants of the Seraglio rushed tumultuously hither to announce to Ibrahim his accession. Terrified and incredulous, Ibrahim and his odalisks barred the door, and piled furniture against it to keep them out. Soldiers were obliged to break through by force. In their protestations of

loyalty, Ibrahim saw only duplicity, and believed they sought a pretext for his death. He swore he loved his brother better than himself, and that his solitude and his birds, caged just as he was, were dearer than all the thrones of the universe. Not till the corpse of Mourad was brought into the room, and gave convincing

proof by its awful presence, did he consent to abandon his asylum. Then he yelled, "The Empire is at last delivered from its butcher," and gave orders for the dead Sultan's funeral. A nine years' ignoble reign succeeded. Weaving rings and jewels into his scanty beard, throwing gold coins to the fishes in the ponds, and seeking women for his harem whose chief beauty was excessive corpulence, were his more serious occupations. The indignant nation rose and hurled him back to the Kafess. Hourly he dreamed of restoration. Again the silence was broken. Prisoner and odalisks hailed the coming footsteps with exultation. The guests were the Sheik-ul-Islam and the Grand Vizir, and with them came the executioner and the bowstring.

The last inmate was Mahmoud II. When he went forth to reign early in the present century, the Kafess was relegated to the things of the past.

The Hirkai Sherif Odassi, the Chamber of the Holy Mantle, is devoted to the relics of the Prophet. It is an apartment about forty feet square, elaborately adorned. None may enter except the Sultan and a few officials of the highest rank.

During his lifetime the Prophet disclaimed all homage for himself except such as was paid to his exalted mission, and hence might contribute to its success. In his sublime humility, he declared that he was only like other men. Still it is not strange that his followers, in their reverence for the Apostle, have forgotten that of all iconoclasts he was the greatest. They cherish with almost idolatrous veneration the few relics associated with the rise of Islam.

Of these there are seven. One is a tooth, struck from his mouth at the battle of Ohud, and preserved in the

turbah of Mohammed II. Another is a mantle, guarded in the Mosque of Hirkai Sherif. The other five are kept in this chamber.

The first is the Sandjak Sherif, or Sacred Standard. According to one tradition it was the tent-curtain of Ayesha, the Prophet's favorite wife. According to an-



THE ENTRANCE TO HIRKAI SHERIF ODASSI

other, it was the turban of Boureïdeh Sheshmeh, an early disciple of the Prophet. During a desperate battle he unwound it from his head and fastened it as a flag upon his lance. It was carefully preserved by the Ommiade and Abasside Caliphs, and finally acquired by the Sultan of Egypt. On the conquest of Cairo, in 1517, Selim I removed it to Damascus, and it was annually carried in

the pilgrimages to Mecca. Mourad III brought it to Galipoli in 1595, and Mohammed III to Constantinople two years later. Its presence on battlefields and in times of national crisis has often inflamed Mussulman ardor to the highest pitch. In the Mosque of Sultan Achmet it wrought the citizens to frenzy in their determination to destroy the Janissaries. When the great host of Kara Moustapha, the Grand Vizir, was crushed at the siege of Vienna in 1683 by the Polish hero, John Sobieski, it was the only flag out of many hundreds which did not fall into the hands of the enemy. One resembling it was taken, and hence the proud but empty boast of the Christians that they had captured the flag of Islam. Through fear of its falling in tatters on account of age, it has never been unfolded by the Ottomans except in 1596. Nevertheless, "to unfurl the Sacred Standard" has become the synonym of a holy or religious war.

This flag is stated by the Mussulmans to be of wool, about twelve feet long, and of the sacred color green. On it is no inscription or device. It is kept in a rosewood box, which is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, and precious stones. Around it is wrapped a similar standard of the Caliph Omar. The whole is enclosed in forty coverings of rich cloths, the innermost of green silk, worked in reverent inscriptions in gold.

The second relic is the Hirkai Sherif, a black mantle of camel's hair. This the Prophet took from his shoulders to throw around Kiab Ibni Shehir, in enthusiasm at a poem wherein the latter set forth the infinite majesty of the Creator and the mission of his Envoy. Through the hands of the Caliph Moavia, the Ommiade and Abasside Caliphs, and the sultans of Egypt, it passed to Selim I.

Once, when a battle was almost lost in Hungary, Mohamed III put it on and gained the victory.

Annually, on the fifteenth of Ramazan, the Sultan, surrounded by his ministers, comes in solemn state from his palace on the Bosphorus to pay homage to this mantle. He and his escort reverently kiss its hem. After each kiss the first chamberlain, in order that no impurity may cling to it from the contact of human lips, lightly touches it with an embroidered handkerchief, which he gives to the devotee. When all have rendered their homage, the Sheik-ul-Islam carefully wipes the mantle with pure water from a golden dish. Then it is carefully dried, and returned to its case. Even the water employed in its purification is regarded with veneration. "That of the Jordan cannot be more esteemed by Christians." It is scrupulously dropped into tiny vials, which are sent to the chief dignitaries of the faith. By them it is doled out, drop by drop, mixed with other water, and drunk at the termination of each day's fast in Ramazan.

The third relic is the Prophet's beard. This, after his death, was shaven from his chin by his favorite barber, Selman, in the presence of Aboubekir, Ali, and his chief disciples. It is stated by an Ottoman grandee that "the beard is about three inches long, of light brown color, without gray hairs."

The fourth relic is one of the teeth which the Prophet lost at the battle of Ohud.

The fifth relic is a limestone impression of the Prophet's foot, supposed to have been made when he mounted the steed Al Borak, or when he lifted a heavy stone to build into the Kaaba. The somewhat similar imprint in the Mosque of Eyoub is regarded with less confidence in its genuineness.



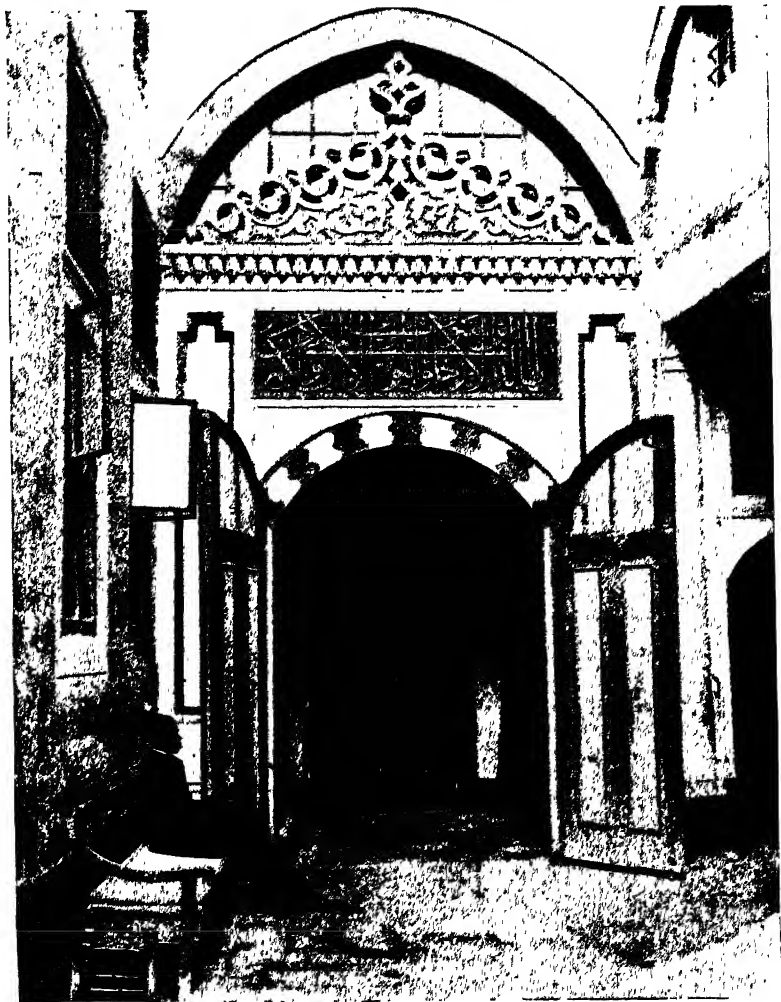
A LADY OF THE HAREM
(Indoor Costume)

The last three relics, placed in glasses hermetically sealed, and adorned with jewels and filigree work in gold, are kept in an altar or shrine in the middle of the room. Above them hang silver lamps, which are always lighted at sunset. The chamber also contains a manuscript Koran copied by the Caliph Osman; another copied by the Caliph Omar, and the silver key of the great sanctuary at Mecca. All are under the charge of the chief of the black eunuchs.

Farther to the northwest are the apartments, undescribed, unvisited, but to which warm imagination turns more than to the other attractions of the Seraglio. The magic of mystery magnifies the charms of this retreat. One would reckon but little though all the doors were locked and all the other buildings closed, if his eyes might revel in those luxurious haunts of odalisks and sultanas, the inviolable home of the harem, "the serai's impenetrable bower." They entered the Bab-i-Seadet, — those women of unearthly beauty and languor and grace, those rarest of human flowers, — they crossed the court, they passed within that blank and mocking wall, their shadows flitted from room to room, and yet on earth none of them is even a shadow now.

"Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death."

Nor were they all weak and willowy, fleshly creatures of statuesque perfection, timorous playthings to speed lightly the dalliance of an imperial hour. Gathered together like the many maidens in Shushan the Palace, more than one was as grand and haughty as Vashti, and as devout and heroic as Esther. By a strange paradox of human nature, here, where wifehood was little esteemed,



ENTRANCE TO THE HAREM

motherhood was honored as it has been in no other land and upon no other throne.

One imperious figure heads them all,—the consort of Souleïman the Magnificent, the mother of the first sultan born in the Seraglio, the Eastern prototype of Catherine de Medicis, though more astute and nobler, with many a dark sin on her soul, but with no atrocity like St. Bartholomew's, — the peerless Roxelana.

But the golden cage is empty. Its birds of paradise or of prey, with brilliant plumage, are all gone!

Baron Tavernier, two hundred and twenty years ago, wrote a book of two hundred and seventy-one pages to describe the buildings and customs of the Seraglio. He begins his chapter upon the harem, "I devote a chapter to the quarter of the women, only to entertain the reader with the impossibility there is of knowing anything about it," and ends with the conclusion, "Unless I wish to make a romance, it is difficult to even talk about it."

At least one may see the threshold, perhaps with the double outer doors swung open under their rounded arch. As sentinel from old-time habit, custodian of memories but no longer of a living charge, a sable, ungainly being of neutral sex is always sitting at its side. The ample robes, which in part concealed the deformity of his predecessors, have given way to a European garb, which renders the hideousness of the modern eunuch more intense. Nor is his presence the only warning that no man save the master can enter here. Over the broad portal gleams the Arabic inscription of prohibition, "Oh, ye who have believed, enter not the Prophet's doors except he gives you permission."

BATHS, KHANS, AND BAZARS

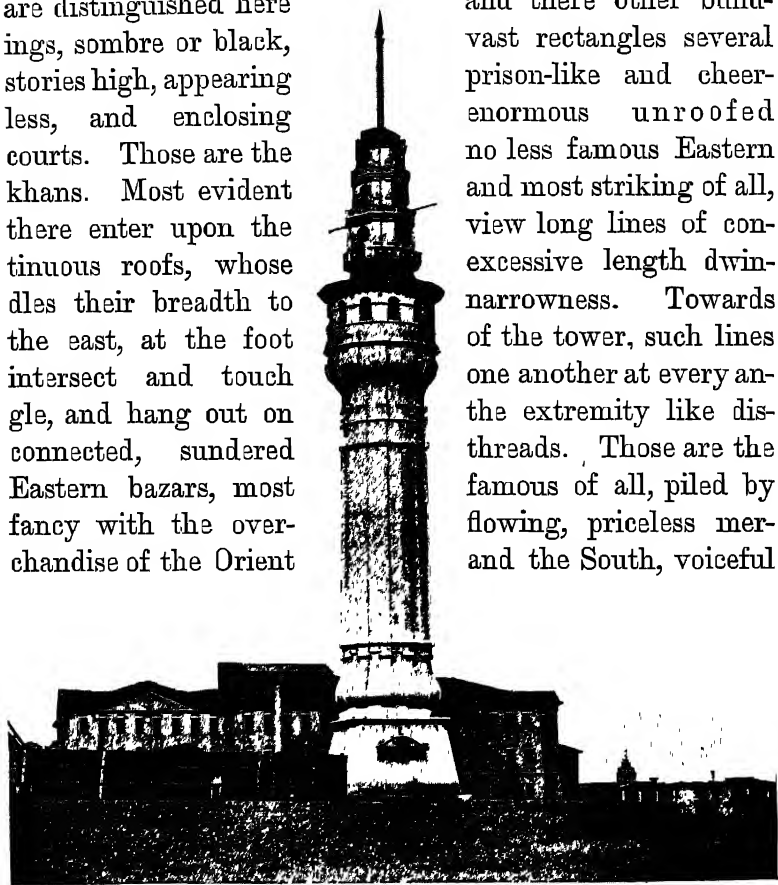


Everyone knows little of Stamboul who has never climbed to the top of the Tower of the Seraskier, on the third hill. From that point, the loftiest attainable in the triangular enclosure of the mediæval walls, the whole broad expanse of the seven-hilled city spreads out at his feet. The view from the Tower of Galata is lovelier and more varied; but this affords larger and more definite information, and emphasizes the fact that Stamboul, despite all its modern transformations, is an Oriental, Ottoman, Mussulman metropolis. The mass of verdure, hardly suspected, as one threads the narrow high-walled streets below, almost hides the multitudinous homes of many thousands of men. No other metropolis of Europe presents such a spectacle of forest and garden. Even Paris, with all its unequalled wealth of trees and verdant parks and squares, when beheld from the spires of Notre Dame or the height of the Eiffel Tower, is an agglomeration of roofs.

From the Seraskier's Tower the principal mosques indeed are always prominent. Gradually, as one looks forth into the mist of green, other edifices take form and appear. From the mazy whole are disentangled isolated buildings, with numerous domes of brick, each dome

thickly set with glittering, protruding, hemispherical plates of glass. These are the famous Eastern Baths. So are distinguished hereings, sombre or black, stories high, appearing less, and enclosing courts. Those are the khans. Most evident there enter upon the tinuous roofs, whose dles their breadth to the east, at the foot intersect and touch gle, and hang out on connected, sundered Eastern bazars, most fancy with the overchandise of the Orient

and there other build- vast rectangles several prison-like and cheer- enormous unroofed no less famous Eastern and most striking of all, view long lines of con- excessive length dwinnarrowness. Towards of the tower, such lines one another at every an- the extremity like dis- threads. Those are the famous of all, piled by flowing, priceless mer- and the South, voiceful



THE TOWER OF THE SERASKIER

with suggestions of the caravan and desert, fragrant with odors from Arabia and India, from whose exhaust- less splendors palaces of Aladdin may be fitly decked, where battles of barter are waged, and where Western

frugality anticipates purchasing the most bizarre and rarest things on earth for a song.

The baths, the khans, the bazars,—to many an Occidental these three, with perhaps a glimpse of a mosque and possibly a hint of the Seraglio, constitute Stamboul.

The public baths number about one hundred and fifty. The general appearance and internal arrangements of them all are nearly the same. None make much pretence to outward show. Their disposition within is almost

identical with that of a Roman bath, though in size and luxury they are inferior. Vitruvius, in the first century after Christ, wrote a description of a bath at Rome, which would almost perfectly apply to one to-day at Constantinople.



THE VESTIARY OF A BATH

The Bath of Mahmoud Pasha, near the Grand Bazar, and that of Ibrahim Pasha, not far from the Mosque of Mohammed II, each erected by an ambitious, philanthropic, but ill-starred Grand Vizir, are the best examples.

While the khans are inns, affording the simplest entertainment, they are also monuments of private or public philanthropy. To found a khan is esteemed a work as meritorious as to build a mosque. Often over the one great gate, which affords the only entrance, one sees the words, "Just and honest merchants are chief in the ranks of those souls which are illustrious for piety." Another

device of welcome and encouragement almost as frequent reads, "Labor and industry are the best defence against poverty." The rooms all open upon inner galleries, which surround the court. The guest comes in Eastern fashion, provided with his bed. The khan for a pittance furnishes a chamber and water.

These establishments in Galata, as also many in Stamboul, have lost much or all of their original character, — given over to offices of bankers and merchants, to printing-houses and every sort of magazine. Of those least affected by innovation or time, Valideh Khan is the chief and most typical. It was erected over two hundred and fifty years ago by the Valideh Sultana Machpeïker, the wife of Achmet I. The income is devoted to the support of the Mosque of the Valideh at Balouk Bazar, which the same noble-hearted woman began, but which her victorious rival Tarkhann Sultana completed.

It is a fortress rather than an inn, three stories high, over two hundred and fifty feet square, impregnable to ordinary attack, and deemed indestructible by fire. Commodities of every sort from Persia and Turkestan cumber the court. Gradually it has become the centre of the Persian colony. There, annually, on the tenth day of the month of Moharrem, they, as ardent Shiïtes, or adherents of the martyred Caliph Ali, celebrate wild, bloody rites, commemorative of the disasters of his house.

Yet even this stolid khan Western customs have touched with their finger. Recently, more than a hundred of its inmates subscribed to have water-pipes carried through the building to the different rooms, that they might no longer be forced to descend for water to the fountain, but might always have it at hand, "as in America."

Yeni Khan, in the same street, is the largest in the city. It is well supplied with water and with fire-proof magazines.

Vizir Khan, near the Mosque Nouri Osmanieh, was probably erected in the fifteenth century. For many years it was the residence of the Austrian internuncio, whence its common name of Eltchi Khan, the Khan of the Ambassador. It is a rambling pile, so large that houses are built inside, and is now mainly occupied by artisans. The blocked-up windows in one of its rooms have a story. It was reported to the Grand Vizir that from this window a gallant envoy used to watch the Ottoman ladies as they passed. He even was said once to have audaciously waved a handkerchief to a fair one. Forthwith several Janisseries and masons were despatched hither, who, despite the internuncio's protests, walled up his windows with brick and mortar.

The term bazar as applied by Europeans is commonly a misnomer. In the Eastern sense the bazar is ambulant or nomadic, or devoted to the sale of living objects. To-day a host of pedlars set up their booths in an appointed place and spread out each one his own commodities for sale. At evening, like the Arabs, they fold their tents and steal away, to reappear together on the morrow in another spot. Such is a bazar. So is the place where birds or fish or horses are sold, or in early days prisoners and captives, as in the Avret, or Slave Bazar.

The arrogant, uncompromising West thrusts not only its laws and usages upon the East, but sometimes forces on common terms its own interpretation, the acceptance of which it ultimately compels. Many an Oriental calls even the long covered line of shops "bazar," which to his fathers and to accurate speech is the "tcharshi," or market.

We can do no better than employ the word in its European meaning.

Missir Tcharshi, the Egyptian Bazar, was founded by Tarkhann Sultana, who completed the neighboring Mosque of the Valideh. It is a prodigious emporium of drugs and gums and spices, a continuous stone arch, forty feet wide, forty-five high, and nearly three hundred and fifty long.

A path, paved, narrow, and always slippery, traverses its entire length. The iron doors at either end are closed on Friday, and an hour before sunset on other days. On both sides are the open stalls, seventy-eight in all, yet separated by so low a railing as to appear but one. In the centre of each stall sits the owner, in a nest of bags and baskets, that project into the path in front and climb up high upon the wall. There is not a pod or root or leaf known to



THE EGYPTIAN BAZAR

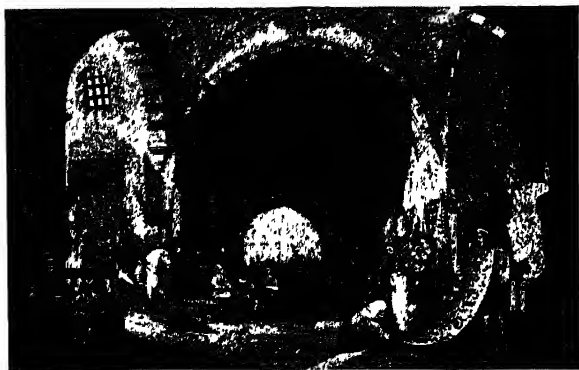
the pharmacopœia of use — broken, crushed, powdered, ground, or in its natural state — which is not within his reach and ready for disposal. The enormous pile is at times a box of perfume. It is the place where blow the most delicious odors in Stamboul. Sometimes the pungent mingle with the soothing in a blast of fragrance. Sometimes the scent creeps over one with a numbing or stinging rapture, till he half comprehends the line, "Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

The Grand Bazar is not a single bazar with a single industry, but a union, or rather a contact, of nearly forty in one. From its central point, or heart, called the Bezes-tan, streets strike out like arteries in every direction. They are generally paved and straight, and are all covered with rounded or pointed arches, which for the most part rest on columns or pillars. Each industry or guild occupies one and sometimes several streets. Shops are wedged in against one another along the sides. In front of each, shut off by a low railing, is a narrow platform, whereon goods are often displayed, and where the proprietor may both breathe the outer air and lay hold of the unwary passer-by. Each tiny shop is a sort of spider's web, often no more than three yards square, and the human spider sits in front. Faint light — ally of the vender rather than of the buyer — struggles feebly in through dim and dirty thick glass plates in the roof. Lulled by the blandishments of the seller, the customer, however cautious, is beguiled. Soon he is persuaded that some rubbish, tricked out before his eye, is the very thing he has needed ever since he was born. Thus shiploads of recently manufactured antiquities, of ancient coins fresh from some private mint, of antique china and porcelain made the preceding year, of hangings dingy and soiled, of carpets moth-eaten, thread-bare, and irredeemably dirty, of articles by scores which one would not endure in the kitchen if first seen in New York, — are purchased at enormous prices and exultingly sent home by our rejoicing countrymen and countrywomen.

No description and no figures can convey any idea of the Grand Bazar to one who has never seen it. The space it covers is hardly more than a mile in circuit, but its contracted streets, if drawn out in a single line, would reach over five miles. The Ottomans exaggerate when they say

it would surround Stamboul, or stretch from Seraglio Point to the Black Sea. The seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven shops — the Oriental estimate — are only three thousand one hundred and ninety.

The broadest and longest thoroughfare is Kalpakjilar Djadessi, the Hatters' Street, entered from the yard of the Nouri Osmanieh Mosque. Little is sold in it save foreign goods. Kiurkdjilar Kapou, the Furriers' Gate, admits to a weird locality, stocked with every European and Asiatic



THE GRAND BAZAR

fur. At the southeastern end of the Bazar is Bit, or Louse Bazar, the morgue and charnel house of trade. Here are accumulated for sale all possible objects of every sort, but in every possible condition of second-handedness and decay, — a place of rags and tatters, where holes alternate with stains. Near the Mosque of Sultan Bayezid are Arabic, Persian, and Turkish bookstores, occupying the site of Chartopratia, or the Paper Market of the Byzantines. Jewelry and diamonds, the latter in strong wooden cases, are found near Mahmoud Pasha Kapou. There too are grouped the shops whither the travellers swarm, the

Promised Land of "Oriental curiosities," of the embroideries, the "Brousa Silks," the towellings and cottons, the tablecloths and cushions and curtains and doilies, the strings of amber and the vials of attar of rose, and of all the dainty, fascinating, head-confusing category at sight of which the eyes sparkle and the covetous heart dilates. There, too, are the carpets of Khorassan and Bokhara, of the Vales of Cashmere and Shiraz, from Persian palaces and Servian kralas, of cotton, wool, mohair, and silk, indicated by a nomenclature various and involved, but which is warbled by the tongue of many a lady connoisseur with accents of appreciation and joy.

Moreover, prayer carpets from all the lands of Islam are there heaped together, some of recent fabric and never pressed by a suppliant knee, and others which the prostrations of the faithful and devout have worn for years. Nothing else does the Bazar contain so voiceful of the East as its prayer carpets, beautiful still, though scarred by time and use. Professor Clinton Scollard well weaves the significance and the mystery of them all into his sympathetic lines: —

"I know not when in Daghestan
He lived, the skilful artisan
Who wove in some mysterious way
This fabric where the colors play
Across the woof in rainbow chase,
Or meet and link and interlace.

"Nor do I know what suppliant knees
Once pressed these yielding symmetries,
The while the turbaned brow was turned
Toward Mecca, and the soul that yearned,
Borne by the rapt muezzin cry,
Soared, birdlike, up the tranquil sky.

“ But this I know, — foot ne’er shall press
Its worship-hallowed loveliness,
For still about it dumbly clings
A subtle sense of holy things,
And woven in the meshes there
Are strands of vow and shreds of prayer.

“ With kindling morning beams the sun
Its blended colors shines upon;
The mosque domes catch the rays, and lo!
In loitering lines the camels go;
A fountain flings a silver jet;
A palm-tree cuts a silhouette.

“ But when night lids the eye of day,
And sunset glories fade away,
My fancy shapes a fervent man
From shadows on the Daghestan.
Thus, in its compass small, I see
The Orient in epitome.”

Other Oriental bookstores are farther south, and on the north the Slipper Bazar with its fascinations. One slakes his thirst at the fountain erected by the daughter of Sultan Mourad III for the refreshment of a shoemaker whose work always gave perfect satisfaction, and, most surprising of all, was always done on time. Near Ouzoun Tcharshi Oriental perfumery may be found with infinite variety of scent, and sherbets and confections and delicious honeyed pastes wake the most indifferent palate to delight.

The Bezestan, a huge rectangular building over one hundred and fifty feet long and two-thirds as wide, with massive walls of stone, is the most ancient structure in the Bazar. Tradition ascribes it to the time of Constantine, and its date must be at least as early as the tenth century. It is, however, asserted by the Ottomans that it was

erected by the Conqueror. Several times partially destroyed by fire, it was rebuilt in its present form by Achmet III in 1708. Its high, heavy gates are named from the chief occupations of the adjacent quarters, — the Gate of the Goldsmiths, of the Makers of Embroidered Belts, of the Dealers in Women's Goods, and of the Booksellers. Over the Gate of the Booksellers is a slab, about two feet square, from which a gilded one-headed Byzantine eagle, with extended wings, stands out in bas-relief. This probably goes back to the tenth century; for in the later days of the Empire the eagle was two-headed.

A rambling wooden gallery clings high up on the inner sides. A mosque, a mere tiny chamber, projects a little way into the central passage, and in the midst of the daily traffic the muezzin calls to prayer.

Here only rare and costly objects are exposed for sale. Hence this is almost the only place in the Empire where smoking is forbidden. Nowhere else can be found a like array of old armor, Damascus blades, silver ornaments, filigree work, delicate carvings and chisellings, musical instruments of remote date, quaint watches, inlaid and mosaic furniture, ornaments of mother-of-pearl, charms, gems, seals, coins, mouthpieces, — whatever is peculiar and old. But the rare is becoming rarer. Even the sellers are dropping away, and many of the stalls are vacant. The lordly Bezestan is fast degenerating into a sort of Bit Bazar itself.

Nowhere is the paralysis of Eastern manufactures more plainly recognized than in the Bazar. Almost all Turkish productions are disappearing, or have already disappeared. Native fabrics have been brought into unequal competition with those of Western Europe. In consequence the Ottoman markets are swamped by the foreigner. There are



A FORTUNE TELLER IN THE BAZAR

whole streets in the Bazar where not only the majority of the goods are of foreign manufacture, but are also the imitation of articles once made in the Empire and sold in these very shops.

The Sandal Bezestan bears striking testimony to such decay. It is a building almost equal to the Bezestan in solidity and size. Tradition asserts that it covers the spot where the bread sold in the Forum Artopoleion was officially weighed. It was erected by Mahmoud Pasha, Grand Vizir of Mohammed II. Thrice destroyed, it was rebuilt in 1701 by Achmet III. The first three edifices were of wood.

This building a hundred years ago was occupied only by Armenians, and was the headquarters of the trade in native silk. It can tell all the lamentable story of the decline and death of a formerly immense and lucrative national industry.

Its best situated stalls rented in 1795 at thirty thousand piastres of the time, or about two thousand four hundred dollars of to-day. In 1844 the rental of those same stalls was twenty thousand piastres, or, since the piastre had depreciated a half, no more than eight hundred dollars.

That very year Mr Charles White, for many years a resident of Constantinople, wrote as follows: "Within the last ten years, and especially since the conclusion of commercial treaties with the Porte, the silk trade in home-made articles has decreased in the proportion of fifty per cent. . . . The richer articles, principally manufactured at Lyons, have completely superseded those formerly received from Brousa, or manufactured at Scutari, Constantinople, and Beyoglou. . . . The Armenian manufacturers say that they cannot afford to produce articles of equal richness at the same cost. They have consequently aban-

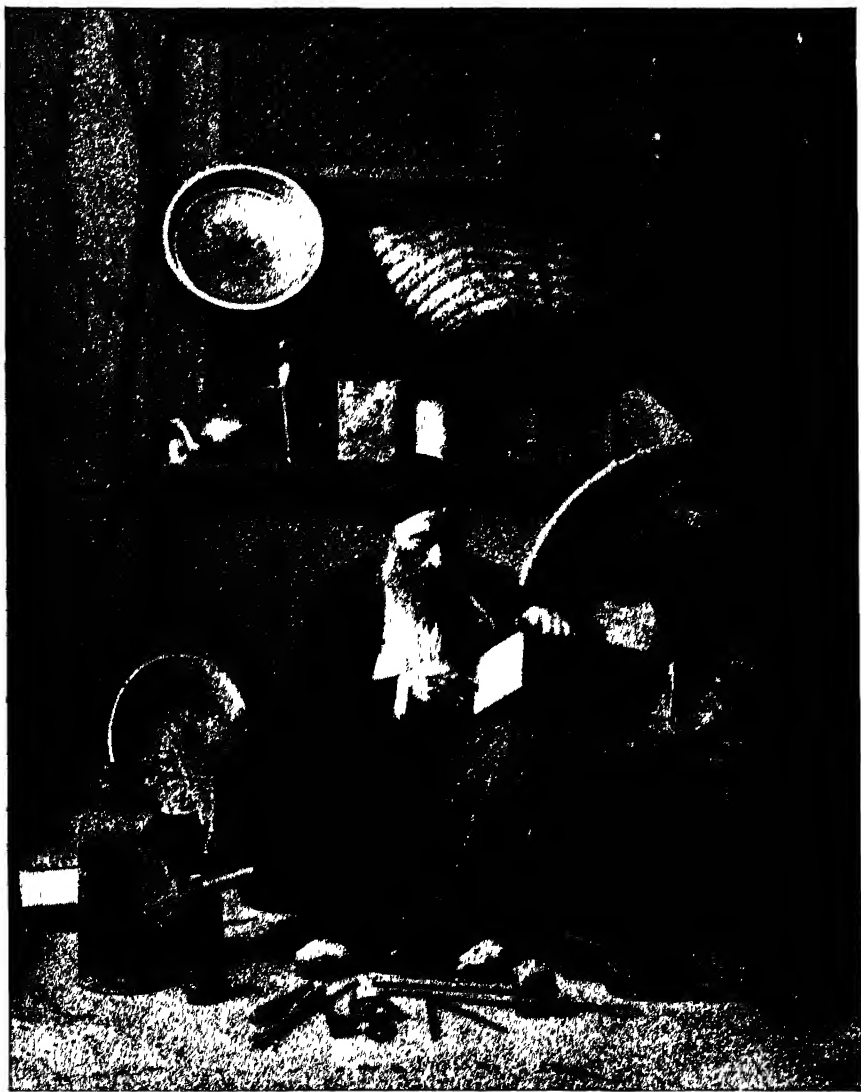
doned the fabrication to their Western rivals." This was written fifty-one years ago.

The exquisite silk goods, reputed Turkish, and perhaps embroidered in Turkey, are now first imported from France. For years not a merchant has done business in the Sandal Bezestan. It is useless and solitary, except when rarely it serves as a storehouse on account of its fire-proof masonry. The long walls of closets, empty and decaying, which line its mouldering walls, are an eloquent, unanswerable commentary on Turkey's commercial treaties with foreign powers. Each such treaty has been as injurious to the Ottoman Empire as the loss of a province, and more irreparable in its results than a disastrous war.

Also the superficial aspect of the entire Bazar is becoming Occidentalized. French advertisements and shop-signs abound. "*Modiste française*" is the announcement of several shops. Panes of plate glass adorn more than one formerly windowless front. Though the merchants wear the fez, they dress otherwise in European style. The long-bearded adherents of the turban and flowing robes have taken refuge in the Bezestan, and are hardly seen elsewhere. At the principal restaurant in the Bazar the attendants wear livery and speak French.

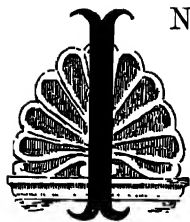
Yet enough remains Oriental and unfamiliar to interest and charm. The place is a bewilderment to those who know it best,—a city within a city, with its own squares, fountains, khans, and mosques. No map can pilot through its labyrinth. It is a region wherein one may wander and be lost. It is full of quiet nooks and shady corners, and passages which lead to sequestered edifices and nondescript buildings fantastic and old. Some of its plain, unobtrusive mosques and simple fountains have a pathetic beauty.

Every night, an hour before sunset, all strangers are excluded; then the eight ponderous doors of iron are locked, and it becomes a fortress against robbery and fire. Against one foe it is defenseless. The earthquake has more than once tossed its inmates like dust and rent its walls like tow. The last frightful shock took place in July, 1894. It wrought damage in destruction of property and derangement of business which a succession of prosperous years cannot fully repair. At present, because everywhere unsafe, its shops are all shut, the approaches closed, and it itself suggestive of bankruptcy and desolation. In June, 1895, the Ottoman government contracted with a French architect who is to undertake its thorough restoration. The avenues of trade will again open in time, but probably smaller streams will flow through them than ever before. The whole Bazar in the end is to take its place with other interesting architectural fossils, like the tunnel under the Thames.



A TINSMITH IN THE BAZAR

THE MUSEUM OF THE JANISSARIES, ELBICEÏ ATIKA



IN the history of the Ottoman Empire the word Janissary is found on every page. Until the second quarter of the nineteenth century not a battle is fought, not a sultan enthroned or deposed, not a sheik-ul-Islam consecrated or removed, not a grand vizir installed or expelled,

that they do not play their sanguinary, sometimes glorious, sometimes inglorious, but always prominent part. During the ascending greatness of the Empire they furnished the chief military impetus, and were its main support. After the acme was reached, they were one of the chief causes, if not the chief cause, of that Empire's decline.

As a permanent military corps they were first incorporated in 1328 by Alaeddin Pasha, brother and Grand Vizir of Sultan Orkhan. So their organization antedates by one hundred and eleven years the *compagnies d'ordonnance* of Charles VII of France, often considered the first standing army of modern times.

The peculiar constitution of their order was unique in its originality and in its violation of natural human sentiment, and of family ties. "Let the Christians support the war," said Alaeddin; "Let them themselves furnish the soldiers by means of whom we are to fight." From

among non-Mussulman children not over seven years old, captured in war or paid in tribute, he selected the most promising. To each was given a Christian name. They were circumcised, carefully instilled in the principles of the Mussulman faith, taught military exercises, and on reaching manhood associated in companies. Knowing neither father nor mother, forever separated from the land and faith of their birth, forbidden to marry, and hence without family ties of their own, they were to unite with the courage of the soldier the fanaticism of the zealot. They were to seek only the triumph of the Mussulman religion and the glory of the Sultan.



JANISSARIES

As soon as the first band of the recruits was ready, Alaeddin brought them to Hadji Beghtash, the founder of the Beghtash Order of Dervishes, a sheik renowned for his holiness and learning. From him Alaeddin besought a benediction, a name, and a flag. Placing his hand on the head of one of the youths, over which fell his long flowing sleeve, the Sheik exclaimed: "Let their name be *Yeni Tcheri*, New Soldiers! Let their countenance be always shining, their right arm triumphant, their sabre sharp, their lance winged; and let them always return with victory!"

Néver were the springs of a coarse imagination touched more powerfully, or rendered more effective. They adopted as their insignia a broad piece of cloth, pendent

from their ample turban, in memory of the sleeve of the Sheik. Their kettles, as symbol that their food was furnished by the Sultan, they regarded with a superstitious devotion that was almost worship; they made them their drums, and their drumsticks were spoons. All their titles of office they derived from the occupations of the



JANISSARIES IN 1425

kitchen. Their colonel was the Tchorbadjî Bashi, or chief maker of soup; their major, Ashdji Bashi, or chief cook; their captain, Sakka Bashi, or chief supplier of water. On their standard was wrought a flaming two-edged sword.

They were forbidden other abode than their barracks, and other occupation than arms. They were to take part in a campaign only when the Sultan commanded in person. In case of cowardice, the poltroon was to be expelled from their ranks,

and to suffer no other punishment, — was not expulsion worse than death? As infantry they despised mounted soldiers, and between them and the sipahis — the cavalry — there was an intense and often bitter emulation, which resulted in the highest effectiveness of both.

At first they numbered only a thousand. Then a thousand were added annually, and finally a larger number. At last they counted forty thousand in their ranks, and possibly more, — every one the offspring of Christian or Jewish parents, and all animated by the deadliest hate against the race and faith wherein they were born. The

religious rancor of the proselyte was always dominant, and thereby their mercilessness and ferocity were increased. So it is not strange if for two hundred years they were the most dreaded, the most abhorred, and the most mighty military engine which the world has seen.

Hadji Beghtash, their spiritual father, their inspirer and patron saint, died in 1357; so did Alaeddin, of whom they were the pet and pride. Mourad I in 1363 increased



SIPAHIS IN 1550

their haughtiness and effectiveness by the modification of certain minor details in their organization.

Souleïman I introduced various humane innovations into their constitution. He allowed them to marry, to live wherever they pleased, to engage in any civil occupation; but required they should serve in war whether the Sultan was in the field or not. He restricted admission to their ranks no longer to captives long trained and fired by ambition to become Janissaries, but allowed whoever wished, and of whatever origin, and of almost whatever training, to join the corps. Speedily their effectiveness

against the enemy declined. Soon they became the curse and horror of the state. Cowardly in battle, fierce only for self-indulgence and largess or increase of pay, violently opposed to good government, they terrorized over the nation, of which they arrogantly boasted themselves the principal defenders. More than one sultan they deposed; many sheiks-ul-Islam and grand vizirs they massacred. Their kettles they constantly overturned in signal of revolution; and always the disorderly, the dissolute and vicious, were on their side. Their annihilation is the grandest achievement of Mahmoud II. They have left only an execrable memory. The Prætorians of Rome, the Strelitzi of Russia, in their wildest days of lawless infamy never equalled the Janissaries.



THE AGA OF THE
JANISSARIES IN 1550

The Museum contains one hundred and thirty-six effigies of the fearful corps. It has not a single claim to artistic merit. Its excellence is found only in the realistic fidelity in color and form and every detail whereby the costume and armor and entire appearance of these fierce warriors are represented. The roughly chiselled, painted faces are grotesque. Some seem almost leering at themselves and at the gazer. Ludicrous postures of the figures more than once tempt a smile. Their weakness and impotency excite even an emotion of pity, as does always, in the most obdurate heart, the pictured powerlessness of the dead. One half questions whether men ever rushed to battle in such attire, with the demoniac cry, "Allah!" upon their lips.

Nevertheless, would one live over and embody to himself Eastern history from 1327 to 1826, — five momentous, overburdened centuries, — he rejoices that he may walk through the lengthy chambers of this Museum among these harmless, grinning wooden ghosts of the bloody past.

THE MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES



NO other country possesses a field for archeologic research so extensive and rich as does the Ottoman Empire. In Europe it comprises a large part of ancient Greece, with Illyricum, Macedonia, and Thrace. In Asia it includes the Sporades Islands, Crete, Asia Minor, western Armenia, the basins of the Euphrates and Tigris, and western Arabia. These lands were the seat of the Hittite, Chaldæan, Assyrian, and Babylonian empires, and of the Hebrew and Syrian kingdoms; were later dominated by the Greek and Roman government and civilization, and are now dotted everywhere by the remains of their magnificent cities. It is a bold but not exaggerated statement, that, if ample financial means were provided, the Museum of Antiquities at Constantinople might be made the finest in the world.

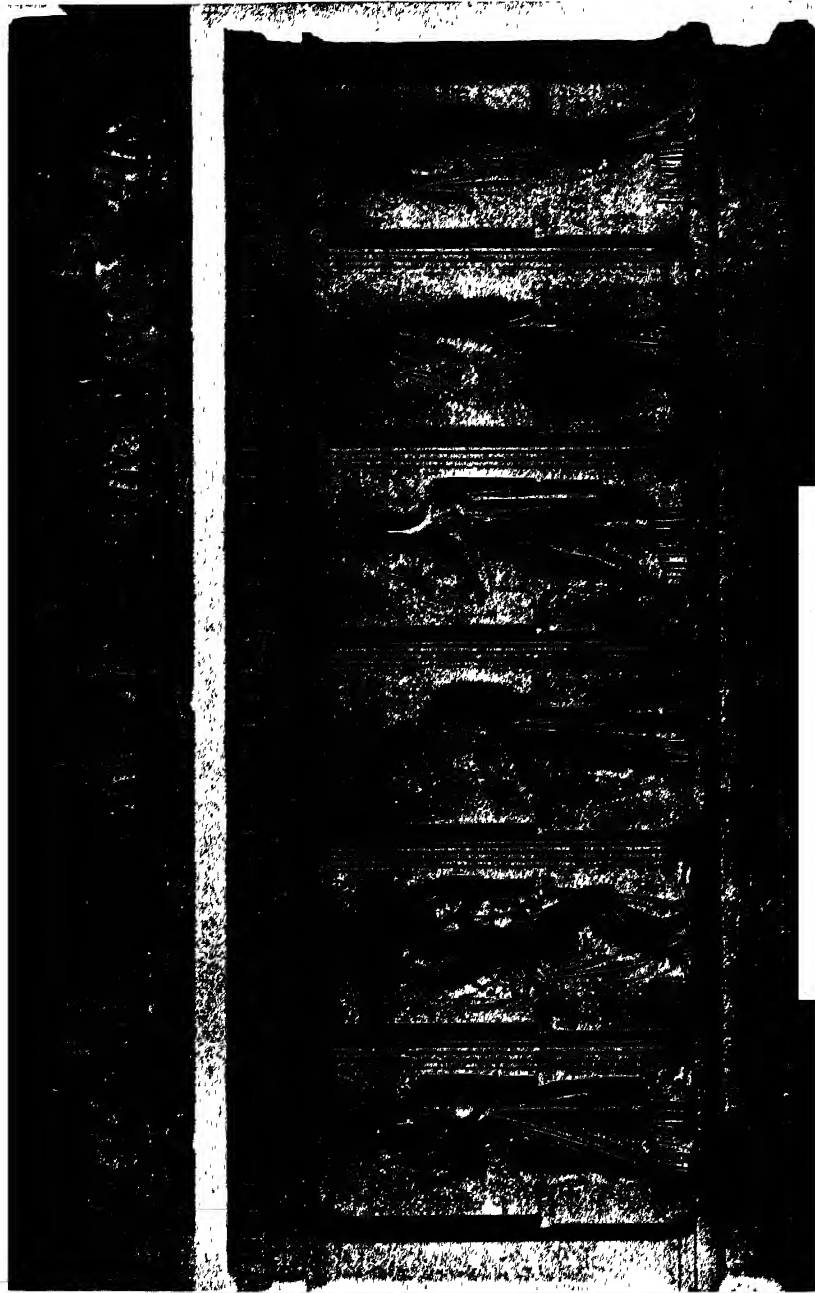
It is not strange that the Mussulman Ottoman government looked upon the archeological treasures of its domain at first with aversion. Every nation, like every faith, must at its origin be iconoclastic of its predecessors. So were the primitive Christians as to the monuments they found everywhere of the classic Greeks and Romans. So



were the reformers of England, Scotland, and continental Europe as to the splendid masterpieces in architecture, sculpture, and painting of the Church of Rome. The Puritan founders of New England were no exception to the rule. In time such aversion is succeeded by indifference, and at last the third stage is reached in enlightened interest. The Ottoman government, more advanced than the majority of its Mussulman subjects, has passed through the first and second stages, and, under the enlightened and progressive leadership of its Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II, has entered upon the third. The means for antiquarian research are furnished from the Sultan's private purse.

The Museum of Antiquities was begun by Fethi Pasha, Grand Master of Artillery, only forty-three years ago, under the patronage of Sultan Abd-ul Medjid. It was first located in the Church of Saint Irene. An Englishman named Gould was at its head. By authorization of Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, it was transferred from the contracted limits of Saint Irene by its second director, Dr Dethier, an erudite Hungarian, to Tchিনিli Kiosk. The latter edifice was most appropriate for such a purpose. Erected by Mohammed II in 1466, two years before he commenced his palace in the Seraglio, it is itself an artistic and architectural curiosity, esteemed a masterpiece of Ottoman art. It was a startling indication of the march of progress when this structure of the Conqueror was devoted to preserving for future ages the memorials of those Aryan races and of that Semitic faith over which the Ottomans gained a resounding victory in the capture of Constantinople.

During the last fourteen years it has been in charge of his Excellency Hamdi Bey, an Ottoman and a Mussulman,



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF THE WEEPERS

(Side View)

a student of the *École des Beaux Arts* at Paris, and an artist of ability. When, under his energetic and enthusiastic direction, the accumulating treasures overflowed the walls of Tchinili Kiosk, the scholarly liberality of the present Sultan defrayed the cost of erecting the second spacious building of the Museum.

For generations the Empire has been an exhaustless mine for foreign archeologists and excavators, who have ravaged ancient monuments ruthlessly at will, and have enriched the museums of their native countries with an easily plundered spoil. Through the influence of Hamdi Bey, the same strict law concerning excavations has been enacted and enforced which prevails in Greece and other European countries. While excavations by foreigners are permitted and encouraged by the Ottoman government, all objects unearthed are to be deposited in the Museum at Constantinople. The great and increasing suspicion and distrust of foreign investigators is largely justified by the persistent, and sometimes successful, efforts many have made to evade and violate the agreements they themselves have signed, and in virtue of which the permission to excavate was accorded. Blunted by acquisitiveness, often the Occidental, as a recent American explorer of Babylon well says, "will believe no good of a Turk, and feel bound by no moral code in dealing with him."

The Museum has marvellously expanded during recent years. It comprises the objects stored in the two buildings, and a vast number of coarser and less destructible monuments which pack the extended area around. This area is covered with columns, stelæ, sarcophagi, statues, votive tablets, and an immense variety of memorials of the past. One sarcophagus of white marble—its length



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF THE WEEPERS

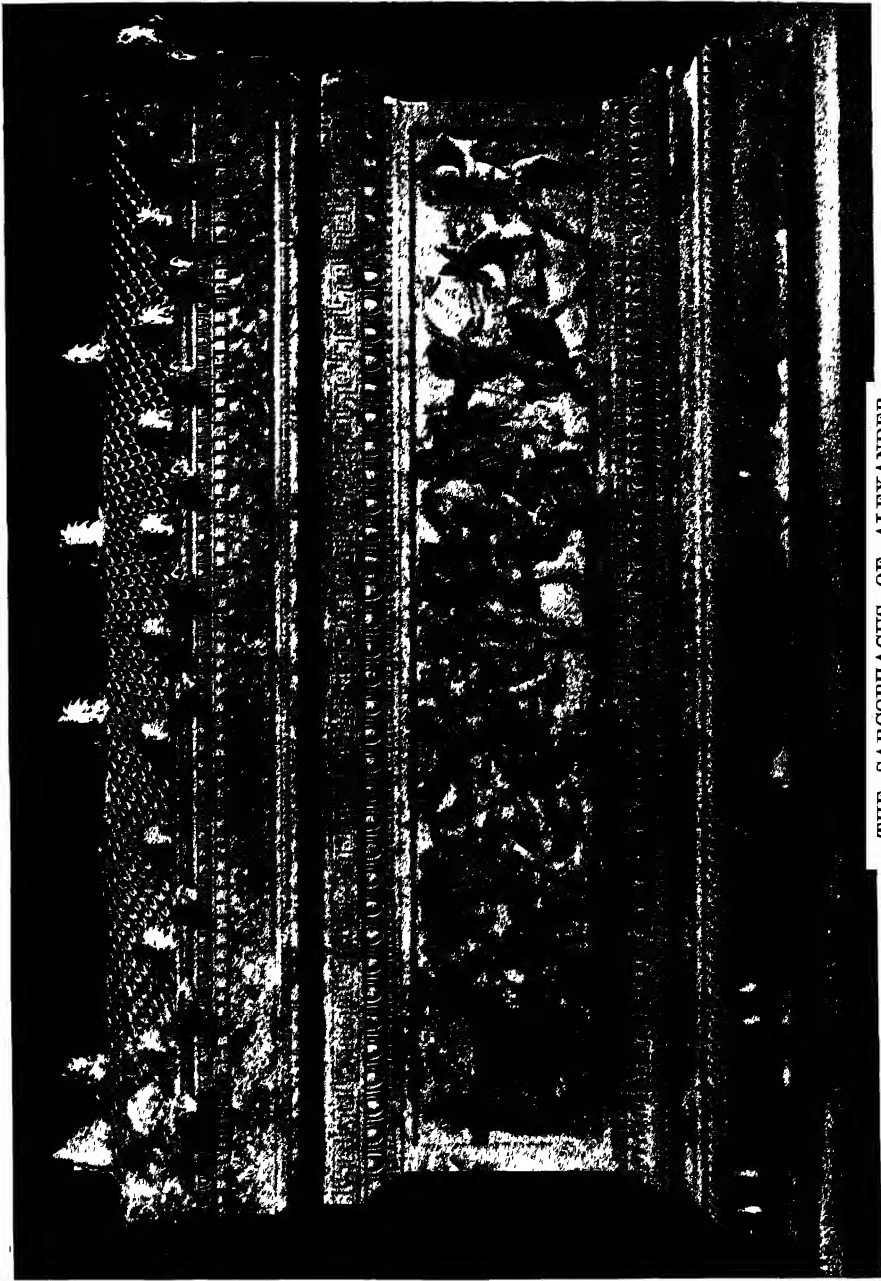
(Side View)

eleven and a half feet, and its height and width nearly six feet—must have held an imperial occupant. Even common tradition states that it came from near the Mosque of Sultan Mohammed, which was partly built on the heroon of the emperors. Its coped lid is almost perfect, and the acroteriae are intact. Near by is seen an immense colymbethra in form of a Byzantine cross, doubtless the largest in existence hewn from a single stone. It probably once belonged to Sancta Sophia. The inner space, where baptism was administered, is five and three-fourths feet long, and three and three-fourths feet deep.

The collection is classified in seven main departments,—Assyrian and Egyptian; Greek and Græco-Roman sculpture; Cypriote; Byzantine and mediæval; bronze and jewels; faience with terra cotta and glass; and inscriptions.

The latter are of great number, Latin, Greek, Cypriote, Assyrian, Egyptian, Himyarite, and Hittite. None are regarded with greater interest than the “Jerusalem stone,” once standing on the wall of the inner court of Herod’s Temple, and the Siloam inscription, lengthier and more ancient than any other Hebrew inscription yet discovered. Under the porch of the kiosk is a heaped-up, heterogeneous mass of antiquities, tombstones, and sepulchral bas-reliefs, Chaldæan, Coufic, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and mediæval. The Cypriote collection rivals that in New York, and surpasses all others. The Byzantine and mediæval objects are scanty, and possess little artistic value. Perhaps in no other museum are there an equal number of sepulchral bas-reliefs.

A sarcophagus of yellow marble was for years esteemed the unrivalled treasure of the Museum. It held the place of honor in the centre. It is profusely and exquisitely



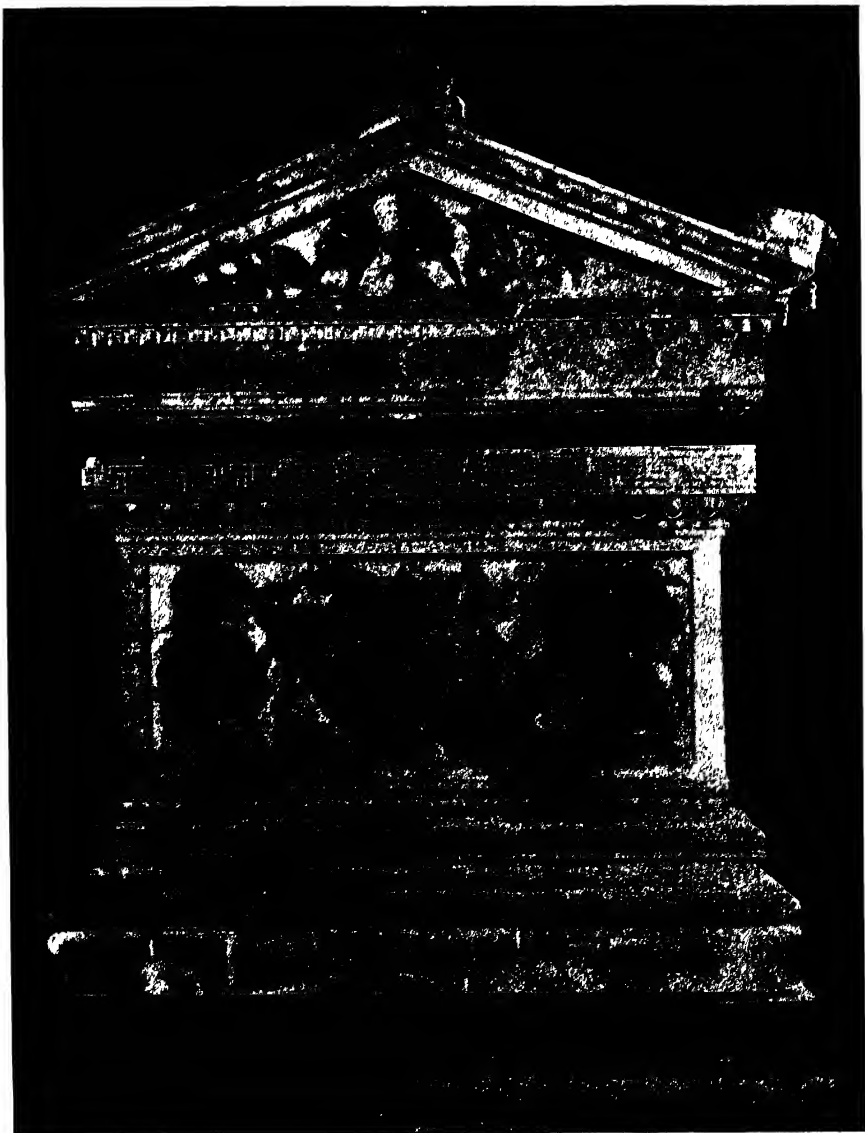
THE SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER

(Side View)

carved with the story of Theseus and Ariadne; that of Hippolytos and Phædra occupies the end. Some scholars have supposed that it once contained the ashes of Euripides and stood in the Theseum at Athens. Its general design and execution would render it a fitting resting-place for the most elaborate and the last of the tragedists of Greece.

But its glory and the glory of all else in the Museum is eclipsed by the sarcophagi from Sidon. Their place of concealment was discovered by an Arab in 1887. It is gratifying to American pride that a fellow-countryman, Dr Eddy, an American missionary at Sidon, was the first person to call to them the attention of the civilized world. His statements were received with incredulity. Finally, Hamdi Bey hastened to the spot. Two superposed tombs were revealed,—a royal Phœnician tomb above and a Greek tomb below. Altogether seventeen sarcophagi were unearthed from sepulchral niches in a rock plateau, some at the depth of over forty feet below the surface. They were laboriously removed and embarked for Constantinople with the most scrupulous, even tender care and precaution.

Several are Phœnician, anthropoidal, and of white marble. In three, not only are the head and shoulders outlined, but they taper not in straight but in flowing lines to the feet. One of black marble was devoted to a woman. Another, of black marble, when unearthed still contained the body of Tabnith, Priest of Ashtaroth, and King of the Sidonians. The royal corpse lay in a sort of liquid resembling oil. The nose and a small portion of the face, protruding above the surface of this liquid, had fallen away; but all the rest of the body had a fresh, natural appearance, and was well preserved. The flesh was soft



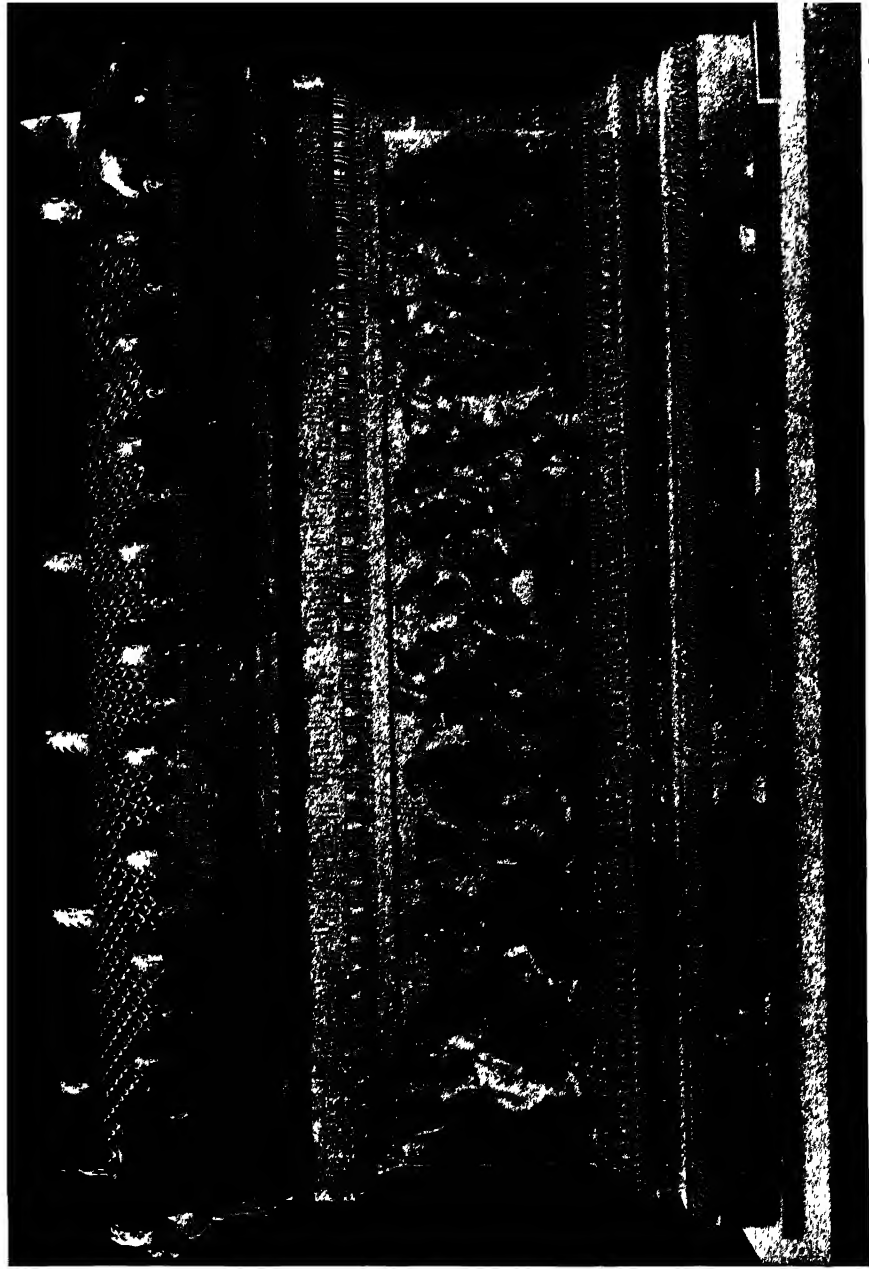
THE SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER

(End View)

to the touch. I well recall standing, four and a half years ago, above the now closed shaft, whence the sarcophagi were taken, and listening with amazement, that was awe, to Dr Eddy as he told me the wonderful story and described what he felt as he gazed upon the still lifelike countenance of one more than twenty-two centuries dead. Horace Smith's "Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition" was made to a shapeless bundle, from the blackened, distorted outline of which all human similitude had fled. Dr Eddy, and all who gazed with him on Tabnith, saw a man looking up from a sleep of more than two thousand years, as one who only a short time before had entered into rest.

Dr Peters gives the inscription, which with impotent forethought Tabnith had caused to be engraved upon his sarcophagus: "Do not open my tomb or violate it, for that is an abomination unto Ashtaroth; and if thou dost at all open my tomb and violate it, mayst thou have no seed among the living under the sun, nor resting-place among the shades." Nevertheless, the ignorant workmen emptied out the circumambient liquid, and threw the remains, which decay had spared, irreverently upon the ground. Tabnith himself had not a clear title to the sarcophagus in which he lay. It had before his time been the coffin of the Egyptian general, Panephtah, who had endeavored to protect the inviolability of his rest by an inscription, still seen, as full of menace against intrusive sacrilege, and as unavailing.

Seven of the sarcophagi are Greek. Of these, four of white marble, polychrome, and sculptured, are pre-eminent. To them all the rest seem but handmaidens and attendants. The eye which falls upon them can turn to nothing else among the objects by which they are surrounded.



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER

(Side View)

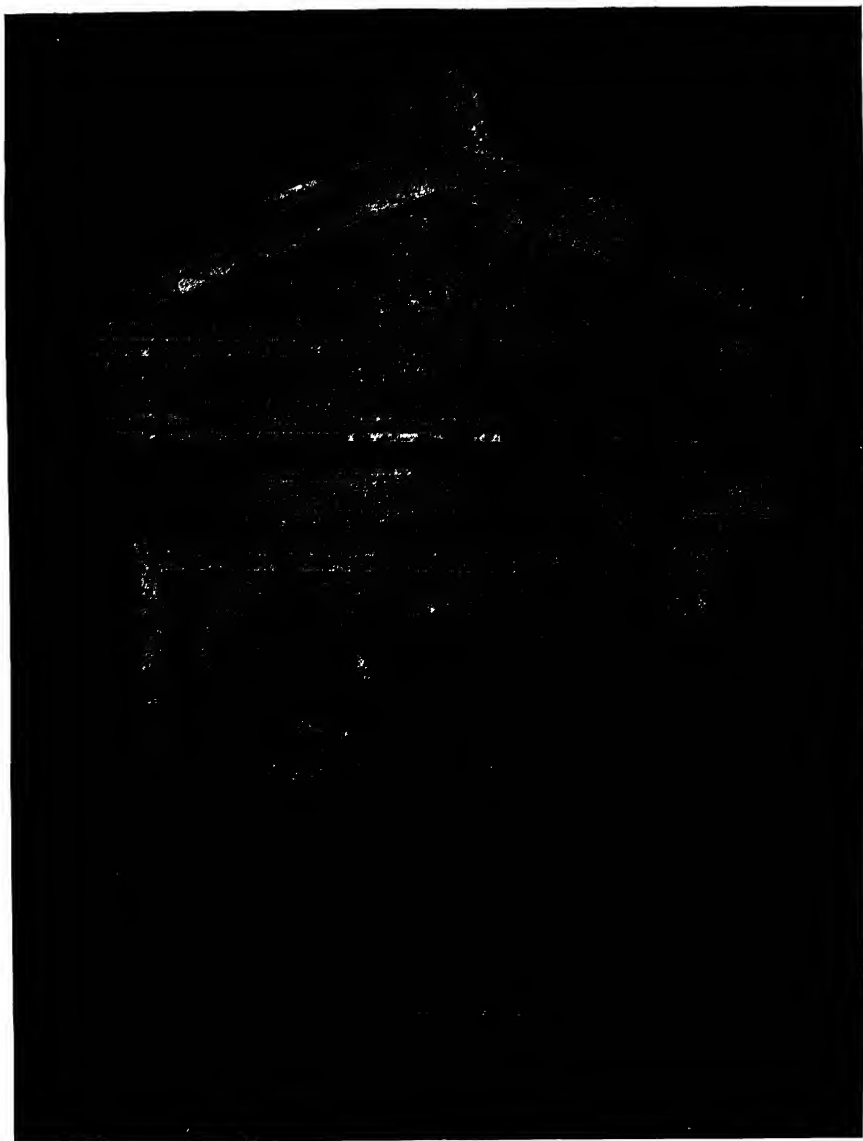
Their discovery marks an epoch in the history of ancient art. Two at least have no peer among the priceless treasures of any European museum. "Do you know anything that equals them?" I once asked Professor Hamlin of Columbia College, who, with an experience enriched by all that Europe can present, had studied them often and long. "I know nothing that approaches them anywhere," was his reply.

One of the pre-eminent four is the sarcophagus apparently of an old man. On one side he is represented entering his chariot; on another he is seated at the banquet, and at the ends he engages in the hunt. On the sides of the second, chariot races are carved, and centaurs join in battle at the ends.

The two on which one hangs rapt and breathless are the Sarcophagus of the Weepers and the Sarcophagus of Alexander.

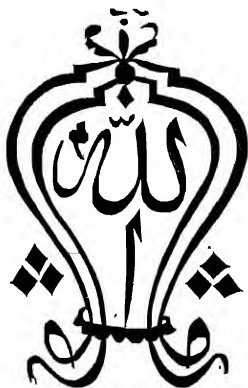
The first is a peristyled Ionic temple. Its name is given because of the eighteen mournful female figures carved in mezzo-rilievo and separated from each other by Ionic columns. No picture and no description can do more than shadow faintly the varied and divine beauty of the original. Because of the impassioned face of the Macedonian hero, unmistakable, on the side, the second is called the Sarcophagus of Alexander. It may indeed be the coffin of the Conqueror of the ancient world. If so, the mausoleum was worthy of its tenant. These creations of the third century before Christ repay a pilgrimage of the art student, of the lover of art, of whoever would drink in their ideal perfection.

Their very existence is a mystery unfathomable. What inspired sculptors chiselled their marvellous outline? What artists imparted those yet unvanishing tints? Whose hon-



THE SARCOPHAGUS OF ALEXANDER
(End View)

ored ashes were confided to their more than royal keeping? When in most careful secrecy were they hidden in the rock? How is it that not a written line or word or vague tradition transmits their history? Each answer is lost in an oblivion profounder than the rock-hewn chambers on that dead Sidonian coast from which they were dug.





SWIFTLY the sunset falling
Purples the painted air;
As from cloud minarets calling
Hear I the voice of prayer.

Slowly the sun descending
Bears on his lordly light;
“Gently the hours are blending,
Lost in the surge” of night.

What though the evening darkens!
What though the day is done!
God 'neath the shadow hearkens,
Leaves not the world alone.

Close we the tale of sorrow;
End we the joys of old;
Slow dawns that grand to-morrow
Which the dead seers foretold.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST

EMPERORS AT CONSTANTINOPLE 330-1453: THEIR EMPRESSES

THE FLAVIAN DYNASTY

1	Constantine I the Great	330-337	Fausta
2	Constantine II the Younger, son of 1	337-340	
	Constantine II, son of 1	337-361	¹ Eusebia ² Faustina
	Constans I, son of 1	337-350	
3	Julian the Apostate, nephew of 1	360-363	Julia Helena

OF NO DYNASTY

4	Jovian	363-364	Carito
5	Valens	364-378	Dominica
6	Gratian, nephew of 5	378-383	Constantia

THE THEODOSIAN DYNASTY

7	Theodosius the Great	379-395	¹ Flacilla ² Galla
8	Arcadius, son of 7	395-408	Ælia Eudoxia
9	Theodosius II the Younger, son of 8	408-450	Eudoxia (Athenais)
10	Pulcheria the Saint, daughter of 8	450-453	
11	Marcian, husband of 10	450-457	Saint Pulcheria

THE THRACIAN DYNASTY

12	Leo I the Great	457-474	Ælia Verina
13	Leo II, son of 12	474	
14	Zeno I the Isaurian, son-in-law of 12	474-491	Ariadne
15	Basiliscus, brother-in-law of 12	475	
16	Anastasius, husband of widow of 14	491-518	Ariadne

THE DYNASTY OF JUSTINIAN

17	Justin I the Elder	518-527	Euphemia
18	Justinian I the Great, nephew of 17 .	527-565	Theodora
19	Justin II the Younger, nephew of 18	565-578	Sophia
20	Tiberios II, son-in-law of 19 . . .	578-582	Anastasia
21	Maurice, son-in-law of 20	582-602	Constantina

OF NO DYNASTY

22	Phokas I	602-610	Leontia
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THE HERAKLIAN DYNASTY

23	Heraklios I	610-641	¹ Eudoxia ² Martina
24	Constantine III, son of 23	641	Gregoria
25	Herakleonas, son of 23	641	
26	Constans II, son of 24	641-668	
27	Constantine IV Pogonatos, son of 26	668-685	Anastasia
28	Justinian II Rhinotmetos, son of 27 .	685-694	

OF NO DYNASTY

29	Leontios	695-698	
30	Tiberios III Apsimaris	698-705	

THE HERAKLIAN DYNASTY

28	Justinian II Rhinotmetos	705-711	Theodora
31	Tiberios IV, son of 28	711	

OF NO DYNASTY

32	Philippikos (Bardanes)	711-713	
33	Anastasios II (Artemios)	713-716	
34	Theodosios III	716-717	

THE ISAURIAN DYNASTY

35	Leo III the Isaurian	717-741	Anna
36	Constantine V Kopronymos, son of 35	741-775	{ ¹ Irene ² Maria ³ Eudoxia
37	Leo IV Kazaros, son of 36	775-780	
38	Constantine VI Porphyrogenitus, son of 37	780-797	¹ Maria ² Theodote
39	Irene, widow of 37	797-802	

OF NO DYNASTY

40	Nikephoros I Logothetes	802-811	
41	Staurakios, son of 40	811	Theophano
42	Michael I Rhangabe (Kouropalates), son-in-law of 40	811-813	Prokopia
43	Leo V the Armenian	813-820	Theodosia

THE ISAURIAN DYNASTY

44	Michael II, son-in-law of 38	820-829	Euphrosyne
45	Theophilos, son of 44	829-842	Theodora
46	Michael III, son of 45	842-867	Theodora

THE MACEDONIAN DYNASTY

47	Basil I	867-886	¹ Maria ² Eudoxia
48	Constantine VII, son of 47	868-878	
49	Leo VI the Philosopher, son of 47	886-911	{ ¹ Theophano ² Zoe ³ Eudoxia ⁴ Zoe
50	Alexander, son of 47	911-912	
51	Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus, son of 49	912-919	Elene
52	Romanos I Lekapenos, father-in-law of 51	919-945	Theodora
	Christophos, son of 52	919-945	
	Stephanos, son of 52	919-945	
	Constantine, son of 52	919-945	
51	Constantine VIII Porphyrogenitus	945-959	Elene
53	Romanos II, son of 51	959-963	¹ Bertha ² Theophano
54	Nikephoros II Phokas, husband of widow of 53	963-969	Theophano

55	John I Zimiskes, son-in-law of 51	969-975	Theodora
56	Basil II Boulgaroktonos, son of 53	969-1025	
57	Constantine IX, son of 53	969-1028	Elene
58	Romanos III Argyros, son-in-law of 57	1028-1034	Zoe
59	Michael IV the Paphlagonian, son-in-law of 57	1034-1041	Zoe
60	Michael V Kalaphates, nephew of 59	1041-1042	
61	Constantine X Monomachos, son-in-law of 57	1042-1054	Zoe
62	Zoe, daughter of 57	1042-1052	
63	Theodora, daughter of 57	1042-1053	

OF NO DYNASTY

64	Michael VI Stratonikos	1056-1057	
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DYNASTY OF THE KOMNENOI AND DUKAI

65	Isaac I Komnenos	1057-1059	Katherine
66	Constantine XI Dukas, adopted by 65	1059-1067	Eudoxia
67	Eudoxia, widow of 66	1067-1071	
68	Michael VII Parapinakes, son of 66	1067-1078	Maria
69	Andronikos, son of 66	1067	
70	Constantine XII, son of 66	1067	
71	Romanos IV Diogenes, husband of 67	1068-1071	Eudoxia
72	Nikephoros III Botoniates, husband of widow of 68	1078-1081	Maria
73	Alexios I Komnenos, nephew of 65	1081-1118	Irene
74	John II Komnenos, son of 73	1118-1143	Irene
75	Manuel I Komnenos, son of 74	1143-1180	¹ Bertha ² Irene
76	Alexios II Komnenos, son of 75	1180-1183	¹ Irene ² Agnes
77	Andronikos I Komnenos, nephew of 74	1183-1185	Agnes

THE DYNASTY OF THE ANGELOI

78	Isaac II Angelos, great-grandson of 73	1185-1195	Margarita
79	Alexios III, brother of 78	1195-1203	Euphrosyne
78	Isaac II Angelos	1203-1204	
80	Alexios IV the Younger, son of 78	1203-1204	
81	Alexios V Mourtzouphles, son-in-law of 79	1204	Eudoxia

THE LATIN EMPERORS AT CONSTANTINOPLE

82	Baldwin I, Count of Flanders	1204-1205	Marie
83	Henry I, brother of 82	1206-1216	Agnes
84	Peter, son-in-law of 82	1216-1219	Yolande
85	Robert, son of 84	1219-1228	
86	Baldwin II, son of 84	1228-1261	Marie
87	John, father-in-law of 86	1231-1237	Marie

THE BYZANTINE EMPERORS AT NICE

1	Theodore Laskaris I, son-in-law of 79	1206-1222	{ ¹ Anna ² Philippina ³ Marie
2	John III, son-in-law of 1	1222-1255	
3	Theodore Laskaris II, son-in-law of 2	1255-1259	¹ Irene ² Anna
4	John IV, son of 3	1259-1260	Elene
5	Michael VIII Palaiologos, great-grand- son of 79	1260	Theodora

THE DYNASTY OF THE PALAIOLOGOI

88	Michael VIII	1261-1282	Theodora
89	Andronikos II the Elder, son of 88	1282-1328	¹ Anna ² Irene
90	Michael IX, son of 89	1295-1320	
91	Andronikos III the Younger, son of 90	1328-1341	¹ Jeanne ² Anne
92	John V, son of 91	1341-1391	¹ Elene ² Eudoxia
93	John VI Kantakouzenos, father-in-law of 92	1347-1355	Irene
94	Matthias, son of 93	1355	
95	Andronikos IV, son of 92	1355	
96	Manuel II, son of 92	1391-1425	Irene
97	John VII, son of 95	1399	
98	John VIII, son of 96	1425-1448	{ ¹ Anna ² Sophie ³ Maria
99	Constantine XIII (Dragoses), son of 96	1448-1453	

THE OTTOMAN SULTANS

1	Sultan Osman I Ghazi the Victorious, son of Ertogrroul Shah	1300-1326
2	Sultan Orkhan Ghazi the Victorious, son of 1	1326-1360
3	Sultan Mourad I Ghazi the Victorious, son of 2	1360-1389
4	Sultan Bayezid I Ilderim the Thunderbolt, son of 3	1389-1403
	Interregnum	1403-1413
5	Sultan Mohammed I, son of 4	1413-1421
6	Sultan Mourad II, son of 5	1421-1451
7	Sultan Mohammed II el Fatih the Conqueror, son of 6	1451-1481
8	Sultan Bayezid II, son of 7	1481-1512
9	Sultan Selim I Yavouz the Ferocious, son of 8	1512-1520
10	Sultan Souleiman I el Kanouni the Legislator, the Magnificent, the Sublime, son of 9	1520-1566
11	Sultan Selim II Mest the Drunkard, son of 10	1566-1574
12	Sultan Mourad III, son of 11	1574-1595
13	Sultan Mohammed III, son of 12	1595-1603
14	Sultan Achmet I, son of 13	1603-1617
15	Sultan Moustapha I, son of 13	1617-1617
16	Sultan Osman II, son of 14	1617-1622
15	Sultan Moustapha I, son of 13	1622-1623
17	Sultan Mourad IV Ghazi the Victorious, son of 14	1623-1640
18	Sultan Ibrahim, son of 14	1640-1648
19	Sultan Mohammed IV, son of 18	1648-1687
20	Sultan Souleiman II, son of 18	1687-1691
21	Sultan Achmet II, son of 18	1691-1695
22	Sultan Moustapha II, son of 19	1695-1703
23	Sultan Achmet III, son of 19	1703-1730
24	Sultan Mahmoud I, son of 22	1730-1754
25	Sultan Osman III, son of 22	1754-1757
26	Sultan Moustapha III, son of 23	1757-1774
27	Sultan Abd-ul Hamid I, son of 23	1774-1789
28	Sultan Selim III, son of 26	1789-1807
29	Sultan Moustapha IV, son of 27	1807-1808
30	Sultan Mahmoud II the Reformer, the Great, son of 27	1808-1839
31	Sultan Abd-ul Medjid, son of 30	1839-1861
32	Sultan Abd-ul Aziz, son of 30	1861-1876
33	Sultan Mourad V, son of 31	1876-1876
34	Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II, son of 31	1876-

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